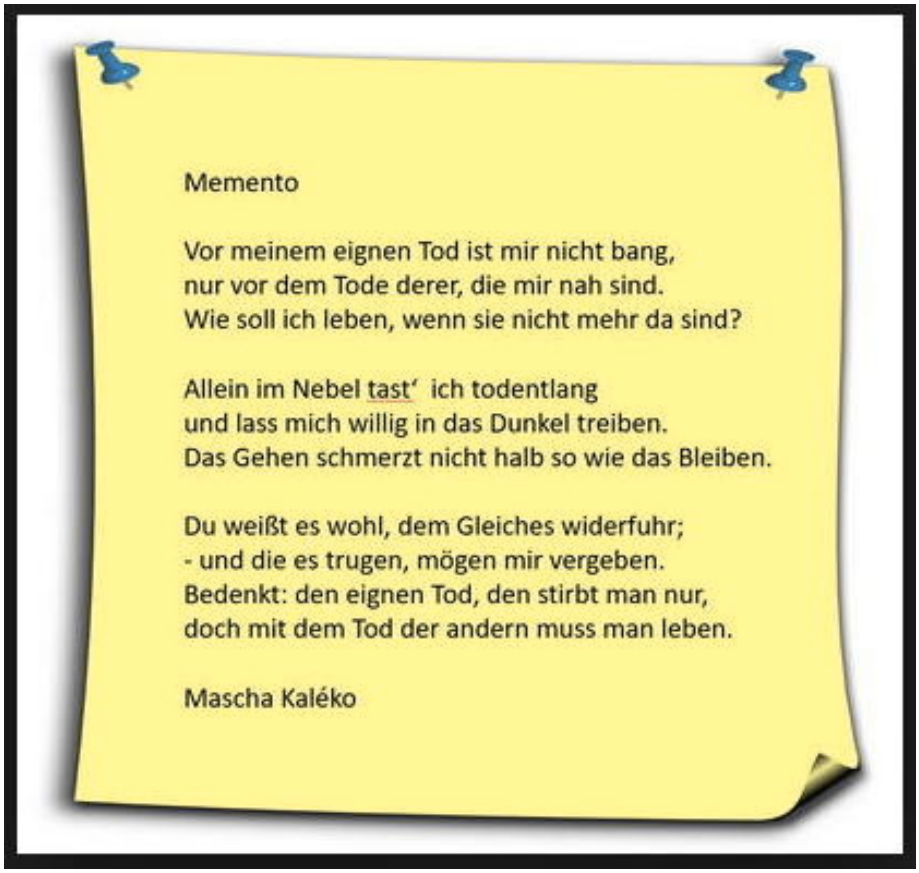
NAUPAKA BUNNY

Contact Diary

by Jo Danieli © 2019 – 2025

Dedicated to Bob, the love of my life,
whose mortal body expired on November 4, 2018.


Memento
Vor meinem eignen Tod ist mir nicht bang,
nur vor dem Tode derer, die mir nah sind.
Wie soll ich leben, wenn sie nicht mehr da sind?
Allein im Nebel tast' ich todentlang
und lass mich willig in das Dunkel treiben.
Das Gehen schmerzt nicht halb so wie das Bleiben.
Du weißt es wohl, dem Gleiches widerfuhr;
- und die es trugen, mögen mir vergeben.
Bedenkt: den eignen Tod, den stirbt man nur,
doch mit dem Tod der andern muss man leben.
Mascha Kaléko

I’m not afraid of my own death,
but of the death of those who are dear to me.
How am I supposed to live, when they aren’t here anymore?

Alone in the fog I’m groping my way along death
and allow myself to drift into the darkness.
Leaving doesn’t hurt half as much as staying behind.

You know if you have experienced it;
– and those who had to bear it may forgive me.
Think about it: One’s own death one only dies,
but with the death of the others one has to live.

Mascha Kaleko

We don’t need to grieve the dead
but the mortals living on Earth who don’t make good use of their time here.

Jo Danieli

(Thought on November 5, 2023, five years after Bob’s passing.)

The greatest crime mankind has committed and still is committing every day, is, to treat dead people as if they didn’t exist anymore. That’s the one main problem we have on this planet.

It’s the root of all evil and of all problems and of all suffering. We are educated to live our mortal lives on the premise that once we die, we are over and gone. This reduces the human existence to a bunch of flesh and bones working together for a while and then – bam, it all stops working, falls apart, and the person dissolves into thin air. That’s some bullshit, excuse my French. Along with this idea goes the premise, of course, that all who have died before us, are no more. This is not true. This is absolutely not true at all. It is the mother of all lies – that the dead are gone and don’t live anymore. **It’s the lie that ruins mankind.** But we are lead and expected to live with all our “knowledge” being based on this biggest and most devastating lie of all.

Yet – think about it: In all cultures there is lore that contradicts this idea. There have been and are beliefs that the human being is immortal, only the body we use for a certain time, will expire.

There is proof, that life goes on after physical death. And if you now say “well, not everyone believes this”. True. But neither does everyone believe that drinking milk is healthy. And that is something very material, isn’t it?

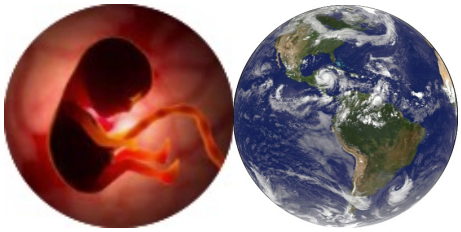
This must change. I hope, Bob and I can contribute to teaching and spreading the truth. Even more: I am sure that he and I not actually met to bring this knowledge forward, and that our relationship in the mortal realm was even planned by us – drama, tragedy, bliss and all. Yes, we took active part in bringing it all about – before we were even born. How do I mean that? You’ll figure it all out – as you read my story, and I will explain to you how I developed that kind of assumptions. And day by day you’ll see more clearly.

You must now:

Before Bob’s death I did not deal with the topic of life after death. It had not occurred to me, even though I did lose loved ones under harrowing circumstances.

It had to be Bob to jolt me into this unknown territory. And today, five years later, it is part of my mortal phase. Part of “my life” of course. But I am talking “this time around”; here, on Earth.

Earth is our playground. The meaning of life? I’ll tell you in an minute.



Think about it:

We humans exist in several realms or dimensions. Obviously – because we „have“ a body, but everything we do or experience depends on internal invisible forces called „thoughts“ and „emotions“, and on outside invisible forces, called “nature”. The basic functioning of our material “physical” body depends on some major invisible factor: Our heartbeat is an energetic charge. And „energetic“ is not material.

Of course we communicate with each other inter-dimensionally. You are right – I mean the dead and the living are communicating all the time. They are all just humans, and “dead” or “alive” – which actually just means “having a mortal body” – are only phases of existence. And yes, I put it there, just like this, because this is what my life experience has shown me as facts. You need not believe it – but you need to consider it. Because rejecting the possibilty of being an immortal creature is simply unwise in this day and age. Why? There is so much science out there already – yes! **Science! – that deals with the fact that the human being is not just a body.**

Have you ever said or thought “I **am** a body”? No, you say “I have a body”. Don’t you?

And when you wake up out of some deep sleep – don’t you have the feeling that you are “coming from somewhere”?

In this realm we have developed a feature that is know as „conscious mind“ or „reason“, and it brings forth „free will“. And this will-power **constructs** our view of life – based on what we are taught to believe. You can always chose what part of you education you will use and what dogma you will reject – IF you live in a society that encourages or allows it. Billions of mortals live under the oppression of authorities who force them to think and act in certain ways. These mortals are not free to deal with topics of knowledge that they chose – they only deal with matters that their oppressors deem suiting.

Even in liberal open-minded countries the effects of the mind-control of the past still shapes the belief-system of every single person.

Please – consider: **What were you taught to believe about life and death?** And what of all that did you live to see? **What have you found true from experience?**

So if you do not know about life after death, it is not because life after death does not exist. It is ONLY because you have never dealt with the topic – because you were never encouraged or allowed to.

You need not „take off“, „space out“ or get into some kind of trance to communicate with the other dimension. **On the contrary:** You must be entirely in the **present** and clear minded to allow your subconscious mind to be open to inter-realm communication. Meditation and such is only the *preparation* for yourself, your spirit, to be clean of hindering thoughts and emotions, but it is NOT the „state“ you need to be in for matters of spiritual connectedness. You are always connected. But in every instant of your life, you choose what to notice, what to deem real or true and how to act.

Energy flows where attention goes. And where to direct your attention is the only thing you can actually influence in our life. I mean it. Think about it: The present is where you decide what to pay attention to: The TV. Your heartbeat. Your sore muscle. The church bells outside. Your child’s voice.

There is nothing else to direct in the mortal life than your attention. And your free will is the tool to do so. You may chose to ignore the topic of “death” entirely – and all your actions and life-experiences will be accordingly. Until you die. And then you’ll be sorry.

„Be Here Now“ is a great motto. You need to be able to consciously direct your attention to your present-moment existence including the surroundings, and hold it there. Then you’ll be able to connect to everything that is „here“ **– including the beyond.**

So I learned in the years after Bob’s death: **There is only one Universe. Bob is still here, too – just in a different dimension defined by its own frequency. There is a “Bridge” that all of us can use to reach out to the other dimension or to receive input from there.**

And this „Bridge“ can only be used **consciously** in our mortal world. **Consciousness is “what” we are.** And through “consciousness” we are connected. In all dimensions.

I may be long dead by the time you are reading this. And maybe, if you connect with me the way I will describe in this documentation, we’ll get to chat in person.

You will know what you have to do.

Always keep in mind: Our thoughts are energetic forces. They travel between the dimensions. And of course they reach the beings we think about. Like described before: Depending on our education and what we think about ourselves, we are aware of this fact – or not.

But it is time for mankind to realize on a big scale what kind of creatures were are.

So … what do you think: Is it an important factor of life to think of other humans? And if life doesn't end with physical expiration – would thinking about other humans remain an energetic factor of existence, no matter the dimension people are in and in what state or shape?

I can tell you: It matters. It's all that matters. Energy flows where attention goes. And if you direct your attention to the memory of a dead loved one, energy flows there.

When bad people die, we try not to think about them anymore, and we don't, after a while. And this means they don't benefit from the energies that the dead good people receive, the ones we remember fondly – energies, sent and projected to them through the thoughts of the living.

We, the mortal humans, **can gift the immortal humans with life-force.** We can. We do. Through our thoughts that are loaded with emotional energy.

Or we don't. But we should – regarding the ones we love(d). Why? Humans whose mortal body has expired live on and remain connected to us and this world. Yes, they remain living beings after what we call „death“.

I know this for a fact. And in this documentation, I tell you how come.

Jo Danieli, November 2023

Final Note, September 13, 2025:

I am writing this six years after starting this contact diary and just upon closing it to publish it into the world. I want to share with you THE most important insight I have gained over the years about the spiritual prowess of humans. **The physical and genetic makeup of the brain** (!) **determines what we can achieve.** Seems obvious, I know, but it has much deeper meaning than I ever thought. **Because it is not about your brain, but of that of other people.** If a brain is faulty, broken or sick, all the person does in life, all behavior, emotions and abilities will be influenced by that broken main body part. And you being affected by whatever such a person is or does, will not be able to rise to your **full potential as a soul** who has been born into the mortal experience to grow and bring back to the dimension to which it will return the gift of evolution. **Every mortal is born with a certain „quality of consciousness”, that is the kind of soul we have**, but when the physical brain is broken, this quality cannot be enhanced in life – which would be, though, the purpose of the mortal existence.

I am writing this preliminary note for all **you people whose path in life was and is inhibited by a faulty brain** – your own or that of a person so close to you that their behavior and choices influence everything you do. They challenge you, force you, hurt you. You think, maybe, they „need“ you. Probably do in their own way – but be sure to find out if you can actually help them to recover, or if you are only their broken brain's guardian, scapegoat or slave. I am not talking about people who are obviously mentally handicapped for various reasons in a way that they are behaviorally challenged and need caretakers. I am talking about people who seem to be function just fine, but are in fact lead by a broken brain. I lived with several such persons, and there are many psychological terms for them and their condition, be it **narcissist, psychopath, demented or sadistic person** *and so on.* I only call them „humans with broken brains that affect the potential that others have in life“, and of course, their own, but their brains likely won't realize their own condition. **Childhood trauma** is the main reason for billions of brains to get broken early in life and never recover, but turn the mortal person into a mean, evil or at least demanding creature. Not the soul – but the mortal person is affected. The soul with its certain and unchangeable degree of consciousness is for that lifetime stuck in a body that is lead by a faulty brain. Never forget this!

Obviously, I have researched **brain science**, and it is nowadays entirely clear, what kind of mental conditions are based on a distinctly physically changed brain, meaning, main functional areas of the brain are underdeveloped or not even there, just check out the brain of a narcissist, that was in young years affected by a huge emotional blow and since then can’t do “emotions” properly anymore. You can never “heal” or “help” such a person with “love”; because they simply do not function in a way that would enable such healing.

There are **people in caretaking professions** who have chosen to deal with the sick. If you find yourself “helping” a person whose cruel or disrespectful behavior discredits, betrays, hurts or harms you in any other way whilst you are loving and caring and you stick around just because of your given relations with this “brain-sick person” – think again!

Does your own soul and your healthy brain deserve to have all chances in life due to your “quality of consciousness” and not be inhibited by the faulty brain of another person? Yes.

We have to learn from all our experiences, and we should love each other, but often that learning includes that we have been stalled and hindered on our life’s path by other people, who were lead by brains that were broken and that caused harm.

Keep this in mind, people: My book here is all about the invisible realm, but all we can do in terms of spirituality and inter-dimension contact will be influenced by and depends upon many, many material and physical things of the mortal existence. **First and foremost - <u>the condition of the brain</u> of the persons who influence your life the most.**

Look around, look at yourself and decide what kind of brain(s) affect your life.

The soul is not sick, but its development in life suffers the effects of the inadequacy of the main physical body part. A person with a broken brain will never be able to live up to her or his soul’s potential based on their „quality of consciousness“. Then you got to decide for yourself whether you will allow to be influenced, pushed, forced or urged by a brain that is not functioning properly – <u>and that is not even your own!</u> All you do in life influences the development of humankind - in all dimensions.

Your own soul is your main concern in mortal life – and beyond. *Make sure its welfare and development are not inhibited if you can help it.*

Jo Danieli, September 2025

ALOHA TO YOU …

… people, out there, who are grieving and thinking that life has become unbearable after the death of that special someone, your loved one, the person so dear to you …

... and to you, who want to know if life ends with death. It does not.

I wrote "Aloha" because that is the word symbolizing the world and time Bob and I shared in this mortal realm, on Maui in Hawaii. Bob's and my story is a tragedy, but you will find out – just like I did in the years after his passing – why and in what way everything we went through had its purpose. And still has.

And you, dear reader, are part of our story.

Here's a preview of what's coming in this "Contact Diary" ... On ***February 21, 2022*** I wrote the following, as one of the many profound insights I was having throughout the years since Bob's passing:

> **If you are not trying to connect with a dead loved one, you aren't grieving properly.** The general idea is that when someone who has just lost a loved one deals intensely with the question of whether life goes on after death or not and whether it's possible to communicate with "the other side", this bereaved person is displaying a "wrong" form of grief, where they "can't let go". And that's exactly the point: **We are not supposed to let go right away. Some of us are even supposed to hang on for a long time.** ("Hang on" to the real life relationship with the one who has "passed on", that is.) That's the main big problem mankind has: We were lead to believe that we "must let go" of the dead meaning not trying to even consider they are still alive. We were taught (in our Central European culture anyway) that "the realm of the dead" is and must be kept separate from the world of the "living", that it's even "dangerous to deal with the dead", and that we must close the coffin and move on, to "let them rest in peace".
>
> Folks – there is no "resting in peace" on the side of the "deceased" ones.
>
> We are talking to ourselves, we, the "living", the humans who still have a mortal shell, when we say "Rest in peace". It's us who truly want to be able to "rest" and be "at peace" again after our loss. But how dare we wishing the "dead" to "rest in peace" and even imagine this – when we don't even know what happens to consciousness after death! We are certainly hindering the "souls" in their development when we are depriving them of **what they may (!) need most after their passing: energy. And our thoughts are pure energy.** Not all need us to help them move forward "over there" with our energetic projections, but many do. And now think about it: Billions of people in the mortal realm are lead to believe that the "dead" are actually just the rotting corpses in their graves or the ashes in the urns ... and we have "put them to rest", when they are alive and would desperately need us to consider them as such!
>
> The creed that "the dead are lying in their graves" or "their remains are in their urns" is a horrible mistake. It affects the entire energetic spiritual human world, here and in the beyond. That focus has fucked up the human spirit big time. And I'll exactly tell you in this contact diary why it's bullshit to treat the dead as gone and done and not existing anymore. They are alive and well. Indeed.

(*Bob & I, October 2013)*

Do I believe in God?

I believe that a superior self-aware energetic entity or being exists who gives the energetic components that it consists of the opportunity to use the material realm of the planet Earth to spend a development period with the aim to individualize their self-awareness and develop personality and thus specific consciousness. Once the material tool for this development, the body, has expired, the energetic entities retain the consciousness acquired and developed in the material realm and live on in the energetic realm – the beyond – as the personality with unique experience that adds to the power and abilities of the superior energetic force of the all-encompassing self-aware entity. Therefore it does matter what kind of persons we become during our mortal phase, because that quality of consciousness will live on in the beyond and affects everything that exists there. But "there" is also "here", as there is only one Universe.

Are we in connection with the beyond and the beings living there, and can we interact? Yes, and yes, we do – through everything energetic in the human existence, from a single thought to a major orgasm. We can direct energy into our mortal existence but also directly into the beyond. And we do it all the time, even though most of us don't know how to handle this ability properly or are not even aware of it. It will be the topic of the future to learn how to live up to our true nature of an energetic creature and how to live in consciously maintained and used connectedeness of the material realm and the beyond.

So yes, I believe in God, and we are all part of this being.

Here is what I know:

A human creature lives on after the expiration of the body that is only used for their mortal phase of existence. In the next realm, human persons live on as individuals, not as some kind of energetic fog.

My relationship with Bob has developed greatly since he passed on into his next phase of existence while I'm left here fretting along. You'll get to find out exactly how I got to the point of writing this.

And I am telling you right now – because you need to know this in case you'll lose someone to "death" before you arrived at the proper segment of this "Contact Diary" that – **if you do not want to connect with your recently deceased loved ones with all your heart, you are not behaving the way they would need you to.**

You are supposed to consider "the dead" being alive and only their mortal material shell having expired. Because that is the truth. And a great big enormously important insight. You're welcome.

Did I know that when Bob died? Did I think along those lines when my brother Peter died? Absolutely not. I had no idea. And that's a f*cking pity, regarding my brother. And others who I saw dying during my life-time.

A healthy evolution of mankind would and will include the understanding and experience that physical death is not the end of life.

I did not seek the knowledge I gained after Bob's death. But I was predestined through everything I was and did throughout my life and my relationship with mortal Bob. It all got me to the point where one day I stood there and said to myself:

"Holy shit, Bob has just communicated with me."

And that was after he had "died".

I did not seek that communication. I am not a medium. I have never had any mediumistic training. But all the knowledge and experienced I had gained in my life had lead me to the the point of being able to realize that I was being in contact with Bob after his physical passing.

Mind you: **The feeling of a dead person being close and real and right here – can devastate you.**

This may sound strange to you, but believe me: It can undo you to experience an exact, familiar impression of that dead loved one being right with you – as if they were still in the flesh, that's how intense the impression can get. All your memories of that loved one will be made flare up – so that their presence will feel real. And yet, they will not be visible there. You won't be able to see them, hear them or feel their body. And yet, you will realize that they ***are*** right there. And your mind and heart will get fucked up big time a lot ... and you will cry.

The remedy for this kind of trouble is **learning how to communicate not "by accident" but controlled and deliberately. And no – I am not talking about *learning how to be a medium.***

One aspect of the mechanism of getting in direct, intentional connection, contact and communication with a "dead" person, is a distinct memory that serves as a "hook", if you will ... an inner image that the dead person shares with you, likely in a situation where you had direct eye contact and total attention towards each other. That kind of experience in the mortal phase will later serve as "bridge". But mind you again:

It will fuck you up every time ... emotionally – because the mortal experience of loss will be renewed over and over again. No matter what you know or how great a communicator you are: **You are still a mortal. And your loved one with remain invisible to you and can't be touched or heard, and when you speak to them, there will be no audible answer.**

Truth be told: It will keep you from "getting over it" – and with "it" I mean the grief.
I will guide you through my experiences of that kind ... so that you will be prepared.

I will describe exactly how it happened that I learned to communicate with Bob consciously – with my thoughts and the events along the way. It was Bob who guided me – in retrospective already during his mortal phase, but "miraculously" so also after his physical expiration.

There is nothing spooky or "esoteric" or "New-Age-y" about the technique of it. It's all about being able to open yourself to the experience. And some other stuff. I'll share everything with you. So just "live" with me from day to day, so that you'll have the same experiences and will be able to draw your own conclusions and learn the way I did.

That way you'll be entirely free to experience it all just the way it's right for you. **I won't claim anything, I want you to make your own discoveries** – and my and Bob's story is your guideline. The fact that you are reading this right now, is already proof that the project "The Bridge" involves you, too. You are a very critical mind? Even better. I was absolutely o believer in life after death when I first noticed, that things happened that were "impossible". That said – I did not deny it. I only had never considered it. So ... you'll see.

At this point that I am writing this, it is a few days after the 5-year anniversary of Bob's death. I have deciced to conclude the current chapter and send this Contact Diary to people who should know about it.

Because I am going to be 60 years old in 2024, and who knows how long my own mortal story will still last. I keep writing the "Contact Diary", though. So – watch out for more chapters!

Don't get me wrong: Life on Earth to me feels like swimming in a shit hole a lot of times. I lost the love of my life and the most important person on this planet five years ago. With him I lost my home and all my plans. I lost myself to a great deal, because I ended up in a situation that I would have never considered even possible … that of a caretaker. And this has begun to rob me of ... a lot of things.

I miss Bob every day, sometimes to be point of dizziness and feeling like throwing up. **If you have lost someone with who you planned to spend the rest of your life – you got to read Bob's and my story.**

First of all – it will show you that you aren't alone with deep, horrible, painful fucking grief. I did grieve. I still do. At times, I can burst out in tears, and I could kick people's faces when I "read" their thoughts along the lines of "What, after five years you are still so sad?" Fuck them. The pain of the loss will never go away. That's for sure. It only changes, oscillates, but it is hard to live without Bob. His mortal version, I mean.

Yet, you'll learn through our story how you can deal with your grief and make something wonderful out of it. And maybe that is your destiny. Still – the "wonderful" will be sprinkled with dark shit.

It sure was and is my destiny to deal with the topic "after-death communications" first-hand. And hey, it makes the time I have to spent here in this mortal realm go by faster. If I could be anything I wanted, I'd be a vigilante. Oh I would punish the ones who deserve it. And you'll learn why, too. Of course I would never kill anyone – because death is not a punishment. It is a graduation. And many people really don't deserve it. Literally. Capital punishment, in that sense, is a horrible mistake.

There is a big huge important project that I worked on, a bit together with Bob during his mortal life-time, and that has the potential to influence the development of mankind in all the right ways. This Contact Diary is meant to be its extension. I shall share the details in the following documentation too.

I want you to read this contact dairy carefully. **I mean it.** Don't skip through it. **Just "be me"** for the time you're reading it. Then you'll "have the experiences" I had and that I describe. The point of this is that you're supposed to get to your own conclusions, have your own insights – while you're "being me", the author … and at the same time you'll connect with my beloved Bob the way I did. And in your real-time real life, **you'll likely experience things that you will encounter in this Contact Diary**, and you'll be baffled shitless.

And you'll cry a little. And a lot – upon your first realization that you just communicated with "a dead person". I call them – discarnates. It means "the ones without flesh". It sounds a bit disrespectful and even odd, but I came up with that term one day, when I was particularly pissed at Bob and circumstances and all, and so now Bob is a "disca". And what am I? Guess! Well, of course you and I are "incarnates", "the ones in the flesh", therefore – "incas". Funny? Good.

Back to crying: You will ever again stop crying about the loss of the loved ones – but you will definitely cry about your regrets of not having realized earlier, way earlier in our mortal life time that they – the "deceased", the humans without mortal shells, the disca – are still alive.

Life sucks in many way now that I know I won't ever live it with the mortal Bob in our material world on Earth anymore. In fact, I still can't believe it some days. I'm a mortal, after all. I have flaws. And doubts. And I hurt and curse and wish and suffer. But I also know that my time is coming – and so is yours. We shall die, you and I, like Lana Del Rey sings, "We are born to die". By the way: You will be surprised what role this song played in Bob's and my story. Just wait for it.

So I'm taking efforts – and we have been taking efforts for years now, not to mention the years before Bob's death, and in the years before I even met Bob, and yes, you'll learn what all that means! – efforts to share what Bob and I went through and what we developed together – **for you to hand it on, of course. What did you think – it was for your entertainment?** It's not. It's a **service to mankind that you are now tied into.** There. Meaning of life. You're welcome, again.

Oh, I can almost "hear" your question now, "So do you know the meaning of life, now, that you're talking with the dead?" First, I am not "talking with" the dead, I am talking "to" them, at times, as they do not "talk" 'cause they don't have a physical speaking-mechanism anymore. Duh. Second, yes, of course I know the meaning of life. Absolutely. Want me to tell you right now? Sure. The meaning of mortal life is the individualization of the soul. That's what we have this playground called Earth for.

And want all that means – I shall explain to you. And I shall illustrate. This is the reason why this "Contact Diary" is so large in volume, because of all the images. **There are many thousands**

pictures. Because whenever I could I photographed what I experienced, sometimes I used other images to illustrate what I "saw", yes in my mind. That manifested later. Or sooner.

It's one big work, yup.

If you now say that you "don't give a damn as you'll be dead soon anyway", well, friend, think again. **You may be back for another round of individualization** of your soul in this mortal, material, obstructed realm. So you might read on and get to understand, what awaits you.

Included in my work is the work of a few other people, who lived long before me – and whose experiences with the "beyond" will exceed everything you'll have ever heard or considered. They went through a lot a lot a lot and a real lot of trouble to explain to the mortal generations to come what it is like in the "beyond". I kid you not. I want you to consider at this point that when Bob died, I was a fact-loving journalist and filmmaker. So no bullshitting me in any way. I need to see to believe, and I am all into facts.

So you will not get a "New Age"-approach on anything here from me. On the contrary. I am still the researcher – and exactly that's why I came as far as I did. And so did those people who I shall introduce to you soon.

Imagine for a minute that life does not end with the death of the body.

Even if you are opposing this idea, just allow yourself to consider, that the body is indeed a material tool, shell and machine all in one, that is used by an energetic being during the mortal phase in the material realm for the purpose of becoming a distinct individual.

Good.

(After all, you too think or say "I ***have*** a body", don't you, not "I am a body." Right?)

And now consider that the ongoing existence of the people who have shed their mortal shell in some way or the other (disease, old age, accident, murder) **depend** on what we, the mortals, **think about them.** Can you imagine how catastrophic the influence of the idea that they "lie in their grave" or "are dust in an urn" may be for them – as they are still alive and energetically connected to our thoughts? You have memories of them that you share with them! Now imagine their consciousness is still out there, around you, actually, whereever they want to be, and you mess up your own inner image of them with those horrible ideas of them "being" a corpse, a pile of bones or – ashes. They "are" not that. They "are" NOT "in the grave". Geezus! Only writing this feels like reaching into a pile of stinking goo.

People who really believe that they "visit" their dead loved ones on the cemeteries – are so wrong!

Think of a dead loved one, now – and consider that they wouldn't be happy to be reduced to a bunch of bone fragments and Calcium dust in an urn a few feet underground.

Now return to your self-awarness. Realize – you are looking out of our eyes, **you are "in there",** somewhere, **using** your head, your brain, your eyes to read this. You are carrying your brain around – up there. That's all you are as a mortal expression – a brain carrier.

And now imagine that your body is dead, but you still exist. And you watch your loved ones stare at the grave where your ashes are or your corpse lies and **they think that this "is you".** And that you are "resting in peace". Even worse: You can hear their thoughts. But you cannot reach them anymore, because they have no clue that you are still alive. **They don't look for you anywhere**, they must "let go", because you are supposed to "rest" and "sleep" now.

Geez.

Right? See the problem? They don't look for the "dead" you because they do not think that you are still alive.

It would take three years for me to clearly perceive the answers I was so desperately seeking after Bob's death. In the process, it was learning and realizing and doubting and accepting and testing and doubting some more – and experiencing more and more.

Mainly I wanted to know: Did we fuck up, Bob and I? Should we have done things differently in our time together, **would he have not died then?** Should he have been a different kind of partner to

me? Should he have survived? It was so close. Then he betrayed me – again. He betrayed "us", like so many times before. And that lead to his physical death. Was this meant to be? Or was it an erraneous outcome, some accident? **Did we fuck up?**

Or did everything happen the way it was „supposed" to?

Did I do enough and the right things for Bob during his final illness? Did he? What did I do wrong in the years before, and could I have saved his life? Should I have? Did I do something wrong at all? Was I supposed to do something different? Or did I interfere in ways that were not proper? Did he?

And now – drumroll! Let me introduce the term "synchronicity" to you.

You'll read a lot about it and how it helped me to make sense of the outrageous things I was experiencing in terms of connectedness with "dead Bob". Or "Bob the disca". **Synchronicity** will always prove one thing to you: **that you are, in fact, in exactly the right place. Otherwise you would not be there to experience what you are experiencing.**

If you'd, say ask your dead loved one: "To prove to me that you exist … let me find a white gambling cube", and next day, you take your dog for a walk in the wilderness next to some road during a driving pee-break, and you find a white gambling cube in the grass in the middle of nowhere – **that**, my friend, has to do with synchronicity.

You were in the right place. Had you done just one little thing differently in your mortal phase, you would not have found that cube. And the entire network around you – after all, someone must have been there and lost that white gambling cube, and you must have been drinking the suiting amount of liquids to need the pee break when you did – has worked together **to enable this manifestation**.

I have hundreds of similar experience. And yes, the white gambling cube will show up in our story, too.

I grieved.

A lot.

I nearly died about a half year after Bob's passing. It was a moment – in real life just an instant – when I experienced myself as "separate" from the environment, the street, even my dog, as if I was looking out of a shell, observing, and it way quiet aroud me and a bit murky, and it felt like I thought about the situation and what to do, like time froze for the phase that I needed to contemplate ... so I got an inkling of what it means to exist in a realm where time doesn't have the same meaning like it has in the mortal realm ... and then a part of me that I did not have conscious access to, made a "decision", and in a split-second I chose "survival", and I pulled my dog with me out of the crushing reach of a train ... a crash that, looking back, was really impossible to avoid ... and yet, it didn't happen. I remember hesitating when I saw the train so massive and loud and strong right in front of me considering whether it even would make sense to take another step or to stop or to step back .. I was "frozen" in the moment, but it must have been so short, that a mortal's mind can't even fathom. So I looked up at the huge front of the train at arm's length in front of me, and I felt my dog on the leash a half meter behind me, and the train was was. I had not been aware of my surroundings as usual, and I had walked across the rails behind a leaving tramway train in Vienna – to be killed by the incoming train I couldn't see. But somehow my dog and I made it out of the train's path just in time ... You'll get to that entry on June 3, 2019, and to *what happened right after it*.

But it's worth "living with me" through what I experienced before that ... and after. Through this Contact Diary. Since you have just read this, I know and you know that you are meant to receive the information that I have put down in so many years' worth of work.

And then ... after a lot of helpless grieving ... I realized that I was entangled in a network of answers that I only needed to understand. And to understand I learned – with the help of **Bob ... the personality he was after his death,** but also looking back and understanding the person he was as a mortal. And why he had to do what he did and be the way he was. And the same relates to myself too.

I learned to communicate with him, consciously. We became a very close inter-realm couple. Closer than we had been during our mortal era. And the longing to be close to Bob during his life time and his inability to give me what I was craving, was also a preparation for what was about to happen after his passing.

A song will be majorly important in our story, **with the refrain "... play me!"** It gives me the chills everytime when I think about everything that happened and how it became meaning after Bob's passing.

You too will live on after shedding your material shell that is being formed and changed by forces of disintegration all through your mortal phase. It's natural: Your soul will get rid of the body eventually. Can you influence when and how that happens? I suppose so.

A human person ***has*** a body, and that body is lost with death. But the deterioration of that body had begun right after it had reached maturity, so it's no surprise that the body, at some point, stops functioning altogether.

Trust me, I never thought I'd become some kind of expert in such matters. But when my Bob "died", my life's priorities switched … and I turned towards life after death. **That's the whole point of bereavement: It's** the reason for a human person to become interested in the phenomenon death! But not all people get interested in it, at least, not in the way that would serve human evolution …. No, in dealing with "life" in general, humans certainly are not "the same".

Think about it: When we think we fight "for somebody's life", we actually just struggle for that *body* to keep functioning a while longer. We are **not** really fighting for the person's "life" or – "existence". Because their life won't be over when their body stops functioning. **The individual human creature is *eternal*.**

The images below are tokens for the adventures Bob and I have gone through after his death. You'll likely be stunned as I was – during my first walk in the neighborhood I had just moved to in Southern Austria, when I came across **a large stone standing next to an empty bed.** Later that night, I found that stone brightly lit. And I was stunned sh*itless. What are the odds? Because …

The last time I ever saw Bob, on September 11, 2018, on Maui, he was lying in his *bed*, desperately sick, and my very soul had turned to *ice* with despair, as I had to leave him, at night, in the pouring rain, to make a trip by airplane across continents to get him medicine. Weeks later, *he had left that bed to be brighter* and better than ever before. His name was Robert **Stone**.

And now look at this image: It is what I had found at the place I had moved to – **an empty bed, with a lit stone in front of it. In a freaking garden.** The symbolism to me was so striking that the first time I walked by it, I stood baffled shitless. **As if Bob had just left his bed ... His deathbed, empty. And he, bright and upright next to it.** Like it must have been when he acutally transitioned: Me must have found himself in the other realm, looking at his body, his emtpy bed, thinking "Oh shit, no, no, no! I can't be dead! Dany will be so pissed."

Or the kind. There are no odds for something like this to be a coincidence. Have you ever come across something like this? In your neighborhood? And there is more, much much more. I will explain.

A few answers ahead:

Is everything pre-ordained in our material existence, in other words, is there a destiny for what we become, as physical beings? To me it looks like it all is a matter of how well you – using your mind – handle the various forces of disintegration in this material, obstructed realm in terms of preserving and maintaining your body as long and as well as possible. Does your life have a purpose? You bet.

So what's the main factor in a mortal human's life? **Free will.**

Does it matter what we learn in terms of education and what mindsets we develop? Oh yes.

What's the "secret" of inter-realm relationships? **Knowing each other well.**

Right after Bob's death, three words began to rule my life: **"Are you here?"** And the answer was always, from the beginning: "**Yes**." This book is sharing all the stories how I grew from a devastated and desperate grieving person who had lost her partner into a grieving person who has lost the mortal form of her partner but has realized that he lives on and is around. And communicates. And answers when I chat him up. **He gives me hints and clues and outright direct responses** to questions like "Holy shit, did you see that?"

How does he do that?

Using all that he knew as a mortal and all that I still know and use as a mortal.

It is that simple.

You will see.

There is no such thing as "losing one's life". Your body expires. That's it.

Yet … make no mistake: The realization that mortal Bob is dead still has the power to fuck up any joy of life anytime and undo me to the point of bitter, numb despair. I'm still bound to my mortal form, after all. He isn't. I am terrified of experiencing another death of another loved one, say, my mother. Or a dog of mine. I don't know how I could bear it. So I find myself sitting, writing this, looking around, my two dogs somewhere in the apartment next to me, and I think "Shit ... I am old now. Hurting. Lonely." But I have a purpose. And one day it will be over for me too, in this mortal, obstructed realm, and I hope by then I'll have fulfilled my "kuleana" – spiritual plight in Hawaiian.

One word to guide you, dear reader, never forget:

Only strong minds with stable emotional background
can deal with after-death-communication.

Jo Danieli,
Velden, January 2024

CONTACT DIARY "NAUPAKA BUNNY" – PART 1

(From 2018 to August 10, 2019)

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THE EARTH STOPPED SPINNING.

"Bob passed away this morning."

I will never forget that voice on the phone saying this to me. Bob's sister. What she meant was *"Bob's mortal body has expired this morning."* But back then I heard "Bob has died, and you will never be with him again."

My Bob. The man of my life. My hope. My joy. The reason for my greatest agony. And again – my hope, as we had just renewed our relationship and were looking forward to a life together. After Bob had ghosted me for years. Yes – what an expression, right? "Ghosted". Well, let's not dwell on this right now.

I was wrong. Thankfully.

(***Note:*** Today, as I am adding this sentence, it exactly five years later, November 2023, and Bob "gave" me something utterly funny as I was pondering upon the question what ***crocheting a huge stola*** was actually doing for me, ... so I said to myself, *"Well, it has so many aspects ... you learn about dedication to a task".*

And I had not even finished the sentence, I seemed to hear Bob chuckle, in his typical way, and in my mind appeared Bob's voice, **"That's right Dany, once you've started dealing with us, it's pure dead**ication."

Of couse now you'll say that these were just my own thoughts, combined with my memories of Bob's voice. Of course you are right. But since I am a mortal person with thoughts and all – there is no way that anything I'd experience would happen without the involvement of all the parts that I, as a human being, consist of. Whatever that experience may be – a dive in the warm lake in summer, or a chat with Bob who is in the beyond. The beyond, however, is – right here. Just in a different dimension with a different energetic frequency.

Plus ... to wrap up the crocheting-part for now (you'll revisit it five years from now, in terms of the chronology of this Contact Diary) ... isn't such a work of stringing threads together a lovely allegory for the interconnecteness of things, and literal and figurative "network" – and that we ***create*** it?

Ever looked at a ***ceiling fan***, saw its strong, hard metal wings, watched them beginning to move, then move faster – then spin and spin so fast, that you suddenly see through them, that they *disappear*?

You are looking right at them, the wings of the ceiling fan, but you don't see them – because of the frequency of their motion that your human eyes cannot follow. Now imagine that effect on a more refined level.

See? (Pun intended.)

Well, I am totally getting ahead of myself. Just – whenever you are confronted with the idea that people without a body could be around, think about the fact that you are not even able to see a fast spinning set of ceiling fan wings ... How should your physical, material organs be able to perceive anything consisting of subtle "matter"? Of course **the energetic nature** of the wings of a ceiling fan is different from what the consciousness or "soul" of any creature is energetically made of. It is not advised to hold your hand into the invisible ceiling fan wings set ... That said: We are surrounded and permeated by the energetic emanations of all kinds of tech-stuff nowadays. We feel it when we hold a cell phone to our ear too long ... and we should not be exposed to what's going on inside of our micro waves oven ... Think about it: Something invisible makes the meat inside the microwave change its physical structure. And it is not heat.

But ok.

After-death-communication can be so fun. But only if you had fun with the mortal person, too. And let me clarify this right away: Communicating with "dead" Bob does not entail visions or appearances or spooky stuff. I forebade that right at the beginning. **"No touching me ever!**" This has been my main wish.

Sure they are gone – as the mortal persons we knew them as. And it hurts like hell, the loss, and it can break us. I mean – something breaks always, because we, the ones left behind, must re-adjust so many aspects of our lives that were based on having that mortal in our life in the future. Internally and also regarding our plans, a lot of stuff breaks when our partner dies. It is hard and horrible when a child dies, yes, but you did not plan to spend the rest of your life every day with them, generally.

We won't have "our dear dead" in our mortal lives anymore, we have to learn to not wish for it – because it won't happen! **... and the despair about facing of the finality of the loss affects us immeasurably.** Dreams broken, plans destroyed, visions annihilated. No more body to encounter with our senses. That's the main loss. In my case, Bob's passing affected my life in all the horrible "usual" ways, but something else came with it that I could have never anticipated.

But first things first ... so:

It seems impossible to exchange experiences about after-death communication with ... people. Anyone. (But that's not what I had written here originally, I only just put it in upon revising this chapter for length and clarity.)

"Bob passed away this morning."

I remember listening after this sentence, like I was trying to really "hear" it ... it seemed to slip out of my mental grasp, my understanding, everytime I recalled it, and later, every time I said it out loud, trying to grasp it that way – it would just ring empty like it did not exist. Like the message was void, not there, just a numb blind spot in life.

Bob was on the other side of the planet, when he died, and he had been dead sick – but I had seen him recover in the weeks that I had spent with him weeks before his passing. Much later, when I had begun to consciously consider all the physical aspects of his sickness and death, it became clear to me that of course it was impossible for him to "heal" – without me present. I must say it this way,

because I was the force that got him to recover. But during this recovery, I had to leave – meaning to return later. But I never did. I had lost the reason. I had become unable to even think about life on Maui. I was torn to pieces.

My phone rang that day, and I saw Bob's phone number, **"(808) 250-8030"** and I was happy thinking that he had recovered so much that he was able to call me. But it was his sister, telling me that he had died.

I remember reacting to Bob's sister's voice as if I was acting. I watched myself speak, and I just didn't know how to react, because my mind couldn't wrap itself around the meaning of that sentence "Bob passed away this morning."

There were images of Bob on my mind, of housie, of Maui, of me with Bob, of healthy Bob, sick Bob, smiling Bob, shouting Bob, Bob at work, cooking, watching a movie ... So I kept saying something like "What?", "Why?" and "No". It was like being in a movie and trying to rehearse a scene with the title "react to being told about beloved man's death".

I saw myself sitting there, at the table, the window to my right ... like always. Just this time, someone had told me that Bob was dead.

And that was impossible to grasp.

Looking back – it didn't have to be grasped. Because Bob was not "dead" in the sense of "not existing anymore". He was "gone". He body had stoppend functioning. But Bob kept living – I only didn't know it back then. Or at least, the topic was not on my mind.

So what was on my mind?

A blank.

That's all I can say. And that is only natural and right and proper. Because our very inner self immediately contradicts what our reason wants to state – that our loved one has ceased to exist. And that simply is not the case when someone passes on. Transitions. Dies.

At some point I said to Bob's sister that I had to hang up, and we'd talk later. We never did. We only emailed and texted. And even that stopped quickly – after I had told her, many months later, that I had begun to document my after-death-communication with Bob.

The question how Bob died, what he did in the last moments of his life, during the last day, on the last evening, where he was when it happened ... all those details became immediately the focus of all my attention. And then I dove head-first into the topic of "how we die". I was greedy for ... I don't even know what, I guess being close to Bob and what happened to him, what he experienced, so I read and read ... wow, cancer is about the smartest mechanism in the human body and one of the most efficient ones ... And I found the perfect literature for it all. Online. I was glued to my laptop screen (when I wasn't walking my dog). I had to assure myself that a body must inevitably expire at some point, as if I didn't know that. **But dealing with mortality intensely sparked the realization: Physical death is not the end of existence.**

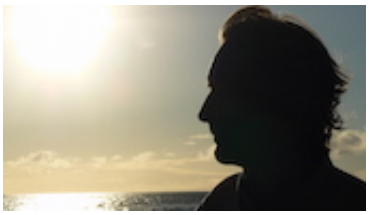
It took months, of course ...

In the days following the news I needed to hear how the coroner came ... how Bob was put into a casket ... how he was carried out of "housie" ... How he had slept on the floor, naked, wrapped in the new comforter, his sister next to him, embracing him, singing and praying with him. And she woke up on the floor in the early morning hours, finding Bob still and handsome next to her to never breathe or move or speak again.

(*Note*: It is now November 2023 that I am revising this, and I just heard in a TV-series yesterday a character comfort a colleague who had lost his wife, and she said *"It will take time, but one day you will think of her and you won't hurt."* Exactly true. I don't hurt anymore now thinking of Bob like I did five years or three years ago. But I do still hurt.)

So I researched.

Bob had often called me "his researcher", and I would research ALL the facts of physical human death and decomposition in the weeks to come, I would read books and books and more books and texts online on the matter of the dying of the body, of cremation and – of cancer. Then, when I had actually watched a human body decompose and be incinerated in a crematorium, I was satisfied. **I knew that it was not "Bob" that had stopped existing. His material shell had expired.**



At this point, dear reader, *you don't have any idea of what I had seen Bob become in the last weeks of us being together in summer and early fall of 2018* ... hang on, you'll know soon and will understand, why I was so fascinated with the facts of the demise of Bob's body. Mind her:

It is "his body". He used to "have" one. He "was" not one.

I had been close to a "dead" shell of a mortal person before, had touched and smelled it – my brother Peter. But I'll get to that.

People often react to my fascination with the demise of the human body right after Bob's death by saying "How gross, I couldn't bear looking at such images or reading up on all kinds of physical malfunctions that lead to death" ... Well, folks, if "you couldn't bear" – then fracking don't. I needed it. And already during traveling on the plane right after I had left the living Bob in September 2018, a woman said to me that I would have to read the book "Being Mortal" by Dr. Atul Gawande and that it would help me. Back then I was outraged by the suggestion – as I had told her that I was flying back to Europe to get medicine for Bob that would help him recover and that I could not get in the States. But there must have been something about me, as I remember her looking at me in a very strange way right after landing. We had been sitting next to each other for many hours ... no word spoken. And suddenly, in the last minutes, a conversation happened with her ending up saying this to me: "Read Being Mortal. It will help you." Fuck you, I thought back then. Thank you, I thought months later.

So that sentence "Bob passed away this morning" still feels surreal in my mind, like something I can't grasp ... but back then it was something that hurt too much to be even looked at from close. So Bob ... had "passed away"? Seriously? Gone? Forever? Left me here? Took off?

Never again since has life itself regained the meaning it used to have for me before I heard that sentence, and took it in for its face value ... in that past, when Bob was a man of flesh and blood, alive and active as a mortal creature in the world I'm still finding myself in – – –

But suddenly, he was no longer physically present in the material realm.

Yes, I'm choosing my words carefully. I could have said "My life changed for good since Bob is no more." That's "the usual". But it's wrong. **Bob and I are both alive**, but he has moved on to a new phase of existence, and I'm still in the phase that we both shared for a while. This probably sounds like an attempt at "a comforting scientific approach to grief" to you. To me too. But aside from this, it is a fact.

I could have also said, "Bob has not died, he lives on in the afterlife, and I'm still on this planet." That kind of wording contains a shitload of faulty concepts of "truth", a sloppy habitual way of talking

about dealing with life itself ... "died", "afterlife", "lives on", "I'm on this planet, and he is not" ... all faulty, misleading and wrong.

"Death is a part of life."

I'm sure you've heard or read that before. I have, and I always found it unbearably phony and cheesy. Already a little more than a year after Bob's death, I knew that it had to be taken literal. Better would be: **"Death is an event in the course of the human existence."** That nails it pretty much. But the optimum would be: **"The expiration of the mortal material body is an event in the evolution of the existence of a human being."**

Or a human creature. Something that was created, had many forms and phases of existence and keeps existing and changing.

Bob's personal presence in the material world that we used to share has ended. The man he had become in 64 years, aware of the spiritual aspects of his existence, troubled in many ways and hopeful and angry and well-meaning and mean and confused and thoroughly fucked up and lovely. I would have never expected having to live when Bob doesn't walk this Earth anymore. In the flesh, that is.

A word of wisdom ahead: There is only one Universe. And we all live in the same space – just in the beyond, "space" is something different than here, in the obstructed phase of existence.

Millions of people suffer the loss of a loved one to death every day. It's the most brutal thing a human being can experience: to be told that someone who had played an important emotional role in one's life, is ***"not alive"*** anymore. Their age doesn't matter or whether they were seriously ill or fell victim to an accident or to murder or whether or not they or their loved ones knew that they were about to die. The experience that a person close to us has ***gone***, *is brutal for anyone with a mindset that considers "death" to be the end of a human being's life.* But when a material life-form dies, it's only the miraculous system of processes that is that life-form's physical body, that ***expires***.

People think that they are fighting "for their lives", when they are trying to heal or repair their bodies that are in danger of failing at major functions, and therefore *survival* is threatened. That it concerns the survival of the *person* is the common idea. And it is a wrong one. Sidenote: Mental problems also count as the body's malfunctions, as they concern the brain which is a body part, no "house" of a spirit or of the mind.

Even if there are ideas of some kind of "heaven" or of a "spirit world", few people presume that any version of a self-governing "existence" similar to mortal life is realistically possible after death. Most people assume that the human being ceases to exist after the body has stopped functioning, because to them, the *body is the person*. Nowadays, though, it is kind of silly to not believe that consciousness lives on after the physical death, because not only are there millions of human experiences on record that prove just that, but even official science and highly renowned scientists have been tackling the matter from all kinds of angles, and the conclusion is:

Human life doesn't end with the physical death.

(Me, in 2012 on the island of Maui, at LaPerouse Bay: After hundreds of years only that one green plant in a huge area had made it to grow to the shape it had when I came along, that day – a symbol for ***the individual capacity of growth*** *– independent of expectations.)*

Oh, I wasn't that smart in summer 2018, when Bob and I were "fighting for his life".

Honestly, I never intended to deal with the subject of death. Even though my little brother Peter died of cancer in 1993, I didn't deal with the circumstances of his death: I suppressed my horror and grief and shock about his suffering and dying. The trauma had to be suffocated and ignored, because there was no way it could have been treated, back then. I was **not** living in an environment of being taken care of and looked after. My brother and I came out of horrible family feuds, and I lived with a drug addict. My parents had divorce when I was 16 years old, and my father had never attempted to take part of our lives and had abandoned us, whilst my mother had resorted to drinking alcohol and having partners who were drinkers or abusive.

I want to think that my family suffered from the effects of warfare: When a generation goes through the horrors of being attacked by total strangers who are trying to kill them, no matter whether on the battlefield in man-to-man combat or via air strikes or other death-bringing activities, that generation is in shock and therefore emotionally wounded to the core. And any offspring of that generation grows up lacking emotional stability. And their offspring carries that tradition further, because not having received proper emotional care as children, makes humans unable to share and teach emotional care to their offspring.

In that sense, all of mankind is pretty much f*cked. Why? Because "warfare" has many faces. And due to misleading and false beliefs and ideas about "truth" human beings have been locked into a state of fear of suffering pain and of losing their lives for a long time now. To maintain (and in a peaceful society enjoy) "life" in terms of physical existence, has been the goal ever since human creature became self-aware. But no such lore as far as I can see right now ... or in the past. (*Note*: So I wrote a spiritual SciFi-franchise about the end of mankind as we know it because of the emergency of optimal humanity.)

The human spirit needs the physical body as an energetic machine to be out and about on this playground Earth: The soul needs to be individualized and gain quality and quantity of its own energetic sustance ... and I shall explain that later.

For now, I want you to realize that the very normal and human life-path of striving to stay alive and healthy and using all kinds of means for that, anything that makes a person happy and strong and capable, is tightly connected to life after physical death. The means, methods and tools to keep the body functioning are what the mortal human life is all about – right now. Wrongfully so. But then – our ***body machine*** is supposed to function as long as possible. That said – the spirit or soul or whatever you may call it – will eventually find a way to get rid of it.

Facit:

Humanity as such is the entirety of energetic processes that bring about individual physical human bodies in a material realm with the aim to support the evolution of the eternal human being.

What a mouthful, huh? It's quite simple, though, you'll see.

Looking back to the 1990s when my little brother had cancer, I don't remember myself of that time very well. I remember my brother – as if I was looking at him from far away. I had no concept of

what I was facing, and a part of me knew that I was oblivious and shied back, out of self-preservation ... I want to think now. It's like a black hole, "feeling" back into that time of my life. Today I realize that I failed my brother in so many ways, in terms of dealing with a dying young man, who thought he had his life ahead of him. I was ignorant of so many things, that I can hardly believe myself now. Maybe it counts as an excuse that growing up was a succession of scares and tragedies relating to close family-members. My education certainly did not include dealing with a brother dying of cancer at the age of 27, leaving two small kids behind. The disastrous climate in my family had alienated my brother and me from each other from when we had been teenagers.

I don't know how aware my brother was of the shortcomings of humans in terms of spiritual evolution, when he died at 27, and that after a dreadful phase of sickness and of suffering to an extent that I can't fathom about to this day. He was a Guinea pig of medicine that did wrong by him in every aspect of "treatment". ***Today I know that his "soul" had used the cancer as a tool to get rid of his body.*** This may sound odd to you, but you'll be the judge, later, when you read how I came to this insight.

Peter suffered in so many ways, not only because of his cancer and the atrocious things that were done to him at hospitals, but because nobody helped him *spiritually*. "Spiritually" is a very misleading word, too, but it must do for now, at conveying what I will share with you.

I simply refused to believe that my brother would die. I did the same with Bob, 25 years later. I thought it was enough to imagine my brother alive in the future. I did the same with Bob … I was in shock by what was happening to my brother and that some mysterious chain reaction of "evil" cell-growth did really claim his life. I remember finding a book about how a cell can activate the ancient genetic code of the "one cell"-being that tries to save it's DNA by moving away from a hostile neighborhood to settle down elsewhere to survive, and that's what cancer cell supposedly can do upon an energetic impulse inside an organism … I did realize that cancer is some kind of schizophrenic phenomenon, because on one hand it actually tries to save a cell's DNA by emigrating somewhere and building new colonies, but on the other hand it kills the organism upon which it depends by trying to survive. That way, though, cancer gets the human being into the next phase of life, by killing off the body. And this means: It serves the human evolution. That's just nuts, right? Except, it isn't. It is what actually happens. Death is not a punishment. It's a graduation. So don't wish death upon your enemies – wish for them to live long. suffering and learning. Over the years I have encountered a few humans to whom this wish applies from my side.

People have been calling it "God's will" when a person succumbs to decease or to any other "premature" cause of death. And actually, that's pretty what it is … save the question, what or who "God" is. But we'll get to that.

Never did I talk with my little brother about how he felt, what he thought, what he needed during his last months and weeks. Neither did I do that with Bob, last year. *I simply did not accept that they were dying. I thought if I ignore it and keep up my image of them healthy, this would be enough. But they have their own story – and whatever I did or thought, had influence, but it did not change their fate.*

And like me, millions of people have failed their loved ones that were close to dying: **We should help them pass over – and not ignore the fact that they are about to.**

I did not realize, actually, that there is a phase in the life of a mortal body that cannot be reversed: **When "dying" actively kicks in, with all physical functions taking part in that "game", the body will expire,** and it would require a miracle to stop that process and get the body to start regenerating again instead of shutting down. It is actually a quite fascinating and amazing chain of events that gets a body to shut down and free the soul.

Talking about death with a very ill person means for most people to admit that all hope is given up, that all is "lost". Sometimes, the body can use help at recovering and will live on. Often the body is not meant to recover, as the illness or injury is truly *a means to get the body to expire*. Why?

Because the actual being in that body is supposed to move on to another phase of existence.

Several times in my life I have not accompanied a beloved person on their path towards the big gate – I have denied them this service. I regret it deeply.

In dealing with the fact of death, it's mostly said that "there is no life-sign anymore". How misleading. The body has stopped functioning as a shell for the human being who is actually an energetic entity. Same for animals? Yes – and no. But I'll get to that.

Now, the word "entity" is a hairy term, as it evokes images of, I don't know, aliens, angels or ghosts. But an "entity" is a being whose true shape and nature can't be clearly defined by a mortal human mind. It lives, is a "life-form", a "living creature", if you will, whose energetic identity can't be grasped by a mortal human in the material realm – due to our limited means of perception and interpretation of what our senses signal us. Our senses themselves are functionalities with very limited range, yet with specific functions.

Phew. It's really hard to say it all properly to lead you out of the common, the usual ways of thinking about "beings" and "the dead" and "the living". Bear with me … you'll soon realize what I'm getting at.

"The body of this person has expired." That should be said upon someone's death. Instead, <u>people believe that they bury the person, the being, the human</u> – and not just their expired material shell. They believe they visit a person at a grave. Jesus! **There is no person in a grave,** and after a while there isn't even a body anymore. But **the human being remains alive and well.**

The bones or the "cremains" of a person, after the body was burned, are literally the remains of a material structure. That's all. Yet, as mortals we have a deeply nostalgic attitude towards our physical appearance … and of course we connect a person's body with ourselves and with our time and experiences we had with them.

There is this old saying that any "good" person should consider true: "That what is inside a person, is who they really are, not their outward looks". Instead of "person" use "body", then it sounds about right.

We are creatures with the ability to think and to imagine and to memorize and then recall those inner images and memories. Our physical appearance is a <u>tool</u> in our mortal phase of existence. We know what we look like and what others look like. We are able to perceive voices and smells and the feeling of touching a material body … so our senses serve our self-image and our self-awareness. It's the Earthly way to recognize an individual. On the material plane. In the realm of the mortals. **<u>We need to create inner images of our fellow mortals and of our experiences with them.</u>**

For what?

We need all our memories and recollections of other people for the ***communication with them when they are dead.***

Yup. Didn't see that one coming, huh?

To this day, my grief is deep and dark and bitter. But while people kept expecting me to "let go", I did the *contrary*. *I held on.* And I believe that it has been the right thing to do – and I shall explain to you, why.

This photograph of the yard of a neighbor in a village named Griffen in the Austrian province of Carinthia was taken on the morning of December 30, 2019 … water being sprayed in the air, and in falling, it created this "frozen bed" in front of a big **stone**. This sight is the end-of-the-year culmination of all that 2019 brought to me – and that changed me forever.

I want you to keep in mind that the last time I saw my beloved Bob he was lying in his death bed. And how often have ***you*** seen a bed outside – with a large stone standing next to it, and you had called your beloved "Stoneman", because his last name was Stone?

See? ***How come I moved there, exactly there?*** To discover this baffling sight upon one of my first walks around my new homw?

But there was more to that place – you will be surprised.

The role of this amazing sight was to have huge impact on my life – as "message". Because right then, I realized that this was way beyond "coincidence".

Bob and I are very close now.

We weren't always, and that's due to a whole chain of circumstances that made it impossible for us to develop the Earthly relationship we could have had. Some circumstances were due to our relationships with other people like former partners and parents as well as work colleagues, others related to our bodies and how well or unwell they were, and the same is true for the condition of our minds, scarred by countless emotional hurts.

We were both very damaged goods when we met in May 2002, Bob and I.

A friend had brought me to Maui after my beloved dog Kimba had been run over by a car in Norway in front of my eyes, and on the way to Maui, I walked by "Ground Zero" in New York, a few days after 9/11/2001; and Bob was still stuck in a disastrous marriage. We fell in love on first sight, and I'm still in love with him just like that first day. But I do remember his dark sides that I got to experience, too. Just weeks before he died, he did tell me that he loved me, and said it in a hurry and more intensely than ever, and it was on the phone, and a day later he could not talk anymore due to Aphasia. It was the last time I heard his real healthy sweet voice that I loved so much, when he said **"Dani, I love you, thank you for everything, aloha!"**

And I didn't say back that I loved him. I was kind of taken aback because it sounded so final, like a farewell, but I wanted to believe that he was on the path to further recovery. By that time, the care that he had received from his very helpless sister had not improved his state. I was on the other side of the planet and frantically giving her advice. She didn't know her brother, and Bob was not able to express himself properly anymore. So I refused to ask back "Why are you saying this, like that, just now?" I played over the deep impact his words had. But his "soul" had long made a pact with his body to stop Bob's go-around in this realm … and I had been witnessing the process for many years, without knowing what I had been seeing.

Before that, on the last day that we were together, physically, me on Maui with him, both mortals with body and breath and all, he grabbed my hand and said **"We're doing this together, Dani".** And

I said "Absolutely, we are". And I've been insisting on this to be true, ever since. Bob had promised me to work on certain projects with me, and he had been looking forward to that for years, while he'd been stuck in another project that ultimately "killed" him. We were talking about our future lives together, him being healthy again, of course … and he was lying there, so thin, but so hopeful and so much better than he had been weeks ago. He did recover while I was with him. It all went down when I left.

His soul crossed our plans consequently. The mortal realm was supposed to be left behind by Bob.

When a person dies, it's often said that one must "let go" of the dead person. What does that even mean? "Let go" like what … not thinking about them anymore? Why do we have a mechanism, then, to create memories and charge them with so much energy, that they feel real? Why do we dream, why are we even falling unconscious every day for a period of several hours, where we are literally "out"?

Sleep is the little brother of death, it's told. It's called recovery phase, what's commonly known as "sleep". What if it's much more than that? What if we, the energetic entities that we are, are just being ourselves during those hours when the body is "like dead"? **What if hanging out with other energetic folks is what we often do, while asleep?**

Stuff like that was way out of my field of interest or even awareness, right up to Bob's death. Dealing with the true nature of human thought in a book project that I had started after my little brother's death had brought me towards related topics, though, but I had only dealt with "energetic" matters as relating to the our physical life and how it can be affected by forces like, for example, human thoughts and emotions … I had no idea that this decade worth of research and work on this book "We Creators" was the preparation of something much bigger.

Have you ever thought about the possibility that the spirits of dead people and the minds of living people are connected in ways that can cause the spirits to be actively rejected when the mind-power of the mortals refuse to acknowledge their existence?

If you think your grandfather has gone to "heaven" or is rotting in a grave and don't assume he is still around, in a different frequency of energetic existence and without his body, then you actively hinder and block out any form of communication he'd try to get to you – just because you wouldn't ever ***expect*** a contact to be possible. That's got to be devastating for grandpa.

I did the contrary of "letting go" – after a few incidents that **made me realize that Bob must be trying to get my attention:** I opened myself to the possibility that he is around. I didn't believe it, at first, but I didn't refuse to believe it, either.

(Wow, I googled "death gate" and found this amazing image, free to use.)

The consent is, though, that the realms of the living and the dead are apart for a reason. Of course – we live on different frequencies. The human evolution isn't advanced enough that the reamls actually can be *connected*. You'll soon realize how much pain and suffering this false attitude towards the human existence has been causing. **On both sides of the gate called "death".**

Bob used to make a sweet joke: Just weeks before he and I met for the first time, in May 2002, he had bought a BowFlex exercise machine, and he said "***So I had prayed for the perfect body, and then you showed up!"*** And you know … this is true on so many levels. I, as a physical person, was a major factor in his life. And he was one in mine. I don't know what kind of role I'm really playing for him now – it's in the works to figure this out – but he is still the major factor in my life, as a "discarnate" human being. And of course he knows now what our relationship was all about, what his life was about, and he also knows more about my life than I do. And maybe he knows what's ahead of me. I have wishes. I've told him. And not only him, but – *them*.

But then, I have a story to live. And everytime synchronicity strikes – I have to acknowledge that I am in the right place. Meaning: I did stuff right, even if it was dreadful experience.

The human mind is the link between the material and the energetic realms, but "mind" does not mean "spirit" or "consciousness". A mind is an attribute of consciousness (and I am quoting here, I did not come up with this! But I shall explain!), it's an influential energetic phenomenon that the mortal humans develop with the help of their brain and of their spirit. So the mind can go sick and be mistaken and fail … but consciousness can't, because it's **the energetic being itself.**

As consciousness and or as spirit and certainly as energetic entity or "soul" Bob was unharmed, when his mind already gave in to the deterioration of his material shell. He called it "being about to transition" when he felt the final hours approaching. And that's quite the tell.

Some people claim that a "near-death experience" doesn't really reflect actual death. That may be true, because the actual "gate" is never passed, and the person retains the ability to memorize and recall their "time" so close to the "beyond". I do believe, though, that in near-death experiences and in our dreams we can actually **visit** the "beyond", and that's why we don't have direct recollections of it. Why not?

Our pool of Earth-obtained knowledge and the memories of it aren't sufficient to recall the situation in the "beyond". We simply don't have the terms or inner images to explain it with our Earth-trained minds! Our subconscious can only use the "imagery" that we already have in our memory stock to symbolize or express our experiences in the "beyond". **Much more will be said about this – and I promise you, you'll be stunned!** – but keep in mind for now: Some "dreams" are reflections of us mortals connecting with discarnate people in their realm.

I have pictures of Bob from the days close to his death. I was halfway around the world apart from him, then. And he was barely coherent at times, but when his sister got him to the beach, he asked her to take a picture of his feet in the sand. And that was the first *message* from him – a rapidly dying mortal – to me, playing on something that's distinctly privately ours to understand. He was alive as a body, then, but today I know that his stints to the gate to the beyond must have been frequent in those days … and it was kind of a trial in terms of messages. We did talk on the phone about it, (I talked and he made the sounds he was still able to make, but he clarified, that he could understand everything I said, he only could not get a response out anymore), and he was happy that I had recognized what he had meant to tell me. **"Toes in the sand"** … the song will forever ring in my mind, until I'll be united with Bob in the realm where there is no pain and no longing. (The image shows Steve actually playing with Bob's guitar. That he inherited, upon my intervention.)

(Bob made music video for Steve, his friend)

I've been an inquiring mind all my adult life. And I've written thousands of pages the true nature of the human thoughts and of our energetic essence from the mid nineties of the past century on, a book with the title "*We Creators of the World*", and it was never published. But working on it was the reason that I met Bob. I was pretty knowledgeable in terms of "energetics" and thought business, especially also about native Hawaiian spiritual traditions. I stopped working on that project when I met Bob. But after Bob's death I found myself not only being catapulted into the deepest depths of that subject again, I also started to realize why I had been dealing with such topics almost compulsively for a long time, only to give it up entirely when I met Bob.

And then I was forced to pick it up and stick to it irresistibly after Bob had passed over.

Not having a material body anymore does not necessarily mean for a person that they aren't anxious to keep working and being with us, the mortals, the "survivors". On the contrary. **Dead or not, we are all humans, and we all have stuff to do.** It's just that the folks who keep living in the material realm still have a physical shell, whilst the others, who have died, don't have one. But all they experienced with and in and because of that body, all they felt, thought and did and therefore all they *became* during their lives – all that stays with them in the beyond. That's why we have the capacity of memory – it's the basis of individualization: We retain all our recollections when we pass on.

You doubt all that? Even thought why? Can you prove that this is not true?

Can I prove that this is true?

Yes.

Death is not the end of life. It's a **graduation** into the next phase of existence. Dying means losing one's body, but not one's life. And that, my friends, is a fact. Just ask anyone who has died. They'll find a way to answer you … if you pave the way for communication.

How does it work?

For your side, the mortal phase – using everything that is in your awareness.

For their side, the discarnate phase – using everything that was in their awareness during their mortal phase and everything they have access to in the beyond.

There are people – mortals! – out there with amazing abilities of mediality, which means, they are trained in methods of "direct communication" with discarnate folks, by means of their subconscious connection with events in the subtle realm.

Maybe the people who consciously train mediality will be the front-runners at overcoming the barrier between the two realms of human existence. There are "in-between" and "higher" realms, too. But I'm talking basics her: the realm of the mortals or "incarnates" and the realm of the dead or "discarnates".

You may have noticed that I call us, the folks with a material body, the "mortals", but I don't call the folks who don't have their old physical body anymore, "immortals". That's because we, the mortals, even though we are physical and live in the material realm, also are immortal. **We <u>are</u> the**

energetic beings that will live on in the "beyond" after the shedding of our body, **but as mortals we are in a phase of existence where that's not apparent.** The life-span of a human body is ridiculously *short*, compared to the one of, say, a tree. Have you ever thought about why that is? Why do trees get so much older than us, the "crown of creation"? That's because our "age" is not determined by our mortal phase …

… okay, that leads you way ahead ... But I can't help but kind of pre-explain stuff, so that you'll see what you're about to read, with a little bit more "advanced" eyes than a person who has never even had any thoughts about the subject "humans are energetic beings". **The human body is a tool. It gets made and maintained and then destroyed by *energetic processes* that are in part caused and lead by *ourselves*, but for the most part by nature.** And "nature" is the entirety of the energetic existence "out there", and it simply means "Universe". "Everything". "All there is."

One thing I've learned to appreciate above everything else is*:* <u>There is only one universe,</u> for all of us, incarnates and discarnates alike.

In Hawaiian there is the term "**kuleana**", that means "spiritual plight", pretty much some kind of task that one has been born to do. "Ku" is the inner spirit in Hawaiian spiritual traditions, the energetic core of every human that's part of the invisible realm or "Po", the world of the ancestors. "Lea" means "joy", and "na" is "a place", and it doesn't have to be a geographic one.

Truth be told, I'm feeling very alone with my task, in terms of support by mortals, and I miss the mortal Bob so much, because he was my confidant, my friend, the one person I could share my spirit with. My personal life has taken another dramatic turn in late summer 2020 ... as I had to begin being the caretaker of my mother who rejected me most of my life.

Yes, you'll learn a lot about my and Bob's life. Maybe you'll be able to relate – and be aware: **There will be things in this Contact Diary that will relate directly to <u>your</u> experiences.**

Here is something that might make you smile: Dead people are busy. "Rest in peace" my ass! Everytime I hear that or see someone say it, in a movie, for example, I recoil. What a stupid saying. If a person is supposed to "rest" somewhere after physical – why can't we think of that person of being active, in the same "somewhere"?

Ever thought about this?

Nobody means the body when they say "Rest in peace". <u>So if they already think of the dead person as a person who is resting – they **are** acknowledging that they exist somehow.</u> So why not think one step further?

Yup, people without a body have *jobs to do and relationships to handle* just like folks with bodies. We know, because they told us (yes, they did, and I'll share where you can get first hand information) that since life goes on after death, so do tasks that come with existing.

The "bridge" that Bob and I are able to build and maintain, is not a bridge between the realms yet. It's a bridge between possibilities of connecting the realms. You know what I'm saying? Unlike people who are training to be mediums or people who are born with the ability to access or perceive frequencies that a regular mind can't reach, <u>I have never tried to "get there".</u> And I will not. Other people have done that – and their documentation is nothing short of masterful. You'll see. **The**

literature that I discovered shortly after Bob's death actually describes such a project that went on for decades and where a woman was trained to "die" and be able to share with her husband what she experienced in the "beyond". Learning about their work, like I did, will pave your path to **the best insight into the world of the "dead" that you can possibly get in this day and age.** But: only if you want to and are ready to be that wise and really rise above the usual humongus misconceptions.

If you spyglass over to an island far away in some ocean, you could, in theory step onto that island if you can swim well enough and no sharks eats you on the way, or if you had a boat or a surf-board to row or sail or paddle over there. But in any event, you'd have to figure out a relevant way or get useful tools to reach that island, you couldn't just "beam" yourself over there, like Star Trek crew would do. You couldn't just "think yourself" to that island, and **nobody can just "think themselves" into the "beyond".** There are layers of frequency, and they can not be overcome by mortals and by their "regular" thought power.

Dead people can think themselves all over the place, that's their way of moving … but as long as you are in a material body, you won't ever *think* your *body* anywhere "for real". It will always be your imagination and wishful thinking. Maybe some telephathy or clairvoyance, some mind-travel too .... Your mind as attribute of your consciousness may be able to learn quite a few tricks to get close to the "gate" or "portal" to the "beyond, but you won't ever enter and be at the same time consciously alive in this realm. Maybe you'll be given a tour in the "beyond", but as long as your consciousness is connected to your physical body, you won't ever fully access the frequencies in which the discarnates live.

But: **Discarnates usually connect to trained mediums.** ***Yet, the methods are not always properly used, I got to admit. The outcome often is tainted by the medium's own subciousness and beliefs*** – without them noticing.

But what I am going to share with you – is how you can communicate with your loved ones in the beyond in a safe and simple way: on a certain level. And that level is – your "Here and Now" with everything that you can be aware of, think, do and feel.

That's the kind of "Bridge"-building anyone can engage in during their mortal phase.

I won't lie to you: It helps if you have always had an open mind for the events in the "invisible realm". I've had a decades long "training" of sorts through my research of energetic practices and knowledge about the true nature of thoughts for my book project. My advantage in terms of "inter-realm communications" therefore, is my *previous understanding* of the energetic nature of mankind.

Losing a loved one always comes with the realization that one didn't always do what the "gut"-feeling suggested. People call it generally "guilt", but it isn't guilt when you simply start seeing events of the past in a new light, especially when the death of your loved one was connected with an illness. In Bob's and my case there were signs and symptoms that something was "wrong" for a long time, actually all through our relationship. That doesn't mean that I could have "saved" Bob. I almost did, but he is dead now, so I didn't. But there were things that I noticed about him many years before his final illness that turned out to be related to Bob's dying events. So for me to think I could have prevented his dying had I only spoken out earlier, is absolutely *justified*. But the reasons why I did not say anything back then, when I noticed things, are tied in the kinds of relationship we had, back then. And all I did back then, was *justified*, too. I had good reasons to not say anything, and all of them were meant to show him respect and to encourage him instead of scaring him.

Bob was a complicated man, and an emotionally very scarred one, on top of that, and he'd easily take the most well-meaning suggestion, remark or just anything I'd say as criticism. He'd come around and recognize that and talk to me about it, but many blow-ups got me to see how sensitive he was, and with a tendency to lashing out violently, ... by all means I wanted to avoid that he'd feel inadequate. I wanted to show him that I loved him. But little did I realize that he didn't want to see what I was to him.

We had one blissful year. One perfect year. After that, there were wonderful phases, over fifteen years, but there was a lot of pain and disappointment. I've shed whole lakes of tears. And I know that in his last year, Bob has cried just as much.

The "soul" uses illness, accident, natural disaster and murder to get rid of the body. And the intricate network of human relations and of relations among all forms of existence within the material realm is designed to fulfill every creature's fate. And we are the ***designers***. The human willpower is a major factor in the *creation* – of our mortal story.

When I met Bob, he was already fast on the way to where he ended up in 2018. And he was and is majorly involved in my "kuleana", my "spiritual plight" – and I was and am in his.

There is no greater and deeper feeling of *finality* and even of *betrayal* than the one a person experiences as she or he learns about the death of a loved one. Having to bear this with one's reason, changes a person's personality. Bob will never again be with me. Unbelievable. And yet, it's true and affected my life from the moment my mind understood "Bob is dead". And that's the point: Dealing with ***death*** and what comes after it, ***must have a place*** in a human material life. And it can only have that place, when death becomes a *distinct inevitable subject*. In the culture I grew up in, people deal with death only when someone dies – and nobody treats it as a natural topic just like health or the weather. It must be a loved one, a person of great emotional interest, who dies – otherwise the topic "death" has no suiting impact. For what, you may ask? For a surviving person to begin to deal with the matter in the way it is meant to be dealt with!

And how is that?

The people in the beyond need us to treat them as living beings.

Mortal human life goes through various stages of learning, and one of them got to be the knowledge about "passing over" and what happens afterwards. But any interest in that kind of knowledge is left out of our mortal life as long as we are healthy and alive – not even religious people really deal with the topic of how to handle the fact of death.

No matter how much murder and lethal disaster we witness via television and other news, we don't take death seriously. Maybe that's exactly why we watch murder as entertainment – to numb us and distract us from the real-life need to actually face the subject. But not because it is tragic and scary – on the contrary. Death is not a punishment or a tragedy – aside from the events that lead to it – it is **the graduation into the next phase of existence.**

Even when our neighbor gets run over by a car and dies in front of us, will it not impact us in the way the death of our stone-old great-grandmother does **to whom we were so close.**

And exactly that closeness is needed for solid after-death-communication.

There are still cultures who deal with dying and death much more openly and freely, I know that. But their attitude doesn't necessarily come with the proper insight of what death really is all about, either. They may even believe that life goes on after physical death. And that's nice. **But do they know what the folks who now live without a body are *doing* after death?** Do they realize that they are not somewhere suspended in space, that they don't float off to some far away galaxy where all spirits live or that they don't travel up to a cloud and leave close to God there? Do they know that there is *only one Universe*, but with different levels of what we call "frequency" and, related to that, perception and phases of evolution and self-expression?

No. They mostly don't.

When we look into ancient literature about human life and death, there are astounding bits of wisdom to be found, though … and the most "naïve" and "basic" assumptions of what happens after death are often the most suiting ones … given all that I know now.

The evolution of mankind as a whole and the evolution of the single human being depend on how we, as individuals, define and understand "death". And that's entirely and closely **related** to how we

live our lives in our physical bodies. And that again is related to how we **think** about our physical lives and how they are tied to the fact and act of dying.

The "elites" of mankind were never useful helpers of human evolution. They based their beliefs and interests on very worldly values and aspects of life … and it ruined mankind at its core: the heart. Speaking about it: Heart-energy is the most powerful force in the Universe.

What do you think why it is, that your little body is kept alive and active by electrical charges that happen all the time and that you call "*heart-beat*"? Yes, that fleshy bloody muscle in your chest is kept working by an *invisible mysterious impulse giver* that starts the heart-beat at some point of your embryonic existence and that stops it, later. **But**: Even before the heart begins to beat, the human creature already begins to form and the brain is given it's assignments … and when the human embryo has a certain grade of maturity, **it happens:** Something energetic gets into it, and the heart-beat starts making the little embryo an self-governing individual that strives to get out of the mother-organism and into the material realm to create stuff. Among that stuff: the own Self.

Look at the saying (in the yellow picture) at the very beginning of this book again … the hardest part about dying is the **living with the death of a loved one**. But if done right, exactly that suffering, the impact of grief, the change of outlook on life, is the truly meaningful and proper path of one's own evolution – IF it leads towards **"living with the dead"** and not **"ignoring the existence of the dead".**

I got to admit: Throughout my life, I had quite the **amazing brushes with death** myself. I'll share details, but I never had a near-death experience.

Now – it does make a difference whether or not a "discarnate" person, someone who has passed over into the next realm, had themself experiences with grief and loss. Consequently, they will deal differently with the grief of the mortals left behind. This means, in the "afterlife" there are the folks who never had to grief another mortal and had never dealt with and death as being a portal to a new phase of existence. And there are the ones who know bereavement and have dealt with loss and death a lot, during their life-time. There are the ones who had useful insights in that regard. And the ones who had none. The ones who never had a spiritual thought in their lives. The ones who were spiritual but never got to deal with loss and never got to delve deeper into relations with dead people. And the ones who have experienced the shock of the death of a loved one und because of that have started to look deeper into the matter and got wise and *prepared* for the afterlife.

Got it? **The main difference between the people in the afterlife** is certainly their attitude as mortals toward their own spiritual and energetic existence at the time of their death, and how they handled that subject during their mortal phase …

There are many folks who ignored the spiritual aspects of life altogether and had no clue that humans are energetic beings, when they entered the next phase through the portal of physical death.

The wiser and the better prepared you are, and the more properly you live your life after having become wise in terms of what death really means, the better your start out in the "afterlife". I'm using the term "wise" as meaning "informed in a special way".

"… until death do you part."

I'm sure you know the phrase in the one or other version. Well, death "parts" or separates the bodies of people. But **the souls only get separated when the mortal person thinks that the dead person has stopped to exist.**

Then the "survivor" will withdraw their attention from the dead person. And that's what makes them actually "dead" in the sense that they don't have a reason to stick around, and they will seek their luck deeper in the "beyond", among the other discarnates. Because there, in the "afterlife" or rather the "life after life", **the human existence goes on. And there are things to do and to learn and to accomplish.** It's not like a sweet eternal hell of lounging around having nothing to do. No. Life in the "beyond" is activity, task and collaboration.

Sounds good to you?

Well, if you hoped that death would mean "lights out and over", then you're in for a surprise after your physical body will have shut down. And likely you'll totally regret having been such an ignorant mortal.

Every part of you, inside out, body, mind, emotional world, breath, intelligence, memory, all … is an instrument to make you an energetically functionable individual. For your existence in the "afterlife". **You become a distinct "Self" during your mortal life.** Everything is energetic about you, even if you "see" and "feel" "flesh" and "bones" and "hair" and "spittle". All of that is still just energy. Ask Quantum Physics. Take a tiny piece of your skin and put it under the strongest microscope available – you end up with "nothing". Just a kind of fog. Matter is not "solid". You are not "solid". You only live in an obstructed universe and you senses and means of perception and interpretation make it appear as if there was a "material" world. (That's the stuff I wrote about in my thousands of pages long project "We Creators of the World".)

You are mortal, but energetic in essence – as a preparation for your life in the beyond.

You can't just step out of that material realm that you're born into. And why would you? There is a reason why you are a mortal being in a material world, with an energetic spiritual essence. That *energetic spiritual essence* will, at the time of your death, include everything you were, perceived, thought and felt in your mortal phase … because *everything that exists* has an energetic essence beyond the material things that you think you see, hear, feel, smell and taste. Every single one of your experiences, including the ones you aren't aware of, like the dividing of any cell of your body or the processing of sound in your brain, everything remains part of you, remains with you. **And that's the being you're going to be in the "afterlife"** – *individualized* during your time as a mortal. The meaning of life – right?

As mortal humans develop a "mind" and a "personality" so that we can make choices in our physical life, and these choices create our very inner being.

Your brain will deteriorate with your body, and your mind will become weak and feeble and inadequate because it's connected to brain-functions, and maybe you'll be considered "demented" at some point. But that's only the outward perception of a dying body by other mortals.

Inside, your energetic spiritual "body", if you will, is always fully intact.

Humans in a "comatose state" are not "people in a coma", they are "bodies and minds in a comatose state". The energetic essence, the spirit of a "comatose person" is unaffected by what states and conditions the body and the mind, due to brain malfunctioning, go through.

Once the organs shut down and the "silver cord" that connects your spirit with your body dissolves, you are every bit the energetic creature you became during your lifetime. Mind, brain, pain, fear, joy … all aspects of your material lifetime. But the essence of it all … has become "you".

Bob and I are an inter-realm couple now.

Allow me to summarize:

During Earth-life, a human being becomes a distinct individual. After shedding the body, the human being is still that individual, but in the unobstructed realm of the same Universe and lives on there, separated from the mortal realm by frequency barriers and therefore unperceivable to the physical human senses.

The human body is a *machine*, made to *house* an energetic entity and *nourish* it with energetic processes and *enhance* its energetic substance that way and also to *protect* it for the period of the body's life-time. If mankind "dies out" because the planet can't sustain physical life anymore, and because we simply fuck up our habitat, it would mean that the energetic form of humans wouldn't have means here anymore to develop energetic essence while "being mortal".

And "God"?

And God what? **God is the entirety of creation that consists of energetic beings also known as "souls", and this "All-Soul" with the highest energetic value has brought forth mortal creatures in order to support the single soul's evolution.**

"Created in His image"?

You and I, as "souls", have energetic abilities that enable us to use a material body for a while to help our individualization process. We work on creating our distinct "Self" that is part of our "soul". But our "soul" also includes energetic aspects that belong to us, but aren't distinct individualized "Self". **During our mortal "Earth-phase" we go through an individualization process.** We gather energetic patterns from interactions with other creatures, with the elements, with food and with any kind of phenomenon we get in contact with and also from our thoughts and feelings and from everything we actively do. All those energetic patterns we collect, get stored in our energetic essence and enhance our "soul". If we aren't good and wise human mortals, we spoil our "Self" and enter the "beyond" as faulty spirits upon our physical death.

There is a saying that "you can't take anything with you when you die". Wrong. **You take everything with you** that you ever touched or did or thought or felt, in it's energetic essence that's forever connected with your "soul". Now, some mortals are evil, some are sick, some are sick and evil and very many are narrow-minded, stupid, fearful and violent and mixtures of all of it. What they do, based on what they think and who they are, affects their "souls". So all the good energetic stuff of good human beings will meet all the shitty stuff of the evil humans *again* – in the beyond. And that sucks.

It means, that after physical death we are facing the exact same challenges like before it.

You don't believe this? We'll see, I guess.

The body rots and falls to dust, but the energetic creature that lived in it and evolved in it by adding energetic patterns to it's energetic "spirit", *that creature lives on* and with it all the energetic stuff that she or he has *gathered* during the mortal phase and that got attached to her or him! **Death, my friends, does not release us from anything** – except from having and taking care of a body. All that we have done and become on Earth, we keep being in the "afterlife" – with new priorities.

See, how literal the idea of **"judgment day"** is? And of course, that is – in the mortal phase – always the current day where you can check what has become of you!

After we died, we kind of "wake up" in the "beyond". And there we'll be part of a certain category of humans – depending on who we were in the mortal phase. Ignorant and violent? Oh well. Loving and good? Great! Loving, good and spiritually mature? Management position!

So the idea of being good to then go to "heaven" has total practical meaning just like the related idea of cultivating love. And the contrary is relevant too. Does "hell" exist, then?

Maybe not the way mortals imagine it, but sure, evil ignorant folks won't be equal to good and wise folks in the beyond. **Why not?**

The energetic identity of any creature is unique. If someone spent a lifetime as a murderer and then kills himself, he won't start out in the same realm of the "beyond" like a loving person who was a spiritually wise leader and lived out his life in spite of the pains of old mortal age. **It will totally**

depend upon how you'll have lived your life and whether or not you got your job done, **what will become of you in the afterlife.**

Are there trouble-makers in the "beyond"? Dangerous "souls"? How is life there?

Well, that I can't tell you from experience. But I will explain how I found the anwers to this question. Just read on. Here is something interesting as an hors d'oevre (appetizer):

BETTY: You talk about him as if he were in Podunk, and he's right here.

S E W: That's true! We get the idea that this communication business is like talking over the phone: you put your hand over the receiver and make side remarks.

JOE: Thank heaven for that! It at least I'm not an Angelic Being. Guard against that reaction. We've got to watch out or you will de-humanize us. We don't want to become just precious memories.

S E W: How do you see us?

JOE: I see you in our material--as Betty is seeing you now.

BETTY: Come on, let's cook this up for them, Joe. I'll help you.

S E W: Can you see me, Joe?

JOE: Now, isn't that the deuce!

BETTY: Here we are, Joe and I, standing looking at you, and neither of us can explain how we do it!

(The above is an excerpt from a conversation between three people, two of them dead, from a documentation of a project that ran over three decades in the early 20th century … Below: A young dead man complains about being ignored and left out … again, a documentation, not a novel.)

His mother promised that the family festivals should be held again, in the full consciousness that he was there with them.

"Thank you, Mother dearest. You don't know how we hate being left out." When she explained that they were "left out" ignorantly, rather than intentionally, he continued: "No, we know you don't mean to leave us out. But you—and we, too—would be so much happier if you knew we were there and we could know you were not grieving. You see, we are really nearer to you than you are

So now, "Ha'ina ia mai ana ka puana" – Hawaiian for: "Let the story be told."

Note:
The following pages are summaries of original notes and writings, before I realized I had to write an actual diary-style documentation … The literal actual Contact Diary begins in February 2019.
Before that you'll read recollections and insights.

SLOWLY THE EARTH MOVED AGAIN, BUT IN THE WRONG DIRECTION

In this first chapter, you'll encounter with me the first baffling "message".

After Bob died, I felt like my entire being was broken, betrayed, torn apart, dissolving … in debilitating pain and yearning for the past. I thought I'd lose my mind because of the many questions I had, because of the dreadful memories of Bob's suffering (still have those, years later). It was a continuation of the agony of even trying to think of my little brother's suffering. And yet – what Peter had to endure was all stirred up related to Bob's suffering and death. So I felt broken. But I could not express it.

I didn't lose my mind (sometimes I wished for it, but nope). On the contrary: My mind got sharper and more vivid than ever, it was raging, actually. At first, I turned to reading to suffocate my thoughts and feelings, and what I read, compulsively, was strange: How the body dies. What cancer is. More about dying. Everything about the actual physical process of death. More about cancer. Gruesome stuff. Decomposition. Cremation. Bob had, however, not actually died of "cancer", but of the circumstances of having a tumor – and that had only been one aspect of his **decline**. I had written "of his illness". There was an illness, but in reality, it was all about the decline of Bob's mortal existence. And that began long before he and I even met.

And I had touched that tumor of Bob's many times, as it had grown on the outside of Bob's body. It was a part of Bob, and he and I were dealing with it – when Bob had finally made up his mind to involve me. He had pushed me away years before that ... and why, is a long story of pain and mental and emotional shortcomings. We were immensely close in dealing with Bob's tumor, that we named "Bobo". After I had received the information that Bob the physical man had passed away, reading up on how the body deteriorates because of aging and disease, and what cancer does to the physical organism a human is, comforted me.

Be aware of the difference between "passing away" and "passing on"? "... away" can only relate to a physical body. "... on" means the person.

About a year after Bob's death I wrote this in the first version of this Contact Diary:

"Nothing will ever comfort me about having seen what had become of Bob, my handsome, healthy, strong, beautiful friend and love Bob ..." It was a shock to face a being that resembled Bob but wasn't Bob anymore. The extent to which a human being can change, physically due to illness was an insight with an impact I hadn't seen coming. From the first moment I laid eyes on Bob the dying mortal, his body that had turned into some strange, frail structure, I never dealt with my own body like I had before: I had become aware that it is an immensely **vulnerable shell that answers to very specific laws of nature** – that the mind can only helplessly witness.

All though our relationship, Bob was often "strange", slow at finding words sometimes, and what he called "brain farts" drove him crazy so many times. His being overwhelmed by simple things,

especially in terms of self-organization, very often scared me. I saw the many suppledments in his cupboards and realized right away, that he was dealing with some ideas about his health, maybe real problems, maybe just precautions, but he wouldn’t tell, and I didn’t insist. Our relationship was too young and too fragile and precarious. I was determined to do everything to make Bob understand, that I was his life partner and would do anything to support him. But like many people, Bob wouldn’t allow me to love or help him. His self-loathing was so strong, that he’d consider it impossible to commit to a relationship, because he wouldn’t believe to be worthy of someone’s unconditional love.

He talked about love a lot. Due to his spiritual ... let’s say, orientation. He was a member of an organization that I learned to hate. I am sure their lore hurt his spirit greately, but there was no way to get through to him about it. That said – right from the beginning he admitted he wanted out: But this would have meant to dare a confrontation, to stand up for himself and his true needs and wishes – and he just could not do that. This was the main trouble in our relationship: Bob could simply not ever make a case for himself. He was an emotionally deeply scarred yet arrogant and notoriously shy push-over with an onslaught of dementia, to sum it up crudely. I loved him, even when I began to realize that his anger outbursts were attempts to vent his deep inner frustrations that nobody could help him deal with. He was closed up to an extent I only began to realize after a few years.

I met Bob, fell in love with Bob and tried to **reach** him ever since – to this very day.

And exactly that kind of relationship made it possible for me to actually be open for his existence after his physical death. There was no closure between us during his lifetime, nothing completed, nothing finished. And that is the perfect premise for an **inter-realm relationship**.

Now, of course, critics will say “Ha, there we have it. She is making it all up because she can’t let go.” No, folks. The shoe is made the other way around: Because I wouldn’t let go, I had and have the chance to stay connected. You’ll agree once you know the entire story.

Meeting Bob meant to be given a time of **bliss** like few people get to experience in their mortal phase. Bliss doesn’t have to last long to be of immeasurable value: Even if you only live it for days or even hours or minutes – in the beyond, where you have access to all your memories, there is no time. So you can dwell it it forever, if you wish to. How do I know? I found out.

I mean – I got to live on Maui in Hawaii with the love of my life.

(I actually had not seen this picture until today, November 26, 2023, when I dug it out from a pile of unnamed Maui pics: It shows Bob 6 years before his death, on November 11, 2012. I remember that car-ride, actually, given all the other images in that series I found among my old stuff, and I can step into that Maui-self-feeling right away and “be there”. I can feel Bob’s presence so closely as if we were really there, right now.)

I suffered a deep experience of separation right in our first year. Bob was volatile and dangerous in his unpredicatability and unwillingness ot allow emotional closeness. He would withdraw ... and as strange as it may sound: **Only after his death began our relationship to be really close.** And that was the point: My longing to be close to Bob was the force to look for him when he was supposedly “gone”. His body was. But Bob was closer to me than ever.

When I met him, he was 47, and he had been fighting Psoriasis for decades. Nothing helped. His emotional tantrums were close to debilitating – to him, I realized that early on. To me, they were

shocking and sad. But then, that's what I was there for? I loved him, no matter what, and I'd help him. Turned out, I was wrong and right at the same time. Bob had told me about the sad story of his grandfather, who suffered from a form of dementia where he stopped recognizing his own wife all of a sudden. When I heard that, I did think, "well, hopefully it's not hereditary and will affect Bob." I'm sure today, that exactly that happened. The human "disposition" in terms of genetics and mental identity that comes with brain development which, again, is based on genetics, mainly, but of course also on external influences, has a big "say" in the development of the spiritual human.

A mouthful, huh. Meaning: The way our bodies are made through what our parents put into them, influences our capacitie of development.

In that sense, it's wonderful that medicine has advanced, and human body can be repaired and healed in so many ways. Psychotherapy can help. There are countless programs to help humans heal themselves and build self-confidence. But because **the view at "life and death" in general is faulty**, mankind's spiritual evolution has taken a lot of wrong turns. The main overall wish to get the body to function as long as possible had brought about the overwhelming power of the pharmaceutical industry and along with it, of many industries. Medical science as begun to cause more harm to the human "Self" than good. We are all victims of that, more or less – from birth**. We are taught all the wrong things about our existence** – no matter the religions lore we are born into or the state authorities that rule our life.

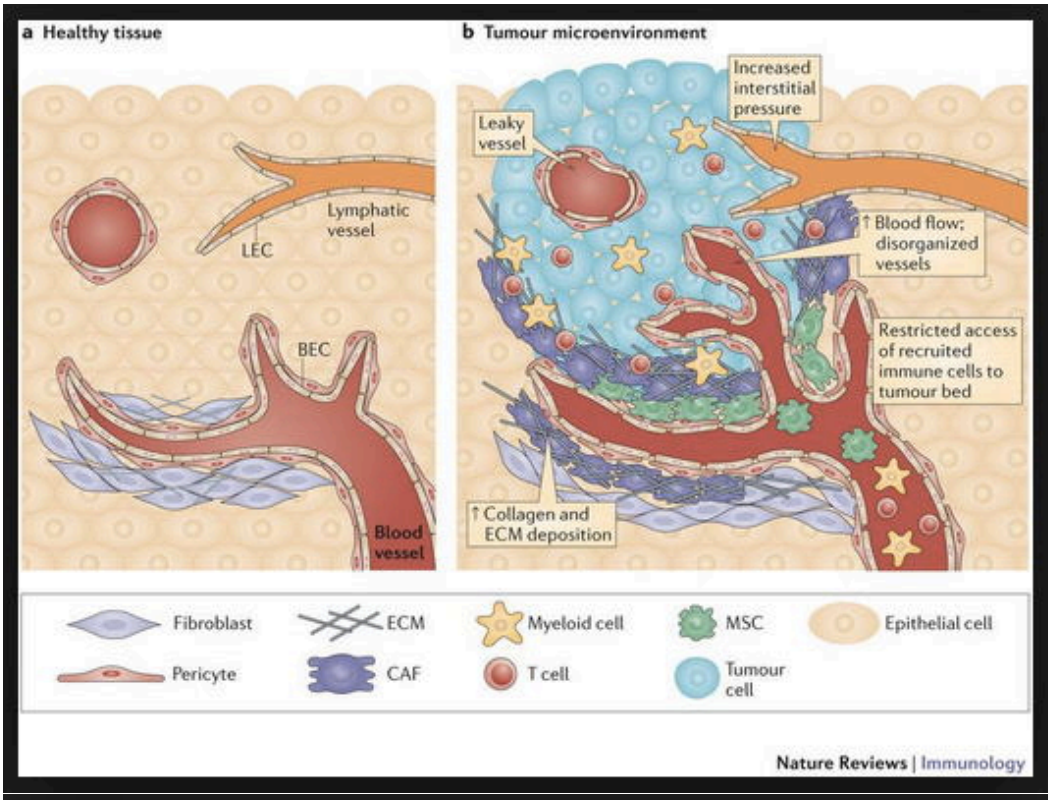
I do have stories for you, later, about how I overcame lethal and irrepairably damaging influences on my body, and you'll be surprised which "tools" I used.

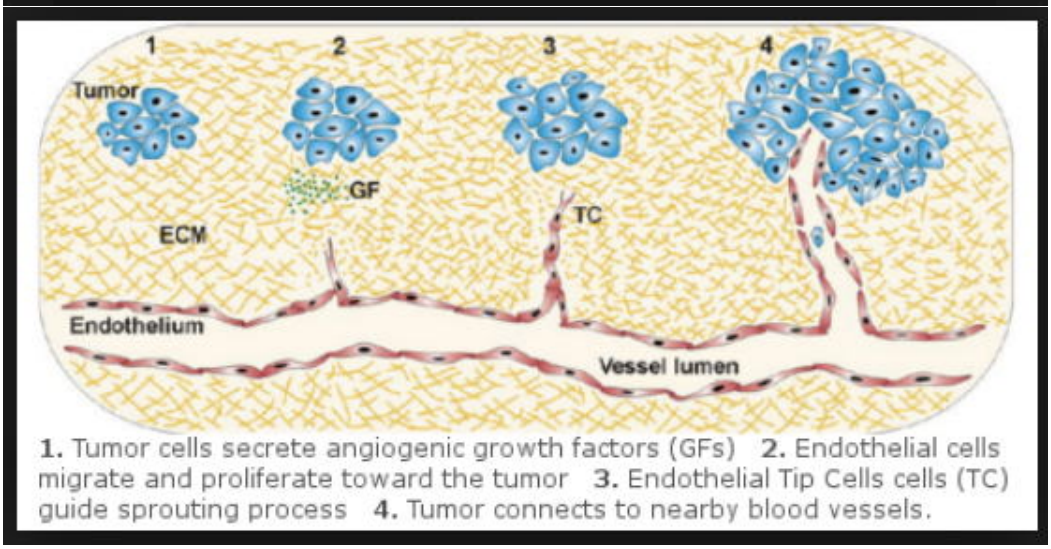
When I saw Bob again after a long separation, when he was so desperately ill, he was a shadow of himself, and my heart broke for good. After that first glance at him, as he stepped out of our beloved housie to welcome me, that night, I was never the same – in my heart. I changed in an instant. Can't say how, but maybe if you try to imagine aging a hundred years in an instant and withdrawing inside your own body, so deep, that you become a microscopic speck in your own perception of life and the world and move away from yourself and the present and everything back, back, back, back – and still stay there, like an ice cold tiny hard piece of the universe ... you may get it.

I once lay down on the "Hoba meteorite" in the Namib desert ... that massive slob of iron and other stuff that fell out of the sky near Grootfontein. I have pictures of that somewhere, slides, I think. And the feeling touching this extraterrestrial thing was so strange and so surreal – like that moment when I saw Bob the dying man and at the same time tried to grasp what I was seeing and yet to deny it to myself.

That human being who greeted me with the sweet and sad smile with the crazily hopeful tinge and an expression that looked like an apology, will haunt me forever. Bob was so weak that he warned me to not hug him so tightly, as he might not be able to stay on his feet. He barely made it walking through the house, there were no more muscles on his body, and what had been a very tall and muscular guy had become a withering fragile human twig. His mind was bright and sharp as ever … unless it was not. Seeing Bob cry about the loss of his physical "Self" … that wasn't what I had ever imagined I'd experience with him. And this will tell you exactly how torn he was between reality and his stubborn refusal to accept it and to share: Before I boarded the plane to travel to him, he said to me on the phone: *"Dani, don't be shocked when you see me. I don't look like I anymore the way you knew me.*" I was mortified. The fact that he had said "look like" told me that he was hiding something

from himself. What you look like reflects who you are and what has become of your body. What I got to see, a day later, was worse than anything I'd ever imagined.




1
2
3
4
Tumor
GF
ECM
TC
Endothelium
Vessel lumen
1. Tumor cells secrete angiogenic growth factors (GFs) 2. Endothelial cells migrate and proliferate toward the tumor 3. Endothelial Tip Cells cells (TC) guide sprouting process 4. Tumor connects to nearby blood vessels.

We all have tumors in our bodies, at one point of another, in our mortal phase.They only become "cancer" when they spread. Bob did not have cancer. But his tumor had eaten up his body. It was as big as a small fist, in his private regions.

Bob pretended to have no clue what it was that had grown on his body. He had no idea what to do about it. He had not gone to the doctor and begged me to respect his wish and not force him to the hospital. "I know I wouldn't survive it," he said. And he would be right – but in a different way than he'd imagined. I fed and treated the dying man with everything I found that would make sense in his condition. I deducted that since his tumor had grown out of a wart, it was a consequence of HPV-infection, with the Human Papiloma Virus. So it was still a "wart", in it's nature, and I treated it with anything that I found would hinder tumor growth but at the same time stop the viral aspects of it.

And it worked.

I will not get into details here about what I found, and what Bob took – but I will tell you, that in the five and a half weeks that I was with him, he recovered so much that we went on a shoot together, like in the old days. And he moved so much better, and ate and laughed and walked.
I did apply what I had found for Bob to myself too, much later. And it worked, again. Yes, there are distinct simply forms of medicine one can use against a tumor, and they will work.

Later, after Bob's death ... I read up about the lethal effects of a tumor. I watched videos of cancer-cells growing, spreading, forming tumors … I admired the beauty of cancer … and even if this sounds crazy to you – the sheer intelligence and vicious, immensely smart determination of those cells. They can trick the body ... it is just amazing. I thought that if (yes, back then I did not deal with Bob the spirit yet) Bob was still around in spirit, he'd get a kick out of seeing now, at least, what had happened to him as the mortal he'd been … And all those images and the scientific information about tumors and cancer in all kinds of aspects, all that made me "be with Bob" in the year when anyone's worst nightmare came true for ... well, me. Not for him. He only died. But I had to live with the thought that he did not die of that tumor – but of what happened at the hospital that he did go to, in a confused, desperate state when I was not with him. He did it upon the advice of friends. And he did, that way, betray me and all that we had and our mortal relationship – again.

Fuck you, Bob, I thought many times. I remember, in one of our last days together, yelling at him under tears, that since he had excluded me so often from his life, even when we had lived together, why the fuck did he include me now, that he was in such horrible shape?

And then, I flew to Austria to get more help for him – and whilst he had made me promise I would not even force him to go to a hospital, he did what a person, who barely knew him, had suggested – and he went to the Maui Memorial Medical Center. And there a lot of shit went down. I will give you some details, later.

Bob only did what his broken mind made him do. But the doctors fucked up his hope of survival. That said, he obviously **was not meant to survive** – that is the conclusion anyone will get to. And so did I, eventually.

(MMMC)

On a particularly bitter note: In the year that Bob and I had met, the first "job" I did with him, helping him out on a shoot because his assistant had not shown up, was at the cancer unit of the Maui Memorial Medical Center, and I remember that day as if it had been yesterday. But it was in fall of 2002.

There are definitely two "categories" of humans on the mortal plane: The ones who never grieved the loss of a loved one to death during their lifetime and the ones who did. Every bereaved mortal who has tried to explain their interest in "life after death" or, more suiting, the "survival of consciousness after physical death" or even better "the immortality of consciousness" to someone who has never lost anyone to death, will know what it's like: **impossible.** They won't understand. They will interpret it in all kinds of ways along the lines of "clinging to a crazy hope". That may be it, actually. But this kind of hope makes experiences possible that oblivious mortals will never get to have. And they'll pass on one day – and as "discarnates" will realize right away, how they wasted the chance to support the most important aspect of human evolution of them all:

To further "the Bridge" between the realms of existence.

(These images I took today, November 26, 2023 – the now ice covered Lotos flower pond at Aich near Velden, Carinthia, with the bridge that leads into the water with the tassling reeds … you will learn why this had so much meaning.)

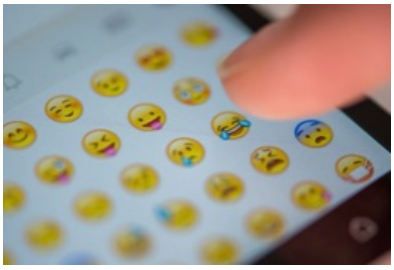
In the first weeks after Bob's death I was far from reading anything spiritual, let alone about the survival of consciousness. I read "Being Mortal", like the woman on the plane had predicted.

Dealing with the other realm – that was prompted … **by the Emoji event.** I will only summarize it right now, but visit it in the upcoming actual "diary" form of this book.

Imagine your beloved lives on the other side of the planet and you need him to take his medicine to survive, but the only way to make sure he did, is to have him **text** you everytime he did take that medicine …

Bob texted me "***Success***" and often the time of day, plus an emoji along with the text. My old phone though, couldn't display emojis, so I never knew what he was sending me. I didn't have the heart to tell him. But **I was devastated not being able to see the emojis he sent.** Shortly after his death, **I started to think about those emojis**, his expressions that I had never seen, and it tortured me. I felt so sorry about that, and I thought about it a lot …

One day, I was on the way to "Roter Berg" (red mountain) with my dog Jacqui, a wide hillside with a beautiful view of Vienna.



And on my way I thought **"Bob, I really wish I had seen the emojis you've sent me".** At that time, I was far from considering "survival of consciousness" in a way that a dead person could actually communicate with a living one. And then this …

… was lying in front of my feet. *(Close to actual size.)*

On the pavement, on the path that my dog and I always walked when heading for "Red Mountain. There was **nothing** else, no garbage, no other plastic stuff, no bag, no case, nothing.
Just this **emoji-collection** on a small red planchette, about three centimeters in diameter. And I stopped short like I had run into a wall. Breathless.

Now, I ask you, how often have you found a planchette with "Emojis"?
Well, I sure never ever have.
Now look at the emojis, see them, take them in, realize what they are expressing! Then think about Bob and his pain, his love, his despair and his dying. I was baffled. I remember standing there, staring at the emojis on the ground, I barely dared to pick them up – **I had just finished that inner chat about wishing to have seen the emojis Bob had sent me.**

I had never seen a thing like that. And yes – of course I'm aware of the idea of "selective perception". This means, that the things that are on your mind, you see more in your environment. I did that exercise once, with "Blue Roses". You wouldn't think how many blue roses you will encounter in the most uncanny ways, as soon as you begin to think "blue roses".
But that kind of thing doesn't lie around anywhere, does it?
Alone. Without anything around it. On the street. In front of me. After I had **JUST** thought, while walking, *"I wish I had seen those emojis."*
Now there is something about me that you got to know at his point: I am finding things, I always have. Bob had gotten a kick out of it. It was not exactly "finding" in the common sense. It was an odd way of discovering stuff that noone would see. Like a bracelet in the sand. A key under a piece of garbage. And many, many times, I would **find something Bob and I had talked about.** And Bob really got a kick out of that. His sister told me, that just a few days before he passed away, he said to her "Dani has a knack for finding things."
So, there I was standing in front of something that meant everything to me.
I saw the emojis that weren't displayed on my phone. That Bob had sent to me.

And Bob was close. I felt his presence as if he was standing right behind me, looking over my shoulder, waiting for my reaction, as breathless as I was.
It was a feeling I had never had before. It was December 12, 2018.

I think I looked around and at my dog. Then I said out loud ***"What are the f*cking odds?"*** Maybe I also said *"Thanks, Stoneman!"* … but I don't think I meant it in a way that I expected him to actually appreciate the acknowledgement of the find as something that he had initiated. It was sarcasm. I mean … how would Bob have possibly brought that about, right? That was before I had learned about "synchronicity" and the research about it in relations to … well, the dead and their ways of communicating from a realm, where there is no time and space the way mortals know it.
It got my **attention** ... in a weird, tingling exciting way. Of course I took the emoji-wheel with me and kept it. In fact, I have a huge collection of things that I have found and that I will write about in this Contact Diary.

At that moment of the emoji-find, I noticed that **something shifted inside of me.**

It's hard to explain. It was like a space had opened, a part of me had woken up that I hadn't known existed. **I was alert on a new level.**

I was in a way "numb", too, because it was so unthinkable. So strange. Yet, so clear. That "emoji wheel" find was different than anything I had experienced before. It made me cry. Right there. I broke out crying, standing on the pavement somewhere near a school, in Hietzing, 13th district of Vienna, on the way to Red Mountain, Roter Berg. I touched my dog to "ground" myself. I felt confused and clear at the same time. It wasn't really "felt" ... it was more a sudden self-realization that was new and

weird. Different than other experiences. But right away I did think that Bob had said about me shortly before his death: *"Dani has a knack for finding things."*

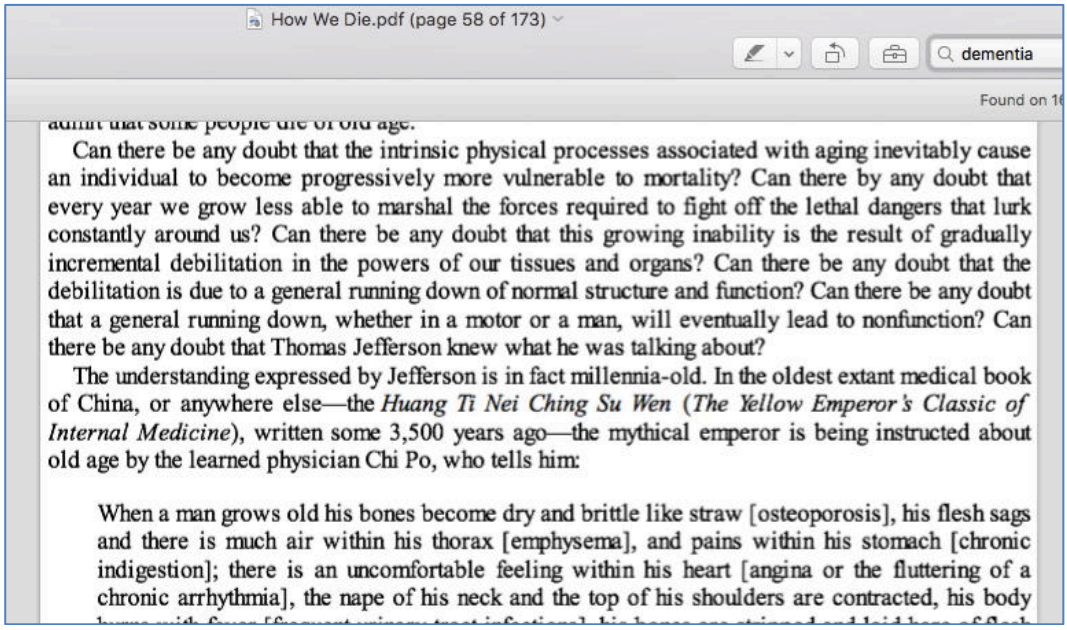
I can't stress this enough: It had always been a subject between us: Me finding the strangest things that totally related to something I had dreamed or that Bob and I had just talked about.

Please, from now on, be aware of the things that you share as habits with your loved ones. If one of them dies, these will be the things that will function as a tools to form a "bridge" between the realms, through synchronicity.

I did not know that back then. But I had that feeling of having "touched" something. Something new. Something "Bob". Intensely Bob. But Bob was dead.

A breathless kind of being **alert** began to spread inside of me.

Still, ... I kept my habit: I spent days and nights reading. Greedily. To keep my mind occupied.


How We Die.pdf (page 58 of 173)

dementia

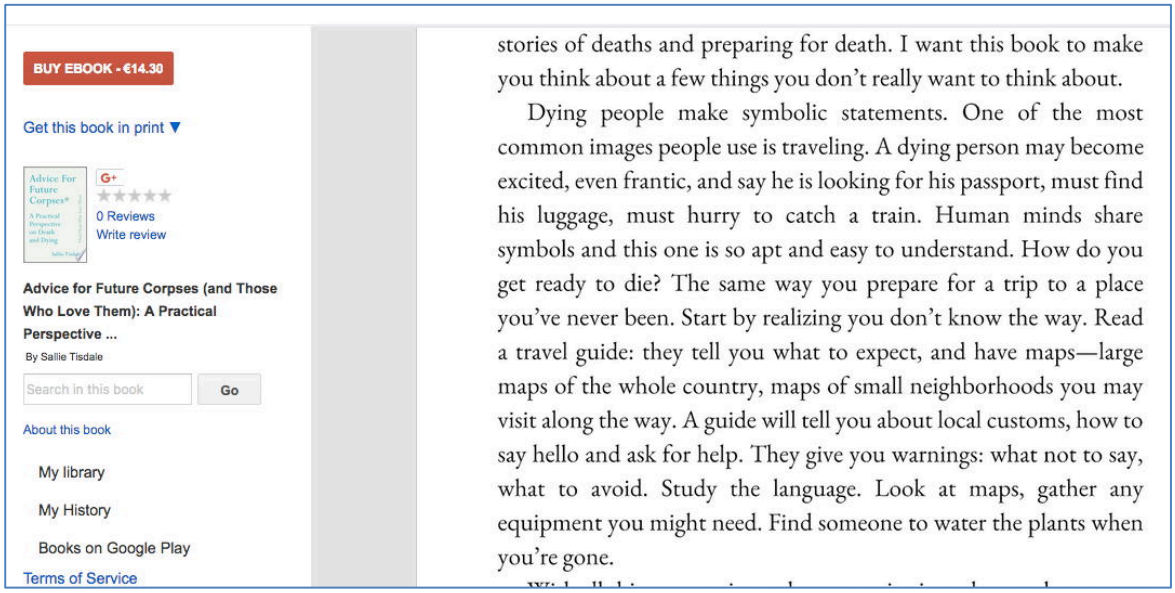
Found on 16

admit that some people die of old age.

Can there be any doubt that the intrinsic physical processes associated with aging inevitably cause an individual to become progressively more vulnerable to mortality? Can there by any doubt that every year we grow less able to marshal the forces required to fight off the lethal dangers that lurk constantly around us? Can there be any doubt that this growing inability is the result of gradually incremental debilitation in the powers of our tissues and organs? Can there be any doubt that the debilitation is due to a general running down of normal structure and function? Can there be any doubt that a general running down, whether in a motor or a man, will eventually lead to nonfunction? Can there be any doubt that Thomas Jefferson knew what he was talking about?

The understanding expressed by Jefferson is in fact millennia-old. In the oldest extant medical book of China, or anywhere else—the *Huang Ti Nei Ching Su Wen* (*The Yellow Emperor's Classic of Internal Medicine*), written some 3,500 years ago—the mythical emperor is being instructed about old age by the learned physician Chi Po, who tells him:

> When a man grows old his bones become dry and brittle like straw [osteoporosis], his flesh sags and there is much air within his thorax [emphysema], and pains within his stomach [chronic indigestion]; there is an uncomfortable feeling within his heart [angina or the fluttering of a chronic arrhythmia], the nape of his neck and the top of his shoulders are contracted, his body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Advice for Future Corpses (and Those Who Love Them): A Practical Perspective ...

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stories of deaths and preparing for death. I want this book to make you think about a few things you don't really want to think about.

Dying people make symbolic statements. One of the most common images people use is traveling. A dying person may become excited, even frantic, and say he is looking for his passport, must find his luggage, must hurry to catch a train. Human minds share symbols and this one is so apt and easy to understand. How do you get ready to die? The same way you prepare for a trip to a place you've never been. Start by realizing you don't know the way. Read a travel guide: they tell you what to expect, and have maps—large maps of the whole country, maps of small neighborhoods you may visit along the way. A guide will tell you about local customs, how to say hello and ask for help. They give you warnings: what not to say, what to avoid. Study the language. Look at maps, gather any equipment you might need. Find someone to water the plants when you're gone.

It is a bit of a haze when I try to remember November and December 2018. I got some comfort out of the realization, that some humans have always, through the eras, really tried to make sense of our existence. And of our death. I found fun literature, too, like a book with the title "Advice for Future Corpses (and Those Who Love Them") ... I can only highly recommend it.

Me not wanting to live without Bob was the very very strong impetus for my research, all my reading after Bob's passing: I wanted and needed and longed more than ever to be **close** to him. And by reading about the mortal human condition – I read about him. I was close to him.

And then I found books that gave my world another spin – the work of four people who lived long before me and who had dedicated their lives to the project **"The Bridge".** I only want to share a few quotes right now, because discovering those authors and their work, is one of the main aspect of this entire Contact Diary coing into being.

I felt asked to do it.

The first and second meetings were devoted to preliminary explanations which can be epitomized as follows:

Both mind and body are the human manifestations of one reality, the human consciousness. The body is the material manifestation of the sort of consciousness that is human. The mind is the link between the body and what we call the spirit, or cosmic germ. The spirit or cosmic germ, the actual I AM of the individual, itself has a definite body, with weight, form, color, substance.

We have, of course, demonstrated the existence of the mind and the physical body. It remains to demonstrate the actual existence of this other, or Beta, body as a tangible and definite, not merely a symbolical thing. That demonstration, we were told was the intention of the projected experiments.

*(This excerpt points out that even in the "beyond" a human being has an actual body ... I read it, baffled sh*tless – at a time when I did now write the Contact Diary yet ...)*

"'You will not be able to jump right into success. Do not expect it. It takes much assembling of forces and much elimination by careful experiment.'

"'Remember, we can do nothing without your will to reach us.'

"'Give us time every day; it is more important than anything else you can do.'

"So far nothing startling, but it sounded reasonable; an intelligent beginning. I have found that the only way to learn to shoot a gun, or swim, or acquire any new ability, is by the simple method of shooting or swimming, and KEEPING ON DOING IT. I was interested enough, and curious enough, to try to follow directions, and decided on at least a half hour every single day, without exception.*

(This is advice by "discarnate" folks or "invisibles" towards a researcher.)

"We are not permitted to carry the growth itself. That is in your hands."

"The force we bring into the world...comes from a combination of conditions created by the person himself. We can only take advantage of that combination. Once a person of his own force establishes it, we can act on it.

The initial step is your work. This force is, roughly speaking, emanations from you which meet complementary forces from this side."

"The energy with which you demand of us will be the measure of what you will get. IT IS NOT SO MUCH THE ENERGY OF DEMAND AS THE SHOWING OF A FORCE THAT CALLS ITS COMPLEMENT. It is the energy of measure for measure, given and received."

"Your progress is in your own hands. We can do little but watch you gain necessary strength before we can help you further. THAT IS THE LAW. ME CAN ACT ONLY AS THE COMPLEMENT TO THE ACT."

(If this excerpt of a documentation of "discarnates" instructing "mortals" about how to collaborate, makes you smile in disbelief … good for you; smiling is a healthy energetic tool.)

After the "emoji"-find my grief divided.

It was like a part of it was broken off and had made space ...

I needed to be open to receive new information and be aware of **what** I had received there. And it started out – with a dream. Followed by an immediate appearance of it in my real world. This was new. And this added to me becoming "alert" on a new level.

Don't get me wrong: I was not suddenly running around happy-go-lucky. I was crying all the time. I barely made it out with the dog at times. I felt so sore and broken and lost ... I didn't even feel myself really at times.

And yet ...

... things happened, came to my awareness and were **irresistible** in directing my attention towards – **Bob**.

I always hated the expression that "the dead are with us in spirit". It sounded abstract and meaningless to me. Suddenly the idea had merit. It didn't change my grief about never being able again to live with Bob in this mortal world, of doing projects together and having a home together stuff together … I cried to the point of not being able to breathe anymore ... I could confide in a few people, but all eventually turned away from me, unable to deal with this experience of a stranger's loss, probably feeling helpless. Any "life goes on"-kind of "comfort" was not only inadequate, it was hurtful. So I began to turn away, too, isolating myself. I spent a lot of time out in nature with my dog Jacqui.

(I found this in nature, too, the middle of "nowhere" …)

The spiritual creed of how important it is "to live in the here and now" is immensely important if you ever want to be able to communicate with people in the beyond. Every time you experience

something fully and consciously, like the softness of your pet's fur, the taste of coffee, the smell of a freshly mowed meadow or the feeling of a kiss, this is a strong exercise in communicating with the other dimension, as strange as this may sound.

Think about it:

We live in the material realm on Earth – and only there can we be reached, through our physical senses. And the ones who are dead but used to live here too, know that.

Now, a question that's often on mortals' minds who are interested in connecting with the "beyond": Do "discarnate people" have special powers that they could use to help us mortals, in whatever way?

"We can widen your vision, we can give you the impetus, but then we must leave you to manifest or retrogress. If you could know how anxiously we watch the seed, how yearningly we strive to continue the stimulation! But we are not permitted to carry the growth itself. That is in your hands. Truth MUST manifest itself in action. No step ahead can ever be taken until the fulfillment of what is revealed. We say again, revelation MUST be manifested in people's lives before more can be given from this side. Slow growth is the only reality. All other recognition is but the intellectual acknowledgment. Your wealth, as we measure it, is the power

(Quote)

Beware: Anything you experience in the "here and now" may include communication from the "beyond". And once you're able to recognize it, you can begin to answers. And to ask for answers.

"We repeat: we cannot emphasize too frequently the fact that mere recognition of occasional truth is not good enough. You must soak it up, live in it, let it permeate you, let it control you before it is yours. Nothing can be achieved merely by conception. This book is absolutely useless if taken merely intellectually."

"It must be done, not under our manipulation, as it were, but in full strength and purpose of your human faculties. These alone can act successfully on your physical world."

(Quote)

So, no, the "disca" won't "magically" make things happen for us. That's not their job … usually.

Man is born into this quantitative world out of the man-degree of quality, not the tree-degree, nor the dog-degree, nor the electrical-energy-degree, nor any of the other manifold degrees, but out of his own human-degree. Nevertheless, though the individual man is born man, his capacity as an individual varies greatly from that of his fellows. In the man-degree of quality itself there is a procession of what we might call sub-degrees, accounting for individual differences.

So man, like any individualized bit of consciousness, comes into this quantitative world with a fixed degree of quality. He is born man, and he can't change that; but he is also born with a degree of quality individual to himself. This, too, he can never change--his capacity for doing, for understanding, for becoming. But he can fulfill that capacity; he can win for his individual consciousness a degree of quantitative development proportionate to his quality.

There is nothing complicated about this thought. We know it already. Nobody would contend for a moment that Tony in the ditch and Einstein in the laboratory are of the same degree of quality. So when a man is born, he is a man because he is born from the human quality of consciousness; but he is born his KIND of a man because he comes from his own particular

(Quote)

The ***above excerpts*** are from a book with the title "**The Unobstructed Universe**" by Betty and Stewart White, containing excerpts from an author they are quoting ... I'll get to it.

We mortal humans are made in a way that the presence of other physical creatures matter to us. Very much so. It's still an energetic thing, though. So grief is an energetic reaction to the loss of a mortal close to us. We have bodies, but we are still connected energetically, because every cell of our body also functions energetically. When our partner dies, we are, in fact, deprived of some energetic input or routine that our entire physical existence had been intertwined with and that we had relied on, in terms of living on, yes, in terms of surviving …

And that **energetic anchor** it's suddenly taken from us.

Our thoughts related to that person go into nothingness.

Our visions of our future together are suddenly meaningless.

Our memories are suddenly painful … Gone is our partner, friend, parent, child. Totally. For the duration of our physical existence!

And some people can't handle that. They'll kill themselves due to grief. Or they go nuts to not have to deal with the horrible experience of raw grief. Or they go numb and never really live again. They may become sick and burdens to others. Or they do things in their despair that hurt and even kill others.

So learning to deal with the matter "death" should be a major topic in education.

It is not.

We are meant to deal with death in our lives. Because: We are meant to **live with the dead.**

It's all about keeping them in our material lives.
That is what the project "The Bridge" is aminig at.

I am sure you have heard of the custom in many cultures of "sharing food with the dead". And by that I don't mean putting food on a plate and placing it on an altar as an "offering". No: It's about eating the food and projecting the experience towards the image of the person you want to share it with!

I will get back to this later ... just keep in mind for now, that it is a very old custom in many cultures. The very energetic experience of eating this food is "shared" – with people in the beyond. The energetic essence of enjoying food is directed towards beings that consist of energetic essence.

And it works: They receive it. Trust me ... been there, done that. (I am writing this in 2023, so yes, I do know what I'm talking about.)

Many of the disca bust their invisible asses trying to communicate with us.

Of course, at first I thought that it was wishful thinking ... when I felt that I had been contacted. Communciated with. Prodded. Pushed. Directed.

That it was a self-preserving mechanism to suddenly believe that the dead were alive, and I kept thinking for a while that what was going on in my life, was … well, coincidence. The most stunning experiences made my doubt my sanity and the reality of it all. But the experiences kept coming ... and I could not deny their realness. I was always a researcher ... and **Bob knew that**. He used all that he knew about me. He had often called me "his researcher". And "his writer". Even after his death, I was told by people that he had called me that. I found it strange – until I recognized the emphasis on a desired behaviour. And I had not even yet discovered **the clue of all clues.** (Coming up soon.) So being "Bob's researcher and writer" began to have new meaning. Significance. He – the disca – knew that I would keep "Playing" once I had started. Even more – I myself knew. Because not only did I realize that "the dead" live in the beyond, I understood at some point, that the living have close ties to there, too. And that my and Bob's story may have been **created and intended by him and me – in the beyond.**

Now this reaches way ahead in this story.

But it's one of the most important insights of them all.

Still, having to wake up every day to the knowing that Bob isn't alive in the flesh anymore often takes a lot of effort in terms of motivation. Because I'm a mortal, I'm also full of self-pity. I lost the one place on the planet where I was at home and had a lot of wonderful work lined up and a partner to wait for me: Bob's house on Maui. Gone.

So I started to comfort myself with the following philosophy: **The only thing that has changed since Bob died is, that we aren't in the same energetic range anymore**, but we can reach each other in certain ways – and these ways are based on our habits and the many things we know about each other.

"… earth life is the preparation of the mortal for immortality."

"For just as surely as humanity regards life as its most precious possession, so it knows death as its only real fear. My gift to you is the elimination of fear."

Here I am quoting a "discarnate" known as "Stephen" – whose real name was Richard, to introduce to you answers to the question what life and death are all about. And yes, there is a whole old book about what Stephen shared with a few special people about his new life in the beyond, where he was catapulted during the First World War, working for the Red Cross. I would encounter it eventually, also who that "Stephen" was ... and I will reveal it in the course of my diary entries, that's why here only the quotes:

"… death is the freeing of the senses. It releases a man from the encumbering shell of his body. It is, therefore, not the end, but rather the beginning. Earth life is a training-school for graduation and the freedom that graduation brings. And not only is death a releasing of the senses; it is a freeing of the subconscious mind."

And – now hold on to something:

"Graduation is the intensification of earthly consciousness and the granting of freedom to it."

So this means that when we die, we're stuck with who we have become in our life on Earth.
Now think about how important it is to keep your thoughts right – and develop properly.

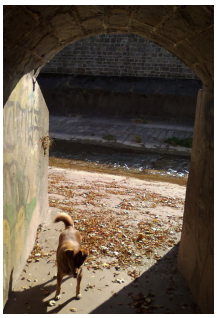
Richard Hall, "Stephen"

THE EARTH BEGAN TO SPIN FASTER THAN EVER

On October 22, 2018, just two weeks before Bob's death, I took a walk with my dog Jacqui in Vienna. And I found this **bracelet** … I remember holding my breath as I picked it up, it felt so strange. But lots of stuff lies around on the streets of Vienna, so … I thought it was a good sign.

That October-day, my dog Jacqui and I we went on along the river Wien (*an actual small river that runs through the town of Vienna, which is "Wien" in German, and the water's name is "Wien"),* and I went into the opposite direction, on the path that I usually take.

Suddenly, I ended up at some sort of "tunnel" that turned out to be a cave where robbers had hidden or dropped off their stolen stuff!



There were empty purses and suitcases, a bunch of nearly rotten clothes … and several pieces of jewelry. Not precious as of material … but two of them struck me especially.

A chain of stars. I stood baffled, gazing at it.

You should know, that my Hawaiian name is "**Kaleilauhoku**", "**chain of many stars**". I will explain in a later chapter how I got to this – because the "chain of stars" was about to become a "thing" in my post-Bob's-death-life. It had been one of my first very strange experiences on Maui, "receiving" this word. Later, I was told, it was my name. It was the year 2002, and I had just met Bob, and I was driving my friend Hadassah's car, coming from my job at a shoe store, through the island-isthmus between Kahului towards Kihei, when this word, in Hawaiian, <u>just appeared in front of my inner eye</u>, like written on a band in the sky: **Kaleilauhoku.** I said it out loud, driving, I remember, and

I thought, how odd it was that it had just appeared. Out of the blue, literally. I was gazing at the Maui sky, baffled, **that word had emerged out of nowhere** and had gotten stuck in my mind.

“Hoku” in Hawaiian means “star”, but in certain contexts it can also mean “ancestors”, and a “lei” can be a flower garland or any kind of garland or also a circle, also in the meaning of an assembly or a gathering. Yes, I did have knowledge of the Hawaiian language back then. But I hadn’t even thought about anything in particular. I had to look up the meaning.

So on that October day 2018 I spent some time staring at that “chain of many stars” that I had just found. “Hoku” ... the ancestors? They were there, with me? Why was I supposed to be aware of this?

Looking at that chain of stars with the tragedy of Bob on my mind, **I knew that something was up. But I did not want to ponder.** I refused to think what this could mean ... that Bob was about to die. That Bob had already been so close to the beyond and probably was – right at that moment.

Mind you, this was almost two months before I would find the Emoji plaquette. And about two weeks before Bob’s death.

I remember being just baffled. It felt weird. Not like a greeting. More like encouragement – some comfort before the fact ... the fact of what? Due to my decades long research of spiritual Hawaiian traditions, my first thought was that my “**Aumakua**”, my “ancestral spirit”, was telling me something. I was excited, but my heart dropped at the same time. I only knew: This was for me. I was Kaleilauhoku, the chain of many stars, and there was such a chain right in front of me. Of course I took it, and I still have it.

In my **many years in Hawaii**, I had learned to accept the existence of messages in form of inner images, dreams and strange occurrences, often warnings, but sometimes just greetings. From the “Po’e Aumakua”, I thought, which means “the folks who are now in the invisible world”: “**Aumakua**” literally means “I am my parent” ... and the term is often used to describe the own, personal Higher Self, but in the ancient traditions it means the entirety of all people and creatures involved in the becoming of the current humand that one is. I had written hundreds of pages about this. And I had spent many, many years dealing with the spiritual meanings of the various topics of ancient Hawaiian lore. I had made an **entire documentary film series** about it. So yes, I was able to follow my intuition – and it had lead me to that cave and the chain of many stars – the one term that meant so much to me. To me of all people who would possibly ever get to see that robber’s place. Even more, I was used to be spiritually attentive. But by that time, never had I consciously considered that “dead people” were actively trying to communicate with – anyone.

I had left Bob on September 11, 2018 in a desperately ill condition, but he had recovered greatly ...

Robert Stone Headed for Bed - Aloha Dani, Pretty good day today - Cindy's file is driving us both nuts, I'll spare you the details. Got all teas, capsules, ce... 15. Sep.
Robert Stone Re: Plus ... - Now THAT'S pretty magnificent! WOW! -SM --- hannaspost2018@gmail.com wrote: From: "D. J. Wurst" <hannaspost2018@g... 15. Sep.
Robert Stone Re: My serious suggestion / PLEASE CONSIDER IT - I will very seriously consider it. -SM --- hannaspost2018@gmail.com wrote: From: "D. ... 15. Sep.
Robert Stone Re: Package on the way & Jacqui news - Aloha Dani, First - I already got a tracking text from DHL - so I can monitor - YAY! Thank you for g... 14. Sep.
Robert Stone Re: Awoke & Nutricia & Questions - Aloha Dani, Okay, answers below. Thank you - more later. -SM --- hannaspost2018@gmail.com wrote: ... 14. Sep.
Ich Mob Youtube Links - Aloha from Dani xxx Channel "Austrian Filmmaker" Hannaspost2017@gmail.com pw Energetics2017 Youtube login ... 14. Sep.
Robert Stone Re: Arrived! - Walked early, not too far, wet and muddy, in direction away from park. Boy that new house they built sure has a mud problem... 13. Sep.
Robert Stone Deck - Aloha Dani, Must be getting close to home! My energy seemed a little smoother today, not so much up and down with blood sugar ... 13. Sep.
Robert Stone Mahalo - The articles on mistletoe are great!! Thank You! Continued safe flying. . . Sucking up some oatmeal - with honey. Peace and Bles... 13. Sep.
Robert Stone Re: Miss you! - Thank You - missing you too, but we'll get through it. Peace and Blessings, Robert C. Stone MauiTVSpots.com The Edge of... 12. Sep.
Robert Stone Re: San Fran greetings - Thank You, Dani - word of wisdom for sure. I appreciate all yu have done - yes we are in this together. Sipping mo... 12. Sep.

Headed for Bed - Aloha Dani, Pretty good day today - Cindy's file is d
Re: Plus ... - Now THAT'S pretty magnificent! WOW! -SM --- hannaspo
Re: My serious suggestion / PLEASE CONSIDER IT - I will very seriou
Re: Package on the way & Jacqui news - Aloha Dani, First - I already

... Until he had done the one thing he had sworn to never do in his life: He had gone to a hospital. By the time of my chain-of-stars-find his condition had already worsened so badly ...

And as I was standing facing the "chain of stars", I thought of Bob's sister J, who was with him and supposed to help him recover and substitute for my care until I'd be joining him again to help him heal, in December, like I had done in August and September. I was very worried ... Meanwhile,

I kept sending him medicine that had done him so well, before the hospital-stint, and that he couldn't get in the US … So I stood there, gazing at the stars and having a very strange **feeling of doom.** And at the same time – there was an excitement I could not name or understand.

There was also an **odd chalk-drawing** on the ground … of a **woman, looking at a TV** and more jewelry. The four-leaf clover pendant I still have in my car as good-luck charm.

I had boxes full with dolls and figurines and jewelry that I've found during my time on Maui … and Bob was always surprised how I could even spot things that were so tiny or so hidden. It was as if I had was **sensing** things … and I could notice tiny pendants or rings hidden in the sand … and Bob got a kick out of me presenting my finds … I even found a machete once, in the middle of Pukalani, Maui, where we lived.

One day, for example, there was a big deal about that famous **black panther** that had been sighted ever again on the island; I researched, and it is actually an old Maui legend, that a wild cat lived in the mountains of ***Haleakala, the "House of the Sun"***, and that "beast" had reappeared, I think, it was in 2006 or something, and people were kind of scared, whilst others thought it was nonsense … and as I headed out for shopping, Bob said, jokingly that I should be cautious, because with my knack for finding things I might as well find that panther. What shall I tell you? Walking up the hill along Iolani Street to the Foodland store, I found the figurine of the "**Pink Panther"**!

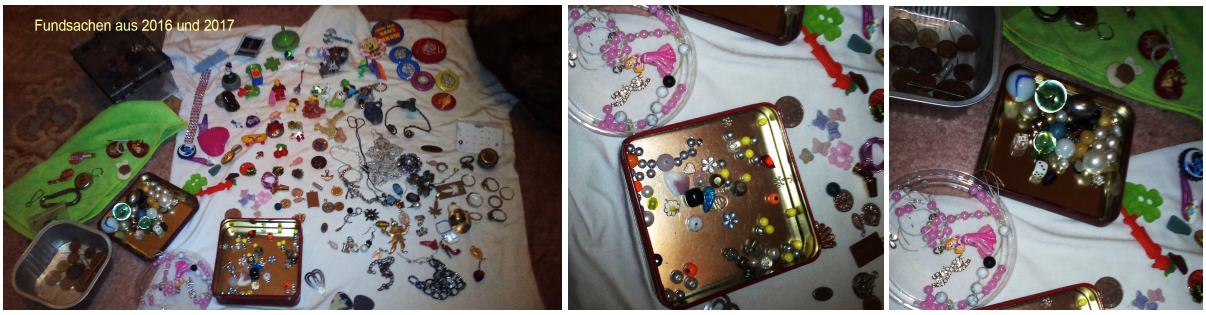
A that time, I didn't take photographs of my finds, which is too bad *("pink panther" is an internet photo*). And that panther was somewhere in Bob's house ... But I remember being *really befuddled, standing in front of a **pink panther figurine*** while my mind was circling around that real "panther" that was supposedly closeby, somewhere in the woods.

There were no odds of something like this to happen, where there?

Of course it can be that just because of that panther-ordeal someone had bought their kid a pink panther figurine, and the kid had lost it … and I found that thing.

In working on my book "We Creators of the World" I've dealt in detail with Hawaiian and international spiritual traditions and the phenomenon that our "Ku", the body-spirit that is connected to "Po", the subtle energetic realm, can "lead" us to anything that "Lono", the "directing mind", focuses on. Everything in our existence forms a network ... and I was in for years of amazing "finds".

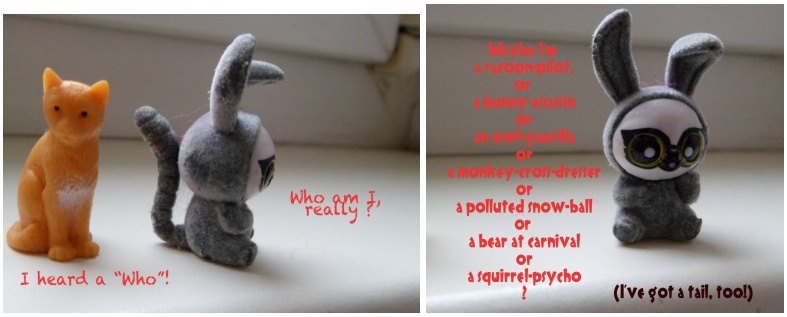
Here all the small finds from 2016 and 2017 in Vienna alone, and at that time, I did not read anything into them, I only picked them up. Today I know, that it was training – of my awareness and ability "to see".



Now look at this: Yes, **more "chains of stars"** I found it after Bob's death ... just a heads-up, and I'll get to those events.

It is a humbling and utterly baffling experience to find something and "know" that it has something to do with you and is **meant to tell you something.**

(And yes, there is a third "chain of stars" that I also found shortly after Bob's death.)



*(The two guys, photos above, I found in January 2018; The "raccoon-bunny-thing" will be relevant much later; The silver cross I found in spring 2017 in front of my door; And the "rabbit" shadow, below, would have a lot of baffling significance soon; The **texts I had put in for Bob** as I shared my finds with him via E-Mail.)*

In February 2018, when I realized that Bob was very sick (which he had kept a secret from me, and we hadn't seen each other in person for a while) I planned to travel to Maui in spring. But he told me in the last minute that he was on his way to visit his parents in California. Had he not done that … he'd be alive today. In a way, I thought, then, that he didn't really want me to come. And when he told me later, that I'd "better come sooner than later" and included that he was barely able to do any shopping any longer, my heart dropped …

I remember a day in very early Spring 2018 when I was struck often by a sinking feeling that something was very wrong with Bob. He did not admit how sick he was, he just had mentioned a few times that he did not feel well. He had started a Ketogenic diet – and only this had given me a bad feeling. Bob had tried so many health-related things, and it had made me so angry, because it had proven to me that he had not trusted his own body. So another diet? He even asked me what I thought about Keto, and I promised I would look into it. Unfortunately it did not occur to me to ask direct questions: I did not dare to. Maybe I knew deep inside, that the answer would be devastating? I don't know.

I walked my dog Jacqui as usual, that evening in spring, thinking about Bob, and in the dark (!) I found a **pineapple-pendant-bracelet** *(see picture below)* between a car and the sidewalk. In Vienna. It was pretty much impossible to really "see" it, I only noticed a tiny sparkling and bent down to take a look …

... there is an experience of awe of sorts when you pick up something that has so much meaning to you. **Bob and I spent so many years together on Maui with the pineapple fields in sight, and I found of all things a pineapple pendant,** in a Vienna district, when I was struggling to do the right thing in terms of traveling to Bob.

I told Bob about this and that I felt that "Maui was calling me". He agreed. I started to send parcels with healing stuff like cell salts to him and herbs ... but I did not know what his problem really was, he did ot tell me. He did mention a few times he had a swelling ... and I thought, well, maybe edema or some inflammation. And so thought he.

At some point, I sent the little pineapple pendant to Bob with one of my medicine parcels for him, as a good luck charm.

So, and now I really get into the Contact Diary.

THE BEGINNINGS

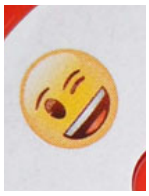
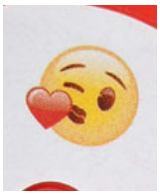
December 13 , 2018 **– The Emoticon Reveal**

In the early winter of 2018/2019 I did not write a contact diary yet. I only started it when I read in a book about a possible communication between "discarnates" and "incarnates" that it could help discern between wishful thinking and actual events, **having a detailed diary** of events that seem to be related to a dead loved one with whom one wants to be in contact.

So until I started to write everything down, I wrote **emails … to Bob's sister, JR,** desperately sharing and dealing with Bob as if he was still among us mortal. These are the actual emails, later, the Contact Diary entries are not as detailed and more focuse.d

Datum: 13.12.2018, 19:28
Betreff: Two amazing short things (E-mail to JR)

Two amazing things I'd like to share with you …
yesterday, after dealing with the package, which undid me all the way to vomiting … (Note: JR had sent me the recording deck Bob had bought for us to work in his studio on the film I had shot in Vienna in July 2018) I went with Jacqui, outside, in the snow-rain … and I kept talking with Bob and telling him that I do want to know if he is around and listening (and I've been adding thoughts about that subject to my book-manuscript), and that I was aware that it's all in my head. ***So suddenly the sun (!) came out and brightened the rim of clouds.*** *I immediately remembered: Bob and I had sat on the lanai a thousand times, watching the clouds, and* ***I'd always say "clouds are thoughts".*** *We'd then laugh about the penis clouds … So behind the sunlight rim of the cloud-bank suddenly emerged one single big and distinct penis with a "tumor" below it, exactly on the spot where Bobo had been. (Note: "Bobo" was the name Bob and I gave his tumor.) And I stood there so startled, that I couldn't even breathe.* ***Then I said to Bob "Nice try" …***
So as I stood there, a woman with her dog came along, and I'd seen her often, we'd just greet, and she waved at me and I waited for her. Hadn't there been the penis cloud, I wouldn't have seen her. So we walked and chatted, and I told her spontaneously that I'd been thinking so urgently today of dying … and she hugged me and even gave me a kiss to cheer me up, and it turns out that she is a video producer! (… edited for privacy, note: Bob was a video producer.)
And then … ***today****. Again, very bad and dark day. Me and Jacqui on a different route. Remember I told you about the Emoticons that I couldn't read, and you kindly told me what they were, on Bob's phone?*
Again, I walked towards a hillside, that I really wanted to show Bob, and again I told him that he better give me a reason to stay on the fucking planet, and that I want him to let me know he's here … and I look down and there is the strangest thing: A small round plastic ***planchette*** *with* ***Emoticons****! Just emoticons: One sleeping, one crying, one with a halo, one winking and one with a heart. It is BOB, on that round thing. You'll agree when you see it. What are the odds?"*

Yeah. What were the odds? I kept staring at that **emoticon** gift … nobody finds something like that, do they, I thought, especially not after they had been fretting about not knowing *what kinds of emoticons their dying partner had sent them in his last days!?*

Note the themes and expressions and how they fit to Bob's and my situation …

"*Wink! All is going to be okay, I'm hanging in there!"*
"I love you and think of you!"
"I'm really exhausted and must take a lot of rest."
"It's all very horrible, but I try to be positive in spite of my tears of pain and despair."
"Oops, I think I just died, but it's kind of nice where I'm now."

Uncanny, one would say. I remember holding my breath when I picked that thing up, and **I looked at it, then around,** then up, as if I would see someone "hovering" in the air, nodding at me, generously, then I just stood still, my jaw dropped, and everything felt like "slow motion" around me.

Reality had just changed its face for me. On December 12, 2018.

Yet … I was **not prepared** for the impact of the **next** big thing that happened in terms of "finds", as the "emoticon"-incident still rang in my mind as an uncanny surreal kind of incident.

December 17 , 2018 **– Silver Pearls in a Dream**

Datum: 17.12.2018, 22:26
Betreff: Three pearls ... (E-mail to JR)
"Dear JR,
how are you? Tonight I had a ***dream*** *of being on Maui once again, and Peter Rosen was there and wanted to take a picture of me, but I hesitated ... we were in some kind of a gulch, and some disaster had happened, and I was very desperate (in my dream).*
Suddenly a young man's voice started to sing, in German:
"Drei Silberperlen steigen aus dem Meer" ... "Three silver pearls are ascending/diving out of the ocean" *...*
It was very strange. I woke up with that line, and it keeps going around in my head. (...)"

Truth be told, I've never before in my life had a **dream** where someone **sang a song** to me, let alone a song with lyrics still clearly on my mind as I woke up … let alone about "pearls" and the "ocean" … and especially not in the context of what happened next: **I "found" that "song line"** … as odd as that sounds. But first, let me tell you this:

Bob was aware of the fact, I had told him about it often, that **when something was changing drastically in my life, *I'd find pearls*,** fake ones and real ones.

The plastic and gemstone **pearls and beads** *(in the picture above)* I found on September 29, 2018, right after Bob's hospital stint (that would ultimately kill him), yes … **I found them on the same day, in separate spots in Vienna** … and I had a strange, strange feeling ...

December 18, 2018 **– Silver Pearls in Reality, Dolphin, Rabbit & a Diamond & The Date**

So after the *pearls-rising-from-the-ocean-song dream***,** I wrote to JR again …

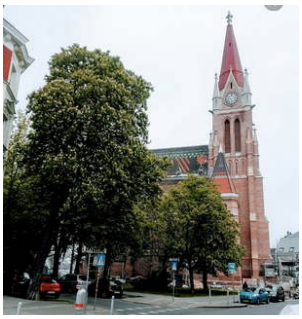
Datum: 18.12.2018, 17:29
Betreff: Pearls! (E-mail to JR)
*Told you about the dream and **the "pearls"-song** … last night ("Three **silver pearls** are diving out of the ocean" …) Guess what happened today?*
*I walk by a building site of a church that's renovated, and in all the dirt stands a **painting** of blue and turquoise **ocean** and its creatures … and the outlines of the figures are made from **small silver pearls.** What are the odds?*

I went back there (because I didn't have a phone or camera with me the first time) and took pictures, will get them out of my phone maybe tomorrow and send you.
I do keep challenging Bob to be in contact with me …
And in that regard, I think I didn't share, … the olivine rocks at Kahakuloa have always been a subject, because we never got there together. And I keep asking him if he now can go wherever he wants, and if he's here and if he's seen the rocks …

*So three nights ago, I walk the dog … and in the snow, I see a **figurine of a green dolphin** stuck in the soil along the walkway! Glass, or some material. I've yet to go back there in daytime. So I stopped and said to Bob "Nice try", then I walked on. And I see something orange and green on the ground … and I pick it up and it's a tiny orange whale with a green (!) "ball" on it's nose, crocheted!*
*And that's all here in Vienna, in winter! I took the little guy home … but when I turned it around, I saw that it's a **small orange rabbit**, with a green tuft as a tail … at first I had thought that it was a **dolphin** or a whale, depending what way you turn it, so much for the "**olivine**" "signs" … I keep saying to myself it's all in my head alone, but then those are real finds. I have no idea how to explain all that. But Bob always knew that I'd find the weirdest things against all odds … Maybe he is really "interacting" in some way.*

Yes, I <u>wanted</u> Bob to be alive and able to connect with me. But in a way, I didn't really believe yet, that he was. And in yet another way it was no comfort (yet) to think he was a spirit. My grief knew no bounds.

And now about the **"pearls"-painting** …



I had spent a sleepless night, pondering on that find and how it was absolutely mind-boggling that I'd dream of a **song** "three **silver pearls** are rising from the **ocean**" and a few hours I would find a **painting** that depicted an **ocean** and a lot of **silver pearls**! At a building site in a street that I rarely walked in those days. So I was thinking to return there. Because I had not taken that painting, it had been behind the fence.

That alone could make for a life-time of certainty that somehow this was meant to be … actually a greeting, I felt. A message, yes, telling me something like "*I'm here, I'm listening, I know what's on your mind, and I want to prove it to you*".

It was, alongside that impression of *surrealness*, a touching moment to take the painting home. Was that the ocean … my beloved Pacific … had that been Bob speaking through my dreams to my subconscious spirit who had given me the "song" … and somehow I had listened to my *intuition* and walked all the right paths to find that painting!? What are the odds?

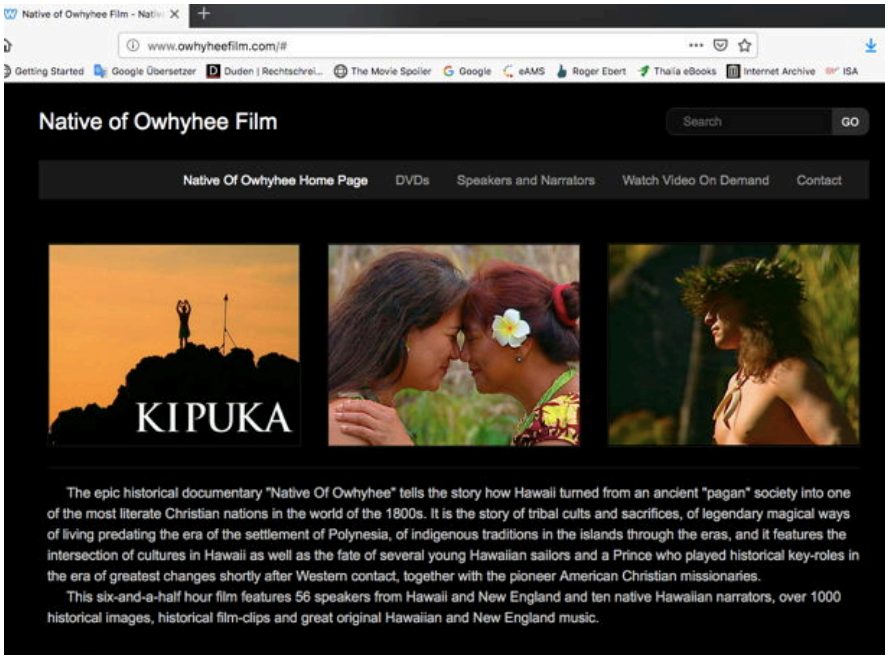
Back in the day, I had asked that question Bob many times, **"What are the odds?"** when something amazing had happened in our lives … and he had always said "Not great, but then, it's you Dani, and I know with you anything is possible." Like that.

I'd like to add something else relating to "**pearls**" … in one of her emails, JR mentioned a "**diamond**" … Bob had just died, on November 4, 2018. And on the street close to where I lived, I found this on *November 11, 2018:*

(Of course it's not a real diamond, I don't think, but a **diamond** nonetheless.)
Was Bob telling us that he was "listening"?

And something else happened two weeks later, on *November 25, 2018*. I felt compelled to dig out my old book project "**We Creators Of The World**", about the energetic nature of humans and about the power of thinking, and I had written thousands of pages, in German and in English, over the years … since my brother had died of cancer in 1993. I had traveled to Hawaii before that to learn about the healing methods of the Hawaiian medical "priests", the "kahuna". And I found myself enthralled in Hawaiian culture, researched it in detail in many aspects, and I kept returning to Hawaii many times, for workshops and visits after my brother Peter's death.

On August 7, 2001 my beloved dog "Kimba" was run over by a car and died in Norway. My friend H. brought me to Maui in September that year (I was in New York at "Ground Zero" on September 21, 2001), and in May 2002 I met Bob for the first time … I was working on that book project then, but I stopped working on it and began to do video production with Bob, then started my documentary film project about the true Hawaii of old, "Native Of Owhyhee", which I completed 2006.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Native Of Owhyhee Home Page
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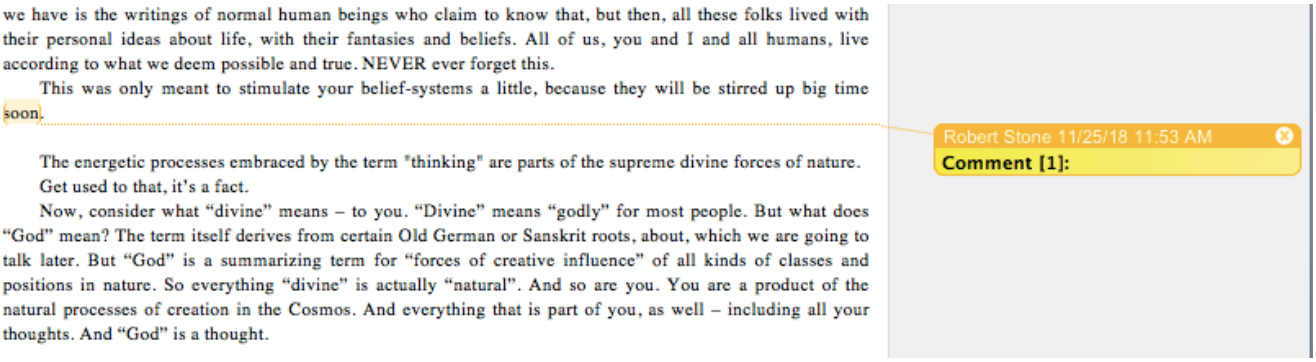
The epic historical documentary "Native Of Owhyhee" tells the story how Hawaii turned from an ancient "pagan" society into one of the most literate Christian nations in the world of the 1800s. It is the story of tribal cults and sacrifices, of legendary magical ways of living predating the era of the settlement of Polynesia, of indigenous traditions in the islands through the eras, and it features the intersection of cultures in Hawaii as well as the fate of several young Hawaiian sailors and a Prince who played historical key-roles in the era of greatest changes shortly after Western contact, together with the pioneer American Christian missionaries.
This six-and-a-half hour film features 56 speakers from Hawaii and New England and ten native Hawaiian narrators, over 1000 historical images, historical film-clips and great original Hawaiian and New England music.

So **after Bob's death**, the book project kept popping into my mind, and so I opened the old file and turned it into a new word docx-document … and while I was reading it, a "**comment**" **appeared, by itself.** Here it is:

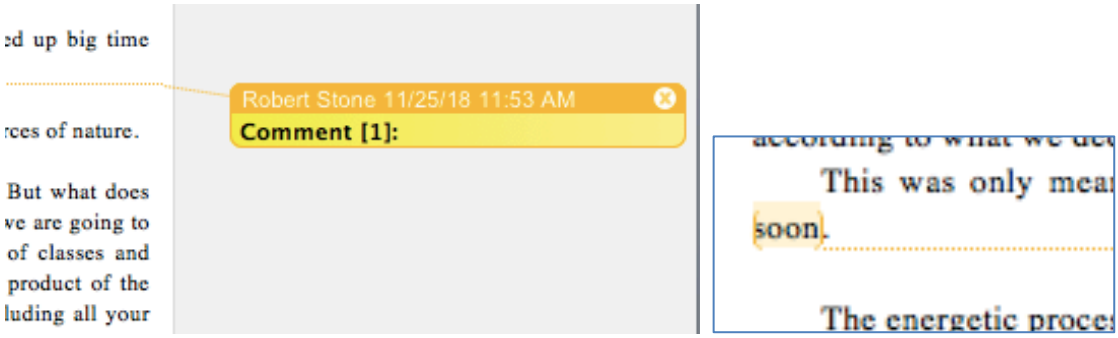

we have is the writings of normal human beings who claim to know that, but then, all these folks lived with their personal ideas about life, with their fantasies and beliefs. All of us, you and I and all humans, live according to what we deem possible and true. NEVER ever forget this.

This was only meant to stimulate your belief-systems a little, because they will be stirred up big time soon.

The energetic processes embraced by the term "thinking" are parts of the supreme divine forces of nature. Get used to that, it's a fact.

Now, consider what "divine" means – to you. "Divine" means "godly" for most people. But what does "God" mean? The term itself derives from certain Old German or Sanskrit roots, about, which we are going to talk later. But "God" is a summarizing term for "forces of creative influence" of all kinds of classes and positions in nature. So everything "divine" is actually "natural". And so are you. You are a product of the natural processes of creation in the Cosmos. And everything that is part of you, as well – including all your thoughts. And "God" is a thought.

Robert Stone 11/25/18 11:53 AM
Comment [1]:

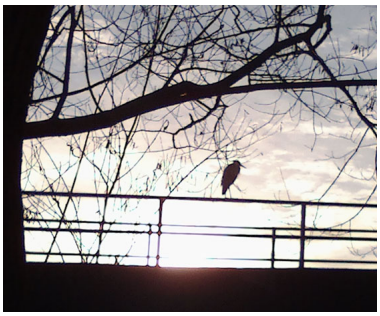


(Notice the date! ***3 weeks after Bob's death****.)*

Now, of course I can explain this, as the writing program of the original document was registered to Bob (I was working on my old laptop, last year, and he had belonged to Bob before), and so a commentary would be by that "owner".

But I did **not put any commentary** into my old book manuscript, I was only scanning through it, – and the next thing I see, is a "**comment by Bob**". Of all words, it was the word "**soon**" that was highlighted. I had no reason to highlight anything, I wasn't even reading that page, it didn't relate to my research of the day, at all. The comment *just so happened* to pop up. And the date? ***21 days after Bob had died.***

In those days, I was inconsolable. And I talked to Bob a lot … the books I'd been reading gave me a lot of stuff to think about. And I started to "feel" that Bob knew that. I wished so much to see or to hear him. But I had just read about the energetic barrier between the realms … and I'm not into "apparitions" or "voices". I've told him from the beginning: "Whatever you guys do, don't scare me or my dog." So far, they haven't.



(What a pretty find, next to a fence, just those two roses, connected … just as I was telling Bob how much I missed being with him; Honestly, how often have you found two connected glass-roses?)

I roamed Vienna, sometimes trying to think it all over, sometimes trying to not think at all, and I kept seeing things that struck me as "meant for me" … A big lonely bird, actually a **gray heron**, appeared exactly as I asked Bob, again, to ***"show himself"*,** and it kept sitting there and gazing at me. And of course I was aware, again, that I was just interpreting something entirely normal "my way" … but I wasn't really like "Oh, Bob is sitting on that railing", no: I saw the bird and thought "Who knows, maybe Bob is lonely, wherever he is, or he wants me to see the bird and think of him." Check that.

And when hiking along a new path in the 19th district of Vienna with my dog Jacqui, I came across the **sticker** saying ***"If we had a second life, that one would also belong to you"*** ("Hätten wir ein zweites Leben, würde auch dieses Dir gehören") which expressed exactly how I was feeling … I stood there, breathless like many times before and I thought: "This is meant to keep me going, isn't it?"

But where?

You know –I’m aware that there are stickers like that. But it is indeed unusual to encounter one of those exactly in a time when the message of it fits in an almost ridiculously perfect way to one’s emotional state ... isn't it?

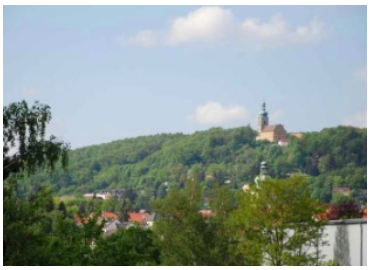
THE DRAMATIC END OF THE TERRIBLE YEAR

*(**Note.** December 2023: Well, this section about Gutenstein will have to remain the way I wrote it, without re-reading or editing, it's too painful to think back to those days.)*

Shortly before New Year 2018/2019, I fled the city. I booked myself a room in a remote place in the mountains south of Vienna, at Mariahilfberg, close to the small town of ***Gutenstein***, which means ***"Good Stone"***, and yes, I chose the place for it's name after it had "come to me" during superficial online-research.

I hired a private taxi (with a lovely driver whose services I had used several times before, as I did not own a car back then) to drive my dog Jacqui and me to that place, actually a ***Catholic Pilgrimage spot*** … beautiful, very remote … and there I spent the days around New Year.

I had booked myself and Jacqui into a warm nice room with a huge balcony in a pension where we were the only guests for most of the time, on top of a mountain (except for one strange woman who arrived two days later, with the same first name like me).

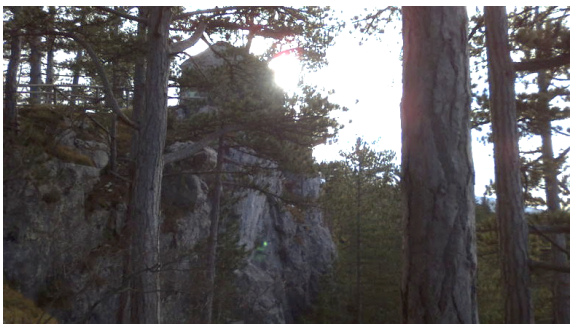


The village had a monastery, a church, a restaurant and two houses where the restaurant-people lived. The Muslim man who ran the pension lived there, too, and his friend, another Muslim – note: both in a Catholic pilgrimage spot! – came to visit almost every day. Those guys were sweet and caring and really the right people I needed to feel safe in that difficult time, and I even got to practice my Arabic with them.

I was breathless in those days, torn apart by grief and sorrow and shaken to the core by all the insights along the **path** … literally: The paths that Jacqui and I walked, in the dramatic landscape, made my loneliness feel brutal and chilling, with the wind-bent fir trees, the wide views into deep valleys …

For hours and hours my dog and I would stroll through the strange forests … and I was crying and crying and crying so hard that at times I thought I would break down. The sound of the storm in the fir trees, the wilderness ... only because of Jacqui I kept my self together.

Many times we ended up on top of a ridge with an abyss of hundreds of meters just one step ahead … if I had wanted to kill myself there, I could have done it anytime.



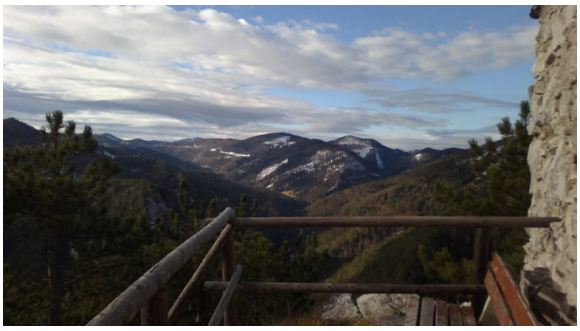
But I wouldn't have left my dog up there alone. The all-present sound of the sometimes heavy storm the fir trees reflected the roaring grief in my soul and at the same time the wildness of my

anger about everything that had happened … the memories seemed violently hurtful, even those of wonderful days on Maui … I cried and cried, but it seemed to bring no consolation.

Bob was there, but gone, and the fact of him being not reachable to me anymore became so heavy, that my thinking began to blur at times with pain.

Then a woman with the same first name like mine showed up at the pension. Turned out her life was a mess, such a mess, wow, horrible trouble everywhere, including severe personal problems … and she was outright rude to me. I felt sorry for her, but we only went for a short walk together, once. However – she distracted me from my own tragedy. I think maybe that's why she appeared there? In the middle of nowhere, no other guests in that pension – that was run by two Muslim (!) men with who I spoke Arabic, finally able to practice what I had learned during three express Arabic courses in 2016!

On the last day of the year, D. and I got a drink in the evening at the local pub (that was breaking full, smoke-filled and occupied by already drunk local folks, who all seemed to have squeezed themselves into that one place on top of that small mountain), but then we spent the night in our own rooms. I realized through meeting that woman that I should not accept any kind of abuse from anyone (anymore) … as she was incredibly rude and heartless to me, ignorant and reckless ... actually baffling in her aloof ways, totally self-centered. I complained, eventually. She apologized so I forgave her, but her selfish attitude truly shook me up – and distracted me for a little while.



When I came across a **huge weird stone in the shape of a penis** on the first day, I gasped and cried. Well, again I cried a lot in that forest.

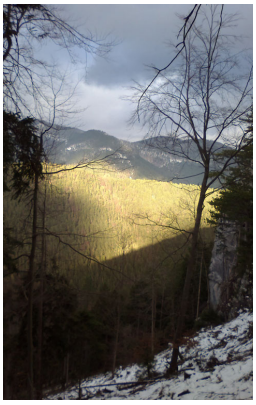
Then I came across another rock of the shape of Bob's tumor, and as I walked closer, the **rock actually leaked**, literally water oozing out from it … like Bob's tumor had leaked.

The landscape was hauntingly beautiful, but no sunshine, dreary, just the eerie atmosphere before a big snow storm (that would break lose exactly in the last night of the year) …

I remember distinctly walking along those lonely paths ... until we reached a very high spot with a view far into the country, and I cried so hard that I could barely breathe. I could not understand that Bob had left me ... my thinking felt "broken".

At some point I cried out into the open space and at the sky **asking Bob to tell me that he was there with me** … I think it was the first time that I asked so directly and with such ugency ...

And **at that moment** the most amazing sun phenomenon appeared lighting up **exactly the spot I was gazing at** …

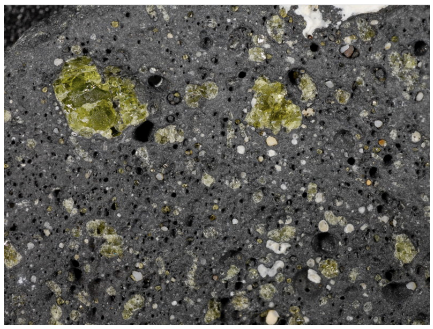


No sun, no open sky for hours, but suddeny – that amazing light right at the spot I was looking at.

And we walked on, heading for the furthest spot on that hiking trail ... Not a soul around, except for an ibex that stood strangely still and close, watching us. I was afraid it would follow us ... it was very big.

And then I noticed something baffling – yet again:

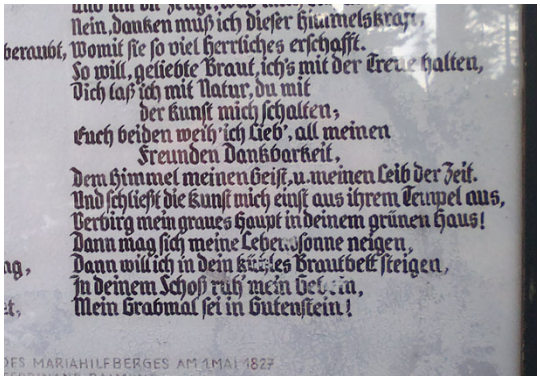
It had always been a big deal for me, wanting to visit the **Olivine rocks near Kahakuloa** on the island of Maui with Bob … but we never did. I had discovered them at some point, near the famous "spouting horn" … and I had been stunned by the beautiful crystals all over those lava rocks, and for years Bob and I meant to go there … but somehow, we never did. Like many things we never did, anyway.



We even talked about it when I visited him last … and I talked about it, crying, while walking the paths at Gutenstein … and suddenly I stopped and glared at the ground, there seemed to be those "**Olivine rocks**" that I was talking about at the moment! At least, there was something "green and shiny" …

But they were **simply bird's vomit!** Birds had eaten berries, I think mistletoe, and then gotten rid of them again … and that looked like Olivine right there, on my path! (Oh, yeah, I can almost hear you guys, saying*: "She thinks bird's vomit is a message from her dead guy, so she clearly lost it" …* Honestly, I'm sure you'll be in a very similar situation, at some point, and you may have even "crazier" impressions than I've had so far … but we are only at the beginning.)

Many time I stood there, baffled, breathless, entirely quiet for a while … just in awe and disbelief how those things could just appear when I thought about them … as if "someone" was telling me that they were listening in! Just think for a moment how amazing it is, to begin with, that I even picked that spot for my get-away from the crazy Vienna New Year's … I hadn't even read up on it, booked the room solely based on the name of the village, which is "Gutenstein", meaning "good stone", to honor my beloved dead Bob Stone.


berraubt, Womit ſie ſo viel herrliches erſchafft.
So will, geliebte Braut, ich's mit der Treue halten,
Dich laß ich mit Natur, du mit
der Kunſt mich ſchalten,
Euch beiden weih' ich Lieb', all meinen
Freunden Dankbarkeit,
Dem Himmel meinen Geiſt, u. meinen Leib der Zeit.
Und ſchließt die Kunſt mich einſt aus ihrem Tempel aus,
Verbirg mein graues Haupt in deinem grünen Haus!
Dann mag ſich meine Lebensſonne neigen,
Dann will ich in dein kühles Brautbett ſteigen,
In deinem Schoß ruh' mein Gebein,
Mein Grabmal ſei in Gutenſtein!

I found a memorial of a **poet**, too, quite a famous one in Austria … and the spot had actually been his favorite vacation spot, for sitting in the wilderness, thinking. **(Note: Just realizing now, in December 2023 – Bob had always called me "his writer" … and there I was, at the memorial of a writer, a famous one at that!)**

… and even what was written on the plaquette there, made sense to me … about the end of his life and how he'd rest after all was over … and that he dedicates his spirit ("Geist") to heaven ("dem Himmel") and his body ("meinen Leib") to "time" ("der Zeit") …

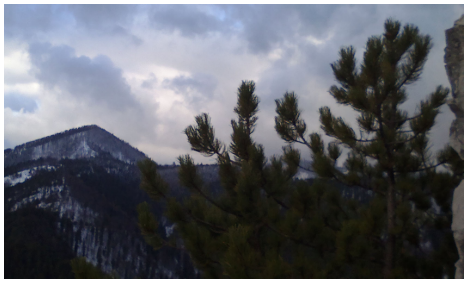
It was definitely something, finding that thing in the middle of the forest, in my emotional turmoil.

So I sat there, on that **chair** that poet had made for himself, as he had sat there for many hours, maybe days and weeks, alone … and so alone was I, but with my dog. Thinking about it now … the forest must have brimmed with discarnate folks.

And at some point, ***it happened:***

I ended up at the very steep end of a ridge. I had reached the furthes point of the trail, and I had a view all the way to "Schneeberg" at a distance ... and I stood there, with Jacqui at a safe distance, on that very narrow path on a big rock mass, and the storm was howling, the village was far away, and the wind was picking up, the trees bent all around us. Jacqui was spooked, and I cried and looked at the wild sky, talking to Bob, **asking him to talk to me, too**.

How often had we gazed at the **clouds** from our house on Maui, and always I had said "Clouds are thoughts". And many times, we saw planes start from Kahului airport or rise from there, and when the planes were up high, they came so close and could be seen so clearly, and Bob and I would both say: "**Sky shark**!"



I gazed at the clouds … and I looked around … keeping an eye on Jacqui, my faithful companion.

And a **hole** formed in the clouds, one of many, and I said "**Pukalani** …" which means "hole in the clouds", or "door to heaven", it was the name of the small village where Bob and I had lived on Maui.

The tears would break out of me all the time, violently ... and as I stared at the sky and how the clouds were moving so fast, and it was getting dark ...

... and crying and reminiscing I then said out loud, sobbing "**Sky shark**". And I turned away, ready to walk back along the path, and I looked down into the gulch, thinking that my dog and I would never be found if something happened to us there … and then, for some reason I turned around again– and I saw this:

The **skyshark**.

*I swear: This photograph is **not** treated, photoshopped or anything* … see the "mouth" of the shark? I mean … look at that! Imagine you are standing on top of a hill, desperate, thinking of your dead loved one and "hear" him say "sky shark" like so often during his life-time ... and with "Sky shark!" on your mind and your lips, **you SEE A SKY SHARK!**

The clouds had parted just in the way to form a distinct shark form!

A shark-shaped hole in the clouds with a cloud as a mouth and even something like an eye!

Anyone can get the original photograph from me and have it tested, that's what was there, that day! I was just lucky that I regained my composure just in time to be able to take that picture at all!

The "**puka lani**" had turned into the form of a **shark**.

I will never forget the feeling. I had suddenly gotten quiet and breathless, a tiny speck of a human amidst the huge nature – and the Universe. That was suddenly ... speaking to me?

Answering?

I was standing there, on that ridge, surrounded by forest, with my dog, but somehow it felt like I was not there, like I had suddenly withdrawn inside myself and had at the same time spread out ... like a cloud, having lost my human form ... for an instant.

The storm picked up, howling around us … and I was gazing at a hole in the clouds that had the form of an actual shark, *just as I had spoken the word "sky shark"*.

I was virtually breathless, staring ... I touched my dog to "ground" myself again.

Back then, **I had the first real impression ever, that this was actually Bob's doing, the appearance of that "answer", so distinct a message** ... so dramatic, so meaningful. That he was near – **BUT** at the same time, that he was unfathomably far away and unreachable.

It was strange, because it felt that my heart was being broken even more in that moment that the "skyshark" was there. It was a shock to see that shark-form in the sky ... yes. A weird kind of shock.

I began to cry again – and I think I cursed and screamed and waved and told Bob that I did not give a shit about this kind of "presence" of his ... I needed him close. ***(Note: And yes, today, December 7, 2023, as I am revising this chapter, I break out crying again.)***

I cried and cried, staring at the sky, in the wind and the dusk, until the "puka" had closed again.

I had to take my dog back to safety. So I turned around on the narrow path, away from the precipice and the possibility to end my mortal phase in an instant ...

But that was not all what the region of "good stone" had in store for me.

Every day we spent there between Christmas and New Year my dog Jacqui and I found new paths, and one day I felt compelled to take an especially unappealing route up another ridge close to the pension where we stayed … and before I knew it, I stood facing this:

Robert Stone	**Re: The word-stuff / a thought** - Thank You! -SM --- hannaspost2018@gmail.com wrote: From: "D. J. W
Robert Stone	Headed for Bed - Aloha Dani, Pretty good day today - Cindy's file is driving us both nuts, I'll spare you th
Robert Stone	Re: Plus ... - Now THAT'S pretty magnificent! WOW! -SM --- hannaspost2018@gmail.com wrote: From:
Robert Stone	Re: My serious suggestion / PLEASE CONSIDER IT - I will very seriously consider it. -SM --- hannaspost
Robert Stone	Re: Package on the way & Jacqui news - Aloha Dani, First - I already got a tracking text from DHL - so I
Robert Stone	Re: Awoke & Nutricia & Questions - Aloha Dani, Okay, answers below. Thank you - more later. -SM --- ha
Ich	Mob Youtube Links - Aloha from Dani xxx Channel "Austrian Filmmaker" Hannaspost2017@gmail.com

It's a **memorial** place with a plaquette that a doctor had written in gratitude for the recovery or his little daughter who had almost died of a **lethal disease**, and he had dedicated it to St. Barbara. What struck me, was ***Bob's signature*** … the two letters that I had seen so often under his emails, along with "Blessings and Aloha": "**SM**" for Stoneman.

(I'm always painfully aware how much less astounding all of that may sound to you as you are just reading it, while I experienced all of this in a raw and direct way … That incident, for example, was so baffling, just because I absolutely did not intend to walk up that ridge, it wasn't pleasant, it was weird, it was late, it didn't look appealing, and **suddenly I stood facing that thing** … and it was so ***clear that I had been lead there*** and that I was meant to see that thing! Because why walk an entirely unappealing path like pulled on a string?)

See, the odds of finding some place like that are pretty slim already, and then **with "SM" while I was mourning "SM"** … I started to **realize** that forces were at play here that I had never considered truly possible.

Then, snow came, a lot of snow … and it looked beautiful and yet it made me incredibly sad. Jacqui and I would wade through the knee deep white wonder … and I was in a sort of awe about the immediacy of nature and its forces … I saw branches entangling, and **snow-hidden red fruits** … telling me that if I didn't look closely, I wouldn't "see" what was out there …

And one night – a huge "**explosion**" happened (remembe – I was entirely alone with my dog in an empty guest house!), and I jumped up and looked outside, and a sizzling sounded and the lights were out. There had been a **short circuit** in the garden lantern … that's the official explanation, right in front of my window. I had thought that it was a lightning strike, but …

The snow was falling heavily, the storm was blowing … and nobody else but Jacqui and me were in the house, as the caretaker had left that day to return in the morning, and the other guest had returned to Vienna.

It was spooky, but in a weirdly comforting way.

And on the last day, I went along a path I already knew … and I cried and cried again… my sorrow overcame me so brutally, I felt so much worse than better … and then the **branch** lay there, right in front of me, on the ground: A **fir branch with mistletoe** on it.

And that was special. And I was undone so hard that it took me a long time to stop sobbing and regain my breath again.

Because one reason for Bob's recovery had been the medicine I had sent him from Austria: an **extract** from **mistletoe** berries that had grown on **fir trees**. (Bob's cancer was in the process of subsiding, when he succumbed to the aftermath of his hospital stint.)

I cried even more than I had ever thought possible, it's like you want to spit out your guts because everything that you are as a body wants to dissolve … There were no other mistletoe branches anywhere in the area. And I looked closely. None. **So where had that mistle toe branch come from? Some other hiker must have brought it along and dropped it there.**

I put it on the bench with the "Gutenstein"-plaquette,
in memory of Bob Stone, the best stone of all.

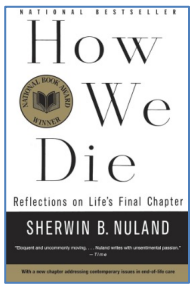
During my stay at Gutenstein I read as much as I could when I wasn't out in the wilderness, with Jacqui … and wow, did we some deep-snow hiking. At times, Jacqui could barely make it through the deep snow, I nearly had to dig him out, and I sank in to my knees ...

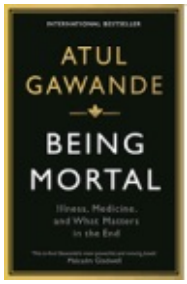
Back in the small room, I buried my poor mind in literature about many scientific ways of dealing with the "survival of consciousness" – because suddenly, that had become **THE TOPIC of my life.**

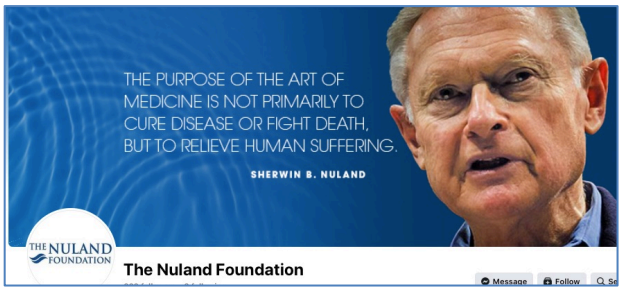
There was no looking away anymore.

The sky shark had made a difference, "signed" by Bob with his usual "SM".

I also read ***"How We Die" by Sherwin B. Nuland*** and ***"Being Mortal" by Atul Gawande*** and ***especially "When Breath Becomes Air" by Paul Kalanithi*** … and Robert Lanza's "Beyond Biocentrism" …






THE PURPOSE OF THE ART OF MEDICINE IS NOT PRIMARILY TO CURE DISEASE OR FIGHT DEATH, BUT TO RELIEVE HUMAN SUFFERING.
SHERWIN B. NULAND
THE NULAND FOUNDATION
The Nuland Foundation

And slowly I began to feel comfortable tackling the subject "death is not the end of life" more friskily, more seriously, more … well, more as if that was actually the information I was "supposed" to receive.

I did google "Life after death" – and eventually, **"The Unobstructed Universe"** appeared in the results list. And from that moment on – I began to write this Contact Diary, as I realized that I was involved in something.

Something big.

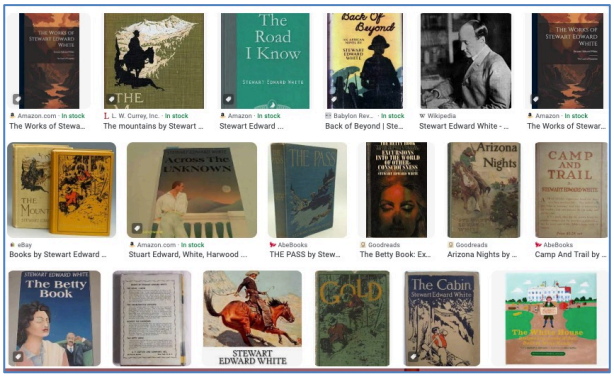
When I "**met**" **Stewart and Betty White, their experiences changed my life – and made living on possible for me.**

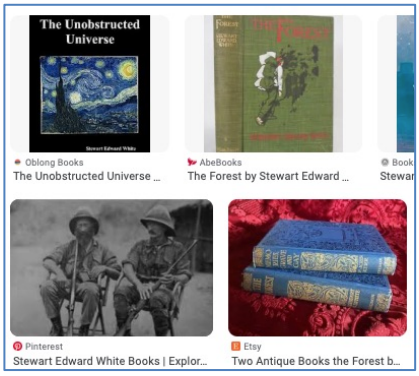
It seems impossible to share or make you understand the weird thrill I experienced reading "**The Betty Book",** before I realized that I must go back further – and read another book before I would be ready for "The Betty Book" and later "The Unobstructed Universe".

I immersed myself into the lecture like some junkie.

That is probably the best allegory: I needed <u>something strong</u> like a drug to satisfy my raging mind. Something I could relate to.

<u>Stewart Edward White was the writer among</u> writers ... and I felt his effort and could understand it and identify with it. We were so much alike ... so that I began to think, eventually, that he could have been some earlier "version of me". (You should know that I have written many many books, never published, and my travels were just as extensive; and just like he, I "discovered" Africa with a woman named "Elisabeth" as a close companion!) You will learn more about his work in future chapters of this Contact Diary, but for now, I want you to realize that I had found exactly what I had needed when I came across the work of Stewart and Betty White. Not only what I had "needed" but – **what I had been meant to discover and deal with all along.**





I found matter-of-fact descriptions how two couples in the early 20th century figured out **how to visit the beyond and how to receive and later transmit messages from there into the mortal realm – sharing what is going on in the beyond. The "laws" there. The way of life there.**

Yes – there, "in the beyond".

This may sound so odd to you.
And I was <u>stunned</u> shitless when I read those books, too.

3. THE NECESSITY OF EFFORT.

The thing we are to strive for, then, is a recognition of the spiritual forces about us; a contact with them; and through that contact the establishment of a more balanced proportion between the material and the spiritual. Does that sound mystic and vague and fuzzy? It is only a general proposition; and we can lay it aside and come back to it with what will be fuller understanding. It is just a point to take off from.

The first step in this process, we were told, consists in establishing conscious contact with the spiritual forces about us. And, like all first steps, it is the most difficult. It has the disadvantage of being something new and unaccustomed. It has the handicap of seeming to be groping and intangible until we have found for ourselves a handle by which to seize it. And above all, the "first dead lift," as they call it, must be accomplished unaided. Once the process is started we will get help in abundance according to our capacity to receive, but we must by our own effort break through.

This is a short **summary** of what Stewart and Betty and before them Ruth and Emmett and Richard did ... and along with them several other people who are mentioned in their books.

*(**<u>Note September 2025:</u>** So many years later I began to translate the books in summer 2025, and therefore I add here the cover images of all of them in the order of their publication, which is also the*

order in which they must be read – preceded by "Our Unseen Guest", the book by "Joan and Darby", really Ruth and Emmet Finley, about their interactions with "Stephen", who was really Richard Hall ... and "OUG" MUST be read before any of the Whites' works, because Stewart and Betty began their journey with the Finley and ended it with them:)

OUR UNSEEN GUEST
by DARBY & JOAN
Introduction by STEWART EDWARD WHITE
100TH ANNIVERSARY EDITION
CREDO
1925
TRUTH IS NOT ONLY STRANGER THAN FICTION
IT IS MORE INTERESTING THAN FICTION
STEWART EDWARD WHITE
EXPLORATION AND HIGH ADVENTURE ON THE FRONTIERS OF CONSCIOUSNESS
ACROSS THE UNKNOWN
A Formula for Living
by STEWART EDWARD WHITE and HARWOOD WHITE
THE BETTY BOOK
BY STEWART EDWARD WHITE
STEWART EDWARD WHITE
The UNOBSTRUCTED Universe
THE STARS ARE STILL THERE
STEWART EDWARD WHITE
A new book by the author of THE UNOBSTRUCTED UNIVERSE
THE ROAD I KNOW
BY STEWART EDWARD WHITE
WITH FOLDED WINGS
A remarkable statement of a philosophy of the Universe and of human personality.
STEWART EDWARD WHITE
A new book by the author of THE UNOBSTRUCTED UNIVERSE
The Job of Living
BY STEWART EDWARD WHITE
ANCHORS TO WINDWARD
STABILITY AND PERSONAL PEACE -HERE AND NOW
STEWART EDWARD WHITE

The only thing I could think back then and still can't help but think, is, that every human being should read those books. As the basis of all education.

Back then, when I discovered those books and read them like a maniac, I did not write a contact diary yet, that's why I don't know exactly when that was. Again: **Their work touched my very being to the core and gave me a reason ... well, to live.** Ever since I "met" those two through their writings, I've had the feeling that Bob and I are strongly related to them …

For THEM, everything began like this:

Ruth and Emmett Finley one day started playing around with a "Ouija"-board, and they noticed that they were getting "messages". *(**Note**, December 2023: I will give you only a summary here, because only over time would I begin to realize what treasure I had actually discovered, and only then would I get deeper into the research about those two people themselves ... and trust me, there will be a situation, later, that will leave you speechless.)*

They suspected each other to play pranks, and they are describing everything in detail in their book "**Our Unseen Guest"**, how it came that they received a whole lot of information about how life in the "beyond" is and what the laws there are, and it was among others a young man who was named "Stephen", who, in reality, was a Red Cross worker who had been killed in the war *(by the name of Richard Hall, as I would found out much later, when I actually began to care about the real person behind the "voice")*.

Among the people to be involved in Ruth's and Emmett's story and who witnessed how they tried to come to terms with the fact that Ruth aka "Joan" turned into a "station", a full medium for "discarnates" to speak through her, without Ruth ever having tried to have that kind of career, ...

... was Stewart E. White, a rather famous novel author.

As soon as I had read "Our Unseen Guest" – actually after I had read "The Betty Book" – where I had learned about the work of Joan and Darby, **I realized: There is an ongoing project about establishing a "bridge" between the realm of the mortals and the one of the diseased …**

I was hooked to the literature I had been lead to find. And I felt encouraged to go on reading in more depth every single day. My own investigative personality was a trait Bob would count on, I knew that, because in spite of all our differences, he knew me well.

I started to think that Betty and Stewart must be with him, and that Bob is now working with them to work with me. This may sound strange to you – but why is it stranger than being able to talk into a tiny aparatus and hear the voice of a person who talks at the same time thousands of miles away? Yes, it's called telephone. But hundreds of years ago, it would have been called "magic" or "witch craft". All that I am writing here will, in the future, be some kind of classic, the beginnings of "The Bridge" in the high-tech world.

Later, Stewart and his wife Betty got involved with Ruth and Emmett more closely in trying to make sense of that kind of "project" that was introduced to them by "Stephen" (really Richard), and here it comes:

Betty White received the offer and the calling to be trained by the discarnates as a special kind of "medium": She learned how to leave her body and how to explore the "beyond" in her essential form as "consciousness" while remaining awake, but in a trance-like of state. Then she fell sick and died, and through her friend and co-medium of decades, Joan, she communicated with Stewart and dictated him the book "The Unobstructed Universe", explaining the beyond and life there in an amazingly scientific way.

No nonsense. All clear and understandable. From the first events with all the doubts and the rejection to the final work that Stewart accomplished, years after Betty was "gone". And yet "with him" more intensely than ever.

Many times I thought "Holy shit. They had what Bob and I have … or what we're supposed to have …. what our relationship has been all about all along?" You will read in this Contact Diary how the answers to all these questions occurred. Yes, I must say, "occurred". They came with me living on after Bob's death ... and to this day, as a mere mortal I have the feeling that it simply "can't be" that he is gone. That's why he isn't. But please ... hang in there. I want you to get the entire story.

About the work of Betty, Joan, Stewart and Darby – and of course, of "Stephen":
You will read the books, won't you?

The four of them – Betty, Joan, Stewart and Darby – were themselves baffled about what happened. At first they were highly suspicious, basically did not believe at all that they had a connection to the beyond ... and the Stewart documented everything over thirty years. His books describe every step, every experience in detail. The reader is not expected to "believe" anything. Reading their books, we are observers ... and we make our own deductions and have our own insights.

My life got changed thoroughly after meeting those folks.

For Stephen as the initiator of it all and then also for Betty, Joan, Stewart and Darby it was immensely trying and hard and difficult process to learn how to transmit actual verbal messages from the "beyond" into the mortal realm, to receive and interpret them there and express them properly**. THE ENTIRE PROCESS IS DESCRIBED IN STEWART'S BOOKS!**

Please – do not leave this mortal realm without having taken part in their journey!

So Betty finally gave in to the urging of the "discarnate" and learned who to be able to enter the beyond during her life-time, and with her, Joan learned how to receive, interpret and express her messages.

It's a fascinating read. And once you've started, you won't stop for months, I promise you. It feels like after all the many books and other media you had to read in terms of your "education" for life in the mortal material realm, FINALLY you got the literature you ACTUALLY were meant to read.

Stewart wrote several books about that process over decades. Several, because of the immense amount of material he had gathered, and each book has a slightly different topic, one gives an overall view of the project and all the work through the decades, "The Betty Book", and others, like "Across The Unknown" or "With Folded Wings", "The Job of Living" or "The Road I Know" focus on details of that work, like one book shares more of Betty's own notes, others share details about how life in the "beyond" takes place, another deals more with the philosophical aspects of trying to connect the realms. Betty died of cancer in her late fifties. And then the book "The Unobstructed Universe" was written, as now it was Betty who communicated with Stewart through Ruth, aka "Joan".

I can't emphasize it enough: It's a hair-raising experience, to read those book. **Stewart also wrote "The Stars Are Still There" which is a book that pretty much only answers the questions of the readers of "The Unobstructed Universe",** ***the book Betty dictated after passing over.*** Stewart worked with his brother and with Ruth and Emmett, until he could join his beloved Betty after seven years of a lot – and I mean *at lot* – of writing work.

He was her writer.

And I am Bob's writer. See what I'm getting at?

All books, related to the stories of the two couples, including those about other people with similar experiences at that time, deal also in depth with the doubts the people had and the way they proved to themselves as well to others, that what they were experiencing, was actually communication with discarnate people. It's all explained, how that worked, and why it came about … and I just kept thinking "My God, if people only had that kind of information instead of all the crap we're given as *educational truths and values*"!

(Along those lines, I had started a documentary project in 2015 about the one female scholar who has entirely deciphered the Bible and proven the life-path of the famous Jesus Christ and explained what really happened to him … so I had already been sensibilized for the truth when I saw it; that aforementioned project is a story of its own …)

Reading all those books so shortly after Bob's death, **I felt like I had to continue these people's work** … yes, that sums up all those hours and days and nights for mind flashes and emotional events that flooded and pushed and shocked and excited and scared and intrigued me ...

And suddenly my own story, my research ove a decade before I had even met Bob about the true nature of human thoughts and the human energetic identity, made so much more sense. And then: The story of Bob and me began to slowly appear in a new perspective. But I will share how that happened in detail. I**n diary-form.**

The books by Betty and Stewart must be read in a certain order, to be able for the reader to take the most out of them … and I gobbled them down. "The Unobstructed Universe" for example explains exactly why discarnate and incarnates cannot hear or see each other … and what the "laws of existence" are in the "beyond"! I don't know how to emphasize it to make you, my reader, understand what that actually means ...

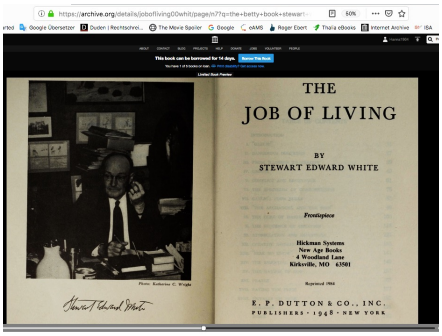
THAT THIS LITERATURE ACTUALLY EXISTS AND NOBODY KNOWS ABOUT IT!

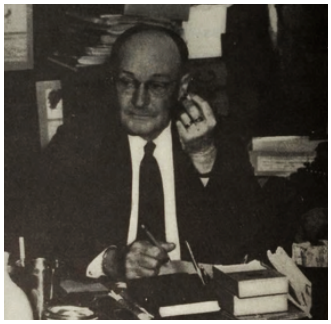
I don't want to go into this much further, because these books I'll quote from time to time, but you'll really have to read them yourself to realize what treasure it is.

(Ruth Finley, Betty and Stewart E. White, and Richard Hall aka “Stephen”, the later discarnate informant from “Our Unseen Guest”; Found no picture of Emmett Finley.)

Today there is a lot of literature about “survival of consciousness” and about all kinds of energetics, but no book is like “The Unobstructed Universe”. And trust me, I’ve read a lot.

At first, I couldn’t really categorize my own experiences in any way, except relating to **what little** (at first) I had read of the works of Stewart and Betty and Emmett and Ruth (aka Darby and Joan), but I read more, and I was very impatient at that, and I realized that what they had shared, they had shared … for people like me. They may have hoped that the time would have been right for the immense wisdom they had at hand ... it wasn’t. It isn’t right now, either. But we must prepare for it.





almost exclusively, forgetting the non-intellectual—shall I say intuitional—equipment which now the Invisibles wished to bring up to correct balance. But, as usual, they did not explain this until the fact was accomplished; and that one thing came nearer throwing me off the whole business than anything else.

My life had been one that required a very active use of the intellect. And if my, mind could not endorse a thing, then it was out, as far as I was concerned. Now, apparently, I was being asked to accept things without that endorsement! I say apparently, for later I found out this was not at all what they were asking. I understood, finally, that I was not to set aside intellectual judgments: but merely to postpone them until the accomplished fact. Then I could use my mind as critically as I pleased. Indeed, the Invisibles wanted me to do so!

The whole thing boiled down to one simple statement: the brain is the executive, not the originating, branch of our personal government.

Why did they not tell me this, in so many words, right at the start? I did not know, and I was annoyed. But that was not the Invisibles' way of doing things. They never told us until after we had experienced. Evidently we were supposed—as the cowboys express it—to "roll our own."

was something I did not approve at all. I was very difficult at that period; and if I seem to be doing a lot of talking about myself, it is only because I believe my first view was that of the hard-headed, practical, average man in the street. The phrase "Insult to one's intelligence" occurred to me.

"Don't be offended in your intellect," the Invisibles told me. "Give us a chance. Your precious intellect will have its innings. We won't do more harm than present it something to work on for the rest of its natural life. Leave it in soak and keep it flexible, and we can go on. It's *bound* to be satisfied later. When this other faculty becomes the leader, your intellect *must* immediately react to it: it *must,* just as the blood goes through your body to nourish all parts. Do you get the idea, now? *Something beyond what you can understand, can explain with the brain?* If that is what we want to get to you first, how *could* we get it through your brain without the slowest of evolution?"

As a statement that made sense.

"Please note," they pressed home their point, "you will not get scientific explanation such as you expect. You will get the *reality* as we can manage to give it, which you can deduce as theory later. We cannot tell you in words which would convey anything to you, what we must accomplish by molding you to the thing itself."

(Excerpts – just to give you an idea ...)

We've got contributions to make, you and I.

Mine you are reading right now – and I have something big in the works, big and commercial. I hope I will be able to manifest it. And you will know what it is when you see it. Plus I will mention it in future pages.

Reading about life in the beyond – I read about Bob. And I was painfully aware that all this played so much into my longing to be with him ... but then, I was not with him in the way I longed for. I had to make a compromise. And a thousand times I thought that there was no way ...

Yet, after I had received the first very clear astounding "hints" or "messages" if you will, I could not turn away any more. **I was still in a relationship with Bob. I could not just end it.**

And see – here you have a major aspect of all that "after-death contact" business: If you "let go", you cannot communicate.

"Letting go and moving on" is only for people who do not wish to be connected via "The Bridge".

For us others it's "Holding on tight and moving forward".

But be aware: Not every person who passes over and lives on in the "beyond" will be able to communicate with the mortal plane.

Why not, I'll tell you.

With every further moment of racing pulse because of an astounding experience or find and with every skipping heartbeat because of a deep insight that my brain seemed to struggle accepting … I knew more clearly that I needed to share with others what had become a major part of my life. It took the entire year 2019 to get me to the point of "knowing" instead of "believing".

Funny enough, the **first days of January 2020** would put the crown on all the events of 2019 … but first things first …

THE CARROT CONNECTION AND MIRACLES AFTERWARDS

January 17, 2019 **– Carrot in the Sky & the Shark**

Now, the following may sound silly to you. And maybe it is, but there are "beginnings" to things, always … stages, incidents, so just … roll with the story.

I was on the way to "Red Mountain" again, the hillside area in Vienna's 13th district, a beautiful place for dogs and their owners to get away from the dirty and loud city-life. On the way, I bought a small bottle of pure **carrot juice** to take along on my walk with Jacqui, because I felt I had to do something good for my body, as I felt kind of weak. I talked to Bob – out loud – about our carrot juice orgy in August 2018. We had bought a huge bag of carrots at Costco Kahului, and we made a lot of carrot juice. Bob was a juicer, and I see him standing there, tall and thin and weak, but very invested in the juicing process and joking that there was no way that we'd be able to drink all that juice we were making. At that time, he was on the way to betterment. He was eating, walking, editing, laughing with me, while a tumor of the size of a fist was striving to win the upper hand. Oh, we did drink all that carrot juice. I was so happy seeing Bob enjoy it. Later I went on to make carrot oil, for him to use in September, for its distinct healing properties.

So I walked with the carrot juice bottle in my pocket, my dog on the leash, up "Red Mountain", chatting with Bob, crying ever again … and as I was nearly on top of the hill, I looked back and saw this:

*(… is that a **carrot** in the sky or what? No other clouds!)*

Of course, I was immediately aware that it was "just a cloud"! By accident in the shape of a carrot, and you can see a "silverfish" in it ... but I couldn't remember having ever seen ***a single carrot-shaped cloud*** in the sky *just when I was thinking about carrots and Bob and sipping carrot-juice.*

It's impossible for you, likely, to look at the picture and get even an idea of the strange feeling I had. I was standing there, alone, in the cold, in the breeze, quiet around, some muffled city-sounds, and a carrot hovering above Vienna. It felt as if I was "sucked inside myself and on into a place beyond my conscious grasp". Everything quieted down inside of me, even though I might have said something out loud, like "What the f*uck?" or "Are you f*cking kidding me?" or "Seriously now?" … and yes, in English, as I was always addressing Bob, and yes, with the swear-words. And at the same time it felt as if the outside world with all I knew suddenly became "hollow" and "superficial" and "primitive" and in way just like a "painted background" of the "big me" that I suddenly was, me, who had just gotten an "insight" of sorts that my mind couldn't really handle, for a moment. It was pure befuddlement. And all that lasted for a moment, and then there was simple "mortal" awe.

"Wow." That's a good word to use to describe that kind of breathless surprise, a surprise, you'll like to share with someone. But first, there is nobody around, and second, most likely everyone (except for very few people who are aware of the mysterious phenomenon called "synchronicity") anyone would say "Come on, that's just a cloud, and it could also be a cigar".

True. You made your case. Okay, but think about how often you have seen a carrot-shaped cloud. You haven't paid attention. Fair enough. Pay attention now and count the truly carrot-shaped clouds you're going to see!

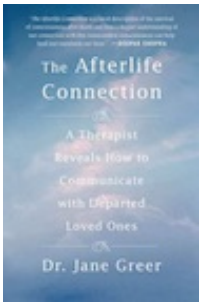
Just try to imagine, though: Grief-stricken you are reminiscing a glorious event with your beloved late partner ***that involves a lot of carrots***, one of the last fun things you ever did with him, where you cheered at each other and got carrot-juice-"beards", and months later you talk about that, with said partner, who is now dead, and you ended up buying a bottle of carrot juice, although you had intended to buy sweets, but felt drawn to the carrot bottle, which prompted those memories, then you take a hike, and under the clear blue sky … and you see a carrot in the sky.

I read the book "The Afterlife-Connection" by Dr. Jane Greer and how we really can only **communicate with the deceased via the things that were important and poignant to *both* of us** when we both were still alive as mortals. Why did I read it? Because I freakin' googled "contact with the dead", around the time of the carrot-event, and after the emoticon- and the painting-event. And there were so many books and videos, that I was entirely overwhelmed by the flood of information that seemed to have the momentum of a tidal wave in my mind.

So with Bob and me it was poignant and funny choice of words; finding stuff; movies and several distinct activities; seeing "sky sharks" and saying that "clouds are thoughts". And one very special thing, but that is coming up soon, wait for it.

After the carrot-event, I began to tell him more vehemently, that *I needed to know for sure that he is still here if he is still here, and I needed hints and proof as often as possible.*

Bob is one of the people who never had to suffer devastating grief because of the death of someone close. And even though I felt silly, many times, I kept telling him, out loud, during those long walks with my dog, that he can't even imagine what it's like … and that to my mind he has fucked up big time and owes me even bigger time. "Owe" what? To stand true to his promises, for once. Only because he was dead, shouldn't mean that we wouldn't work together on our projects, as planning. And, secondly, to help me live on with a purpose in life, without the mortal organism that he had once owned, who was my partner and was meant to be my companion. Had I to realize that he is really gone, it would likely kill me. And I wouldn't mind. At least, that's how I felt in mid January 2019.



Clouds were, from the starts, the phenomena that had a pushing and prodding effect on me, somehow. Many, many times were Bob and I sitting on the "lanai" (veranda) of the Pukalani house, looking down to Ma'alaea Harbor …

… at Wailuku and the West-Maui-mountains and on Kahului and the ocean … and we'd always talk about what the clouds were expressing, and we'd point out at each and every "sky shark" we were seeing, the airplanes over Kahului …

(The picture on the left is looking down to Kahului and Wailuku from our lanai; the one on the right shows Haleakala mountain, where we lived in Pukalani and looked down from.)

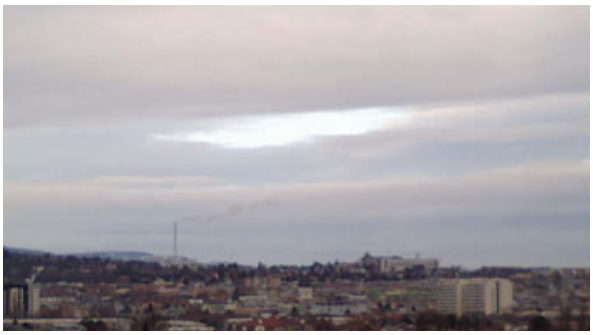
So after Bob's death, I'd still ***be attentive for clouds and shapes of holes in them*** … obviously.

We lived in "Pukalani" for so long, and the name means "hole in the cloud" or "door to heaven" … and the view was a heart-stirring experience every single time I stepped onto that terrace. And the way the little town is situated on the slopes of Haleakala mountain, there is indeed often a "hole in the clouds" above. And it can rain on the other side of the highway, at Makawao, but Pukalani would be sunny.

Bob would be aware that I would always notice clouds and let them "speak" to me. I knew that.

So I spent a lot of time on "Red Mountain" with my dog, because for him it was great to have space to run, and for me it was good to be able to look into the distance, like I had been used to do it from our Maui home. And of course I noticed "**puka lani**" on "Red Mountain", and when they appeared *just in a moment when I was talking to Bob*, well, they did seem to be "greetings". My heart was pounding, and I broke out in tears

(*Note: In those days I was aware that I was looking for "signs", and I was always willing to think they were there coincidentally; but then, I'd also always "see" how special they were … well, you'll see what I mean in the course of the story.)* Now, when you say that perhaps it's a place where the thermic conditions bring about cloud-carrots and cloud-holes *often* ... nope.



There is one person who knows how important "holes in the clouds" are for me. Bob.

I had forgotten to write it down, but here it is:
Shark!

In the early morning of January 6, 2019 (I had still not begun to write a "contact diary"), I took a walk with Jacqui, along my usual morning route in Vienna, but this time, on the way back, I crossed the street in a place where I usually wouldn't cross, as there are only garbage bin and often glass shards … but I surprised myself by crossing, on a whim; Jacqui didn't even really want to go. And as I turned around the garbage containers and the old-clothes-collection container … there was ***a black suitcase right on the pavement***! (And I did not have my phone with me!) And something gray was on top of it. So … well, this …

… is what sat **on top of the black suitcase.** *A shark.*

I was baffled shitless.

If I'd start telling now how big the role is, that sharks play in my life, you'd grasp easier, what that meant. It was Vienna. In January. Behind a garbage collection spot. Where I had no business being. But I went there. Only to find on a suitcase – the ultimate symbol for my many, many travels around the globe – a shark. Not a teddy bear. Not a dog. Not a toy dog or a toy rabbit. Not a dolphin. **A shark.**

Maybe it helps you to grasp the bafflement to tell you that a friend from Maui, who knows about sharks and me … emailed me right after I had left (in 2009, not intending to return, which I changed a few months later), *that "on my beach" a shark had stranded,* and my friend told me that she "knew" that this was related to me, like a sad fare-well greeting and also a warning … because I ***am*** actually a shark, in some way, as in a Hawaiian mystical sense, ***I have a "shark"-"Aumakua",*** which is like a "totem".

The **shark** has been my Aumakua since childhood (and I grew up in a country without an ocean! ***I dreamed of sharks and ocean all the time***, mostly they were in my room, all around me in that recurring dream … when it flooded, and the shark was trying to get into my bed) …

(Thanks Google!)

… and I actually like sharks. I think the "mano", the "sharks", are speaking to me, in terms of "be fierce, be fast, be determined, go for it". Not entirely sure what to go for, but I have submitted a few scripts to competitions and my film to festivals ... *Bob also knew about the sharks and me* …

I got him a *T-shirt with a shark-motive* on it, and he wore it all the time in our last weeks together.

Of course, in my Hawaii-documentary sharks were a big part of Hawaii's ancient history, "ka mano", "the shark", or "ka niuhi", "the tigershark" … many *legends about sharks in old Hawaii*. It's like I grew up with them, without having ever heard of them …

I did take the toy shark, but did not touch the suitcase (didn't want to look inside), and when I returned later, to photograph it, the container had been emptied and the suitcase was gone.

In the first months after Bob's death, I could not even think about Maui or Hawaii … let alone considering to ever go back there, knowing that Bob was not there. Unthinkable. Heartbreaking. But I had found a ***shark***. So …

… may I ask you how often *you* have found a shark? (And not, it's not my first shark. I did find one a few years back, don't remember exactly where …)

And I probably should tell you the *shark-anecdote of the first month that I ever spent on Maui, in fall 2001 …* **The shark who walked with me** …

Okay. I was shocked by the death of my beloved dog Kimba who had been run over by a speeding car in front of my eyes on August 7, 2001 in Norway. A friend, who I had gotten to know on Kauai, a few years back, H., used her frequent flyer miles and flew from Maui to Norway to pick me up, and she brought me to Maui, where she lived and worked. Yes, it was shorty after 9/11, and we traveled through New York …

On Maui I was an aggressive, heartbroken wreck, and one evening I walked along the Kihei beach, not able to think straight, angry, sad, desperate … (*Note: Now I realize that it was the same beach where I got Bob to get into the water with me in our last two weeks together, and were he and his sister JD were … and for him it would be the last time he'd ever be out on Maui*.)

(symbol pic)

… and as I looked at the ocean, I saw *splashing*, that followed me along, where I was walking. I looked more closely – and saw a **shark's fin!**

So the shark was swimming so close to me and to the beach that his tail was sticking out of the water and splashing at every left-right-movement! It swam with me, and I gazed at it. At that time I had already worked for years on my book about Hawaiian spiritual traditions, and I knew that this meant "connection" of some kind … I had something similar on Kauai, years back, but with a dolphin … *so I walked with an actual shark swimming with me, close to sunset, and the black fin was sticking out of the water, it was quite big* …A jogger came, and he waved at me as a greeting, and I pointed out at the shark … who immediately swam further away from the shore. The jogger saw the splashing and thought, someone had trouble in the water and jumped right in! Long story short, nothing happened … but I stood there, completely shocked, didn't know what to do! The shark fin and the swimmer would take turns coming up, and I gesticulated and called out, but the swimmer wouldn't listen and kept diving. Eventually, just when I had decided to go in (with my clothes), the jogger came back out … and I told him what had happened. He almost had a heart-attack, but had a good laugh. The shark was gone.

So thinking back now and looking at the shark I found … it's about communication, isn't it? I had failed at communicating properly with the jogger back then … and it could have ended badly. Yes, he had interpreted my gestures according to his habits and belief system, but still, I should have taken that into consideration … but I hadn't because I had been so excited about that shark, swimming along with me where I was walking! The man also said he had never seen a shark so close …

So the shark had "come" to Vienna after Bob's death, in a way.

And now you can also see the story of the **"shark in the sky**" at Gutenstein differently, right?

While living in Vienna, I spend time regularly at an internet-café close to where I lived, to watch movies online there. I had to walk the dog, anyway, so instead of going to theaters and having to leave Jacqui alone at home, I went to watch movies online at the call-shop, as I didn't have the proper internet-connection at home.

So one evening I watched a ***movie***, where one of the characters *used habitually a* ***nutshell*** *and put little love-notes inside them* (damn, I don't know why I didn't note that movie's title)… Most importantly, on the day after watching that movie, I found this:

Yup. A nutshell. On a pot for pot-plants. I found it on a pavement close to where I lived. Very much befuddled, I picked it up. A golden-painted *nutshell*! I remember standing there, kind of breathless (*I hadn't heard of "synchronicity" in terms of relations with dead people by then …*), looking at the nutshell … and there was an odd "silent" mood around. As if the sounds of the world had faded out for a moment … It was just so strange. So unlikely. And yet, there it was.

Honestly: How often have you found an actual **nutshell** *on a device to put things inside*, in this case, a flower pot? I haven't ever. Except the day after I had watched that *movie* where it was about a person putting ***messages*** into a **nutshell** ... This was such a stunning "coincidence", I thought, that I felt kind of numb about it … for a while.

I watched many movies in those days, also often just zapping through the bad ones, and after zapping through a random one with ***swords and roses*** in it, I found a **lighter with a heart and a sword and a roses on it.** *(Note: Back then, I didn't document things exactly, I only started a weeks later, when the "occurrences" started to accumulate.)*

Many years before I had met Bob, I had learned (by reading literature about Hawaiian spirituality) to use *symbols* in **creative imagination**, for example, for the desired outcome of something, a goal, so to speak. There is a whole technique to that, and I won't get into this, but I had been good at that and I was very aware how it must be done to attract the right outcome … So to see and to find things, for me was very much related to symbolism, always. *And **Bob knew** that.*

My being involved in Hawaiian spirituality that way (researching for my book "We Creators …") was always a topic of our conversations, and especially during the years of my work on my TV-documentary series about Hawaii of old, Bob would also become an expert of sorts of these things, but mainly in theory. Bob kept investing himself in so many different topics in terms of spirituality … and he was a member of a certain spiritual organization (which was, to my mind, a big problem).

An example of how the fact that I was well aware of the significance of symbols in life is, that I *right after I had been thinking about the method of creating the proper symbols* for a goal that wouldn't change anymore, and related to that the fact, that it's a form of "prayer" and how dangerous certain "prayers" can be, therefore (realizing the entirely wrong childhood-way of praying, when one would totally think about the horrible stuff one would *not* want to happen!) … and I found a **Muslim prayer chain**! On the street in front of the house where I lived.

I looked it up online, what it means and what types of "*Misbaha*" there are (with 99 or 33 beads). Not get this: Promptly, the next day, the *Muslim host* of the internet-café I always visited (who I'd count among my friends, if I ever had friends, and it's because of his kindness and friendliness that I made it through very dark times) involved me in a **conversation *about prayer-chains*! I had not told him about having found a prayer chain just a day before. But** <u>because</u> I had found that chain and had read up on it, I was a bit knowledgeable about it! So I could actually talk about Muslim prayer chains with a Muslim! Had I not found that chain, I would have had no idea.

(*Note: Only later would I begin to think that this kind of event really showed that "somebody" witnessed what I was doing and was trying to let me know! For the time being I was only … just stunned. And of course I thought about Bob all the time and how I wanted him to connect with me!)*

Same thing with the clouds … I know they change, and I know they turn into "concrete" forms on their own, but still … sometimes I just couldn't help but think, already back in January 2019, that some clouds were <u>*meant for me to see.*</u> Maybe it's time to mention one thing here: I have written a spiritual **Science-Fiction-Franchis**e, as screenplays, based on my decades long research about spiritual-energetic matters. Originally it had been named "The Jedi-Mystery", but I had re-named it "**Regents of Clouds**". And Bob knew that. He loved the story.

What I only realized after Bob's death: I had written a chapter In the second Installment of the franchise, that described … *me finding Bob dying*. I kid you not. (*Note: More about that in detail later*.) So the "clouds"-thing was and is a major factor in the communication between Bob and me. (Keep the project "Regents of Clouds" in mind, there will be a surprise in a few months.)

*(Cloud seen on "Red Mountain" / Roter Berg, January 17, 2018 – the **only** cloud out there, changing in front of my very eyes! Nothing here is photoshopped. As if someone was "scribbling" in the sky … and Bob's scribbling was always of great fascination to me …)*

Talk about strange finds: For four years, I had <u>always</u> found a plastic animal **on New Year's day**, right in the street where I lived. I repeat: within a few meters of the door to the house I'd lived. Those were four times New Year's Eve that I had ***not*** spent with Bob … and here are the finds of New Year's day 2015, 2016, 2017, 2018 and 2019:

Yes. A rabbit. And it will be relevant soon.

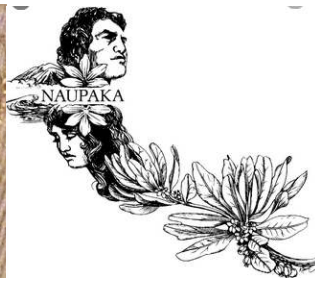
<u>Early 2019 –</u> **The Naupaka Reminder**

Early in January 2019, when I was barely able to climb out of the deep hole of grief, I so much wanted for it all to be true, that the dead are alive and truly right here … and I had been reading more

in those books I had "found" … So, although we aren't supposed to demand anything "from the dead", I asked Bob for a distinct sign.

In Hawaii, there is the legend of "**Naupaka**", a princess who would never be united with her one great love … and it's also a shrub, and a special flower with only a **half blossom**. Bob and I were very fond of Naupaka. We would **always** pick a flower and admire its strangeness … and chat about the legend behind it. Two people in love but apart, in different worlds. I kid you not.

And I found a **Naupaka-shaped thing**, around January 15. Of course my heart screamed "***Naupaka!***" But then I thought that I just can't interpret everything as a "sign" (although that one metal "Naupaka" was just there, on the ground, no garbage or other such things around it, just the one thing …) and I thought, well, right, *it's just some metal flower* ... but I still picked it up, because to me, it was a "Naupaka", and I cried a lot. (It's really from a bottle, obviously, remnant of New Year's Eve festivities, maybe ...)



"Naupaka" was a Hawaiian princess who could not be together with her great one love, and so she had to live near the ocean and he lived in the mountains, and a shrub began to grow with half flowers, on variety at the ocean and one in the mountains, the "Naupaka" (Scaevola) …

January 18, 2019 – **Hawaiian Symbols United**

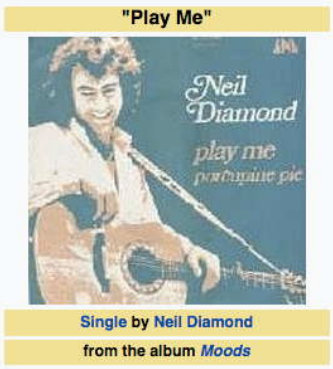
On the morning of January 18, 2019, I found a **pig**, on the street, close to where I live. **A large pink plush pig** was lying on the pavement as I walked the dog, and I simply stared at it, saying "No way", and picked it up and brought it home, put it down somewhere and slinked around it for hours. It was very dirty, I washed it, then gazed at it more, asking it "What are you saying, **pua'a**?"

So one thing that we'd been discussing a lot, with Bob, was my affinity to the Hawaiian language. And "**pua**" means flower, but "**pua'a**" means **pig**. Bob liked to say the word "pua'a".

And in our last weeks together we watched the movie "Moana", and the tiny pig "Pua", meaning "flower", had his name clearly from the Hawaiian connectedness of words, and Bob and I enjoyed that film together …

And then: During my afternoon walk – **I found another "Naupaka"-half!** Naupaka being a flower – mind you! And both I had *not* found in an area where there are pubs and places where people would celebrate on the streets, and also not in a garbage-collection area … just somewhere along my paths … and only those single two ones, not one single "Naupaka" more.

I was yearning for Hawaii … for Maui … for Bob … and I found "**Naupaka**". Well. Many people would say "You can interpret it that way, but then, it's still just interpretation." True.



I had noticed one other thing, around January 18, 2019 …

A **song**, that Bob had sung to me at one of our first dates ever, in 2002, suddenly had popped up inside my head: "**Play me**", by Neil Diamond. I had visited Bob in his house, at that time I lived with a friend in Kihei, and I sat on the sofa (that later became my beloved bed), and he came with his guitar, sat down facing me and sang that sad song. I was … taken aback.

She was morning
And I was night time
I one day woke up
To find her lying
Beside my bed
I softly said
"Come take me"
For I've been lonely
In need of someone
As though I'd done
Someone wrong somewhere
I don't know where
Come lately

You are the sun
I am the moon
You are the words
I am the tune
Play me

Song she sang to me
Song she brang to me
Words that rang in me
Rhyme that sprang from me
Warmed the night
And what was right
Became me

You are the sun
I am the moon
You are the words
I am the tune
Play me

And so it was
That I came to travel
Upon a road
That was thorned and narrow
Another place
Another grace
Would save me

It was so haunting, so beautiful and so sad, and I was, in a way fighting tears and something that felt like some … I don't know. Hunch. Omen. Whatever you'd want to call it. It was in early summer 2020.

The meaning of that song seemed huge, *back then, but I had no idea in what way.* That a man (Bob) sings to a woman (me) with whom he had just fallen in love that song with the refrain "Play me!" seemed somehow strange. I remember how sad and serious he looked, singing that to me … Bob had just come out of a very bad marriage, he had virtually been abused, emotionally, and the song seemed to ask me to … well, help him where he needed a "strong shoulder" and where he couldn't help himself. So I was supposed to "Play him", which gave me a lot of responsibility and a very strange big role … It's like it happened a minute ago, that's how clearly I remember that evening on

Maui … in the house that I had just first gotten to know and that would turn into the only true home I ever had.

So that *song* had started to pop up, in my mind … I would simply hear Bob sing it, often also see him … and I couldn't get it out of my head. It made me cry so hard, all the time, ***I did not want to hear it! It did not go away.***

So when you look at the picture, the **two "Naupaka"** I found really express **"sun" and "moon" …** *(Note: But wait, there'll be more, much more … I had no idea how much "more" was about to happen related to that song.)*

Then I saw the story **of the great white shark off Oahu** (on January 18, even though the story is of one day earlier), and I found it weird, because of the "Great White" I had found … a few days ago, on that traveling suitcase ... It just seemed so suiting …

Bild: www.OneOceanDiving.com/Juan Oliphant, @JuanSharks, @OceanRamsey
Knapp 7 Meter lang!
17.01.2019 15:56
Größter Weißer Hai vor Hawaii-Insel gesichtet

Truth be told: I was *not* looking for interpretations, associations, etc. ... those **things** happened, and I found them … well, in a way comforting. Like when I was so sad, took a turn somewhere, during a walk with Jacqui – and end up facing a wall where someone had written "**I LOVE DANNY**" *(I kid you not),* … (D*id Bob ever really …love me, I asked …?)*

And the **clouds**, **on January 17!** Look at those clouds … do you see the **stingray**? My dog and I were walking along the river Wien, and I really liked that pathway, it leads literally along the thin river that flows through Wien, and after about a walk of an hour I'd arrive at the section of the river that's actually a natural wildlife area. Before that, the river bed pretty much was made into a recreational bike and hike path, under bridges, with traffic left and right … but mostly undisturbed view of the sky.

I never walk around looking for clouds and what they could mean. I'm in thoughts, mostly, or trying not to think anything or playing with me dog … and like many times, I'd suddenly looked up, and this time, there was that **amazing stingray!** There were no other clouds in the west, just that stingray, and it ***hovered*** there for a while. For me, it's always a very quiet and open-mouth-feeling of awe, seeing something like this … when it's so closely related to my life and time with Bob, and even before that.

Okay: The last movie Bob and I ever watched, was "**Moana**", about the Pacific Islander girl and the "demi-god Maui" … and her grandmother, who died, and whose "Aumakua" was the stingray. **One of the main speakers of my TV-series about the true Hawaii of old that I made, "Native of Owhyhee",** was a Hawaiian woman and cultural expert, who died in a car crash a few years after I had interviewed her, **Raylene** Kawai'ae'a, and she would wear a **stingray** pendant on her necklace! That's because her 'Aumakua was also the stingray.

Dealing with cloud-impressions and reading the clouds is an ancient shamanic practice, and many people have believed in the course of mankind's evolution, that clouds can be influence by thought-force. So, obviously, then, they can be influenced by beings who are energy themselves. Reading clouds comes from the "gut", where, according to Hawaiian lore, the greatest wisdom can be accessed , as the "na'au" or "gut" is directly related to the invisible "realm", "Po", where the "Aumakua" and also the "dead" live, in the energetic realm that we can't access with our senses. We live in the "Ao", the day-world, and if we're attentive enough, we can feel impressions that come from "Po" and read them, when they find expressions to be perceived by our mortal senses.

So when I saw that **stingray above Vienna**, to me, that was a greeting from Hawaii.

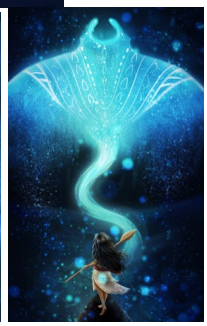
No doubt about that. It was instantly. The connection was inside of me, clear and obvious.

One can see a "kite" or something else … but I just ***knew*** it had to do with the people who had "made" me work for years on my documentary about the true Hawaii of old … under many tears and a lot of loneliness, unpaid, just because I had ended up … well, doing it. That would go way too far if I'd explain how it came that I made that series … but let me say this: It was a calling, and nothing short of that. And I followed it. It took me five years of unpaid work ... and I knew nearly everything about Hawaiian culture, history and spirituality. It troubled me a lot, though, how little people knew in the islands, no matter the ethnicity. So much prejudice – mainly from the "natives" towards the "haole", the foreigners, mostly "white". It is a shame. Because Hawaii's history was way different than told in the typical blaming manner, "the whites" being the culprits and bad guys ... especially the missionary, when they weren't "bad" at all, but on the contrary ... but enough about this. I made a whole series about this.

I realized that several speakers of my documentary film project, of which Bob had been so proud, too, are all there where Bob now is, I kept forgetting that ... so I greeted the **stingray** and said out loud that I accepted it as a sign or greeting or message … I understood: "We are here". Watching the movie with "**Moana**" with Bob … one of the most heartbreaking experiences of my life … as I watched him watch, and I was so desperate for him to get better, but I had such a bad feeling … and I almost suffocated on my tears sitting next to him in his edit-studio …

And there were the beautiful scene of the grandmother's spirit departing … and returning as stingrays …

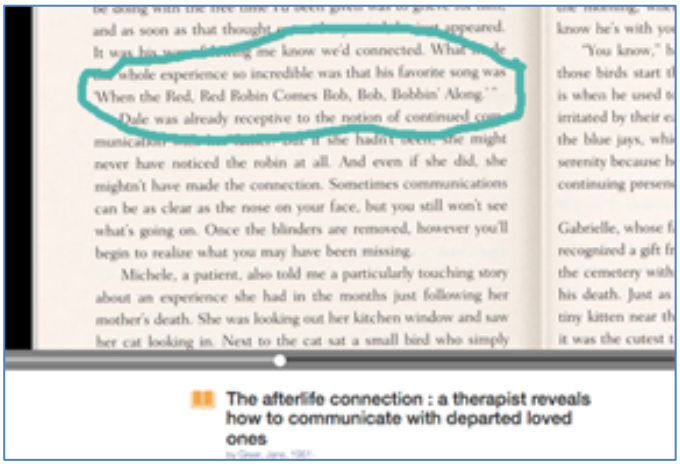
Way before I had met Bob, I had once stood on some kind of pier at **Hanalei Bay**, on the island of **Kauai**, and as I looked down into the green ocean, a huge sting ray swam by, just right below me, as if he had looked at me …

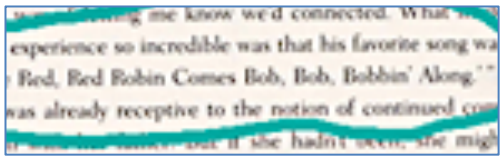


I’ll never forget that. It would still be years for me to meet Bob, then … I was so in awe with Hawaii, by myself, researching, traveling, living with an old woman by the name of “Gigi” in Kapa’a, my dog Kimba was still alive, then, and with my father in Velden, Austria … and I couldn’t help myself, being so drawn to Hawaii … soon after I’d get to know H., that friend who’d later travel to Norway to pick me up after my dog, my best friend, had died in front of my eyes, as he had, actually, tried to warn me from a disastrous relationship … (which worked, as my dog’s death saved me, but that’s another story).

And I turned around (for no reason, really), and **the brightest "B"** was right above me. Not clouds that look like a B somehow, no, someone was painting "B" into the sky.

Also, on January 17, as I was scanning through Dr. Jane Greer’s “The Afterlife-Connection” I stumbled right into "Bob", too, see enclosed. (“When the Red, Red Robin Comes **Bob, Bob, Bobbin’** Along.”)





This may sound to you as if I'd been in a constantly exhilarated mood, but the contrary was true. I was like numb, and I couldn't bear even thinking about Maui and our home … I couldn't handle the fact that I'd never be with Bob again, and the knowing of how much we could have been doing together in the past years and that we failed at so much … those thoughts nearly suffocated me.

Bob had worked on a project that took all of his time and had done that for so many years … and he was so desperate about it. But he was in the finals with it, he kept telling me, and he was so looking forward to working with me on our projects. Instead he fell sick and didn't share it with me in time. But he did say to me he missed me and wanted me to be with him on Maui. And I so much wanted that. We talked about how to go about bringing the dog … and also I needed to get some more money first. That project, driven by a toxic person who took advantage of Bob recklessly, knowing he'd not be able to stand up for himself or claim respect for his time and effort, was supposed to take half a year. And it took 13 years. Years.

When I started to see "messages" in the things I found or in the clouds I saw … those experiences were life-saving for me. I stopped obsessing over the toxic web poor Bob had been caught in ... the damage was done. And his decisions had brought it all about. Bob was a broken person, I knew that when I met him ... but I had no idea what else was at play. I'd figure this out only later.

And I knew that those experiences were vehicles. I'm a critical person. I didn't think "Oh, Bob is telling me something again". I wished so much that Bob was communicating with me … I hoped, I tried to be confident, I wanted to also experience what **Ruth, Betty, Stewart and Emmett** had experienced and the many other wonderful people I had encountered reading …

But I was not willing to jump right in and go all "Talking with the dead", through a medium, perhaps, or to try and learn to become a "medium" … that wasn't mine …

I had meanwhile come across the term "synchronicity", ever again, and it intrigued me. But I was grieving heavily, and my mind was sore and broken. In January 2019, just two months after Bob's death, ***I was alone out there … with a stingray in the sky and Bob and Raylene on my mind …*** *and then a* ***"B"*** *formed right opposite the stingray.* And it made some hot feeling rise inside of me (no menopausal flash) like something was flooding through my very being.

Saturday, January 19, 2019 **– The Angel Wings**

(Excerpt original diary entry) This noon I found a tiny yellow plastic frog (about 3 cm length) when walking with my dog …

(Picture right: the lizard-like animal and the small gray mouse I also found in January.)

Actually, I was supposed to meet a friend, *Gabi*, another dog-owner to walk with her and her dog Maro, but she would have only gone later, and I needed out of the house. I found that **frog** on the way to the public transport to Neuwaldegg (a forest area in Vienna, with a large open dog zone), and I was surprised about it. The frog was just sitting there, bright and tiny, next to one of those trees that line many streets and alleys in Vienna, in the dirt, nothing else around it, no garbage, nothing. So I picked it up and pocketed it.

*(**Note**, December 2023: Some of my finds and experiences may make more sense to you, the reader, than they made to me, back then; but I put them in, because it felt right.)*

Later, as I walked with my dog through the forest, I talked to Bob aloud (because nobody was around), and I told him that he was supposed to be with me alive, I had been looking forward to walks with him and Jacqui, and then I told him again, that *if he hears everything I say and sees me and is around, just not visible, he got to find a way to let me know.*

Something came to my mind: One of the last jobs he had done, although being a professional filmmaker, **was proof-reading and editing a friend's book**, and it had been a strenuous task. Yesterday I met a new friend of mine, G., with her dog Gizmo, and she asked me if I wanted to be introduced to a writer who *offers a proof-reading job*! I thought about Bob, and of course I'll check out that job.

(*Note: I didn't think about it back then, but one of Bob's funny-voice-specialties was to mimic a **frog**!)*

So I ended up at a junction of a road and several pathways, where I had never been before. Where to go? I thought okay, I just go without thinking.

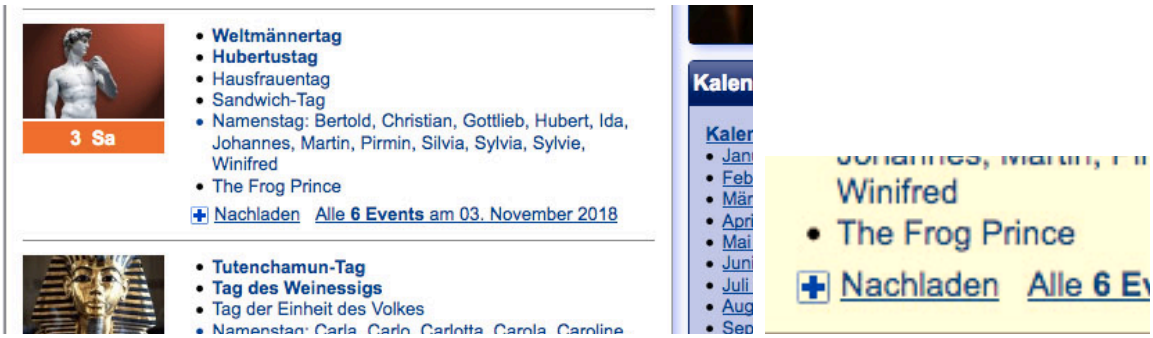
And then, the surprise: So, I had no idea where Jacqui and I were, I hadn't been there before. As I followed the signs marking and official trail, I suddenly faced something that did make an impact, and that did feel like Bob had lead me there to see it and to understand, that he was listening: At **Geroldgasse Nr. 4**, there were **silver angel wings** left and right from **a silver heart**, a metal sculpture, on a wall!

And many colorful birds, also metal artwork. Nothing written, just that! Of course I took a pictures. And there it really was: I had not thought at all that I'd end up there today. Had I gone with my friend, I wouldn't have. But so I was in tune with Bob, at least, that's what it felt like, and I found **angelwings** and a **heart**.

Bob died on November 4, 2018. So the number "4" on a path made total sense for me, to show me a **heart on angel-wings. With funny birds.** *Bob loved watching birds (he and his mother both).*

Yet, there is another aspect to this: Bob died in his sleep, and his sister JD found him dead when she woke up early in the morning. So he may even have died on November 3. I thought about that, when I ***googled*** both dates, just on a whim! I wasn't looking for anything specific …

Spontaneously I opened the first best website and a list of events, and **I noticed with November 3, 2018: "The Frog Prince".**



(Remember, I had just found a **frog**!?)

Such events are just *startling*, whatever they mean or don't mean. The odds that I'd open one random website in the huge world wide web and find ***"The Frog Prince" on November 3, 2018*** when I had just found a frog and *was wondering on what date Bob actually died* … aren't great, those odds, are they? Coincidence? Maybe. But it got my attention.

So I found myself baffled, all the time. And yes – I was alert and tried to make sense of things. So some of my interpretations were surely wishful thinking. But it was a process. And I'm sharing honestly.

I had practiced awareness in spiritual workshops in my younger years, and because I had always been on my own and self-relying I was used to be aware … *so I saw and I noticed a lot.*

It only marked an event that taken place, the old story of the frog-prince as a theater play, and how the ***princess lost her golden ball*** in the well … okay, *here it is*: During my hike, yes that hike, *after having found that frog*, I also found **two yellow (golden) balls** in the forest, today. I did **not** pick them up – because they were dirty and gross, and I didn't photograph them because I said to myself that I really shouldn't photograph just every bit of *stuff I'd come across (so I consciously decided against it* – and I regret it). But it was strange. I never find yellow balls. One was about half an inch diameter, the other maybe two inches, like a playing ball for dogs, but tiny. And both bright yellow-golden.

I must add, that I ended up in a certain part of a forest where I hadn't been before, that lead me to the angel wings and the heart, too, because I had followed two dog owners that I knew from the dog park close to where I live, and *their dog had run off*, and they were chasing him, and I thought, well, I also go that direction, maybe I can help.

The people and the dog disappeared out of my view … but I faced that second yellow ball and then a man with an orange **poodle showed up** in the forest … which has a very special meaning, too. An orange **poodle** is the hero in the one screenplay of mine that Bob deeply loved, "*Wolves Are Us*", that had won "best script" once, and in order to pitch it to producers eventually, Bob had even taken pitching lessons for it, in 2017!

(***Note****: Alright, and here is something very very weird: Just a few days ago, as I'm* ***editing*** *this contact diary, and I have just now begun to go through the first part again, and it's February 16, 2020 today, … I found this* ***ball in front of the door of the house where I live now*** *…*

*… and I think it does fit to the story of the "**Frog Prince**", don't you think? The Princess's golden ball that fell into the well and that the frog brought back up …? Later, you'll get a lot of amazing examples of how the time of the editing and the original time of the events blend together … it's quite mind-boggling.)*

*I must note right here, that in the future there will be a lot of dream descriptions … and if you skip over the lengthy stories and move forward to the actual contact reports, that's fine, you won't miss many essentials … although by **reading about the dreams** you'll also realize how experiences are tied together in the real world – but also with dreams! **There are synchronicities about to happen that connect dreams and my real life experiences.***

So reading about my dream will make you more aware of your own dream worlds.

Also, for a while, I'll be mixing actual early diary entries and commentaries about those days …. because only later, when caught up, this Contact Diary will be a matter of straight daily documentation.

January 20, 2019 **– Dream about crying over Bob**

I have a very hard time crying to the amount I should (as I feel), and everything when I get overwhelmed by mourning, I can only cry briefly, then I can't breathe, and I must stop crying.

So tonight I had a **dream** that I was *crying for Bob, and I knew it in my dream **that** I was dreaming and that I was crying for Bob in my dream probably **because** I could not in my wake state.* I was at some ocean shore, with other people, felt kind of the school class (when I was about 19), and there was also my brother Peter (dead) and some dog, maybe Kimba (dead), not Jacqui, and my grandmother Maria (dead) and her house, where I grew up, and it was about food that I couldn't eat … and some fair-playground-kind of setting … and I would cry and cry … but somehow, Bob was there, too. (That part was fuzzy.)

I was exhausted in my dream from all the crying, but I couldn't stop. And people asked me if I was okay, and I said I'd never again be okay, because Bob is dead … So I sort of was relieved being able to cry so hard in my dream … (***knowing*** as my dream-persona that I wasn't able to cry enough in the awake-state).

The fact that there is something like "lucid dreaming" I'm aware of. But I hadn't known that it's possible to know in one's dream that one is dreaming and crying in that dream instead of doing it in "real life". It was one of the first dreams that prompted me to take seriously what I have read just recently, that a part of us, often called "subconscious mind" can actually travel into the "beyond".

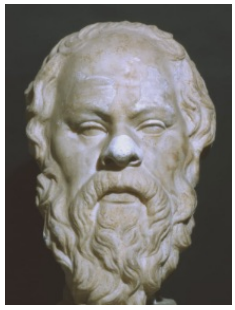
I believe, that many parts of any dream are symbols, obviously. Some are brain activity that somehow has to do with what was experienced in the wake state. But some of those symbols can describe real events that occurred while our body was sleeping and the free part of our "consciousness" could wander. This isn't my "invention" or "theory", this has been written about by many people … And death has been known to be the "brother of sleep".

CHAPTER VII

THE SLEEP OF DEATH AND THE AWAKENING TO GREATER LIFE

DEATH has been a mystery. The lifeless body of a friend has all the appearance of profound slumber. But it speedily undergoes chemical changes which ultimately destroy it. The cage is empty, its tenant has escaped elsewhere.

"How shall we bury you?" asked his friend, as Socrates was about to drink the hemlock. "just as you please, if only you can catch me, and I do not escape you," said Socrates, "for when I have drunk the poison I shall no longer remain with you, but shall depart to some happy state of the blessed."



(Excerpt from "*Life Beyond Death*", Rev. Charles D. Thomas – how suiting: **"The cage is empty, its tenant has escaped elsewhere."** That is exactly what dying is all about. And Socrates knew it.)

January 21, 2019

I had a **dream**, set in Vienna, I was going to pick up my old (Blizzard) skis that I had brought to a sports shop to get waxed … I met a young man on the way (resembled Vienna's Schwedenplatz, area of Salztor), was attracted to him (muscular, slick) and somehow ended up cuddling and rolling on the pavement; An older man came (rugged), I felt attracted to him more; A younger woman joined in, too. At the shop, another young woman gave me my skies, but as I left I found that they were falling apart and weren't really skies, but some sort of ladders … Also when I was asked in my dream for my address, I first only came up with weird numbers (and there was something like 30 / 16, maybe a 2, or similar in it) … but *in the dream* I then focused strongly *(note: knowing that I was trying to figure out something that was not part of the dream!)* and **told** the shop-owner (a different man) and the shop-woman **my actual address**! Flachgasse 22/31. It felt like an ***effort* in the dream to recall something from real wake life** … I remember that. So weird.

Until this point, I had not read much of Stewart White's works yet … the following excerpt (from "The Stars Are Still There") is perhaps the best example of why I felt more and more encouraged to reject the idea of Bob "being gone". And I started to realize that the fact that humans must sleep to keep living their mortal lives, isn't only a matter that concerns the brain, refreshing it, dealing with the mind's impressions of the wake state, it's a phase where our consciousness connects to its immortal roots in the beyond … and that is only possible because "the mind" or "reason" is not able to interfere or even bear witness of it later …

…. unless, well, we'll recall it as a dream experience. And then: the question of interpretation!

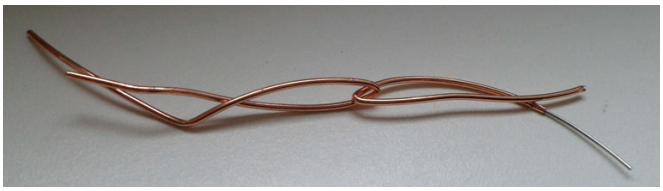
The Stars Are Still There

and steadiness have grown with the years. I want to give you the results of those years, briefly summed up, if you are going on in psychic matters beyond the superficial 'fortune telling' sort of stage. First, there is absolutely no question in my mind of our survival after death. I have convinced myself of that. Also I feel sure we are much the same the day after death as we are the day before. There are, therefore, all kinds and conditions of people in the invisible world, as there are on Market Street today. They have simply changed their forms, just as ice becomes water, more mobile with greater possibilities. The point I want to make is that 'communications' are not to be considered from angels, 'all-knowing' and sacred.

January 21, 2019 – **The Wire**

Evening; Walking with Jacqui I found **two electronics-wires**, **entangled** ... on the street.

I must admit, I've been having some kinds of "boots" of feeling very close to Bob. Especially today. And when I found the wire … In my life with Bob it was all about cables and wires all the time ... his studio was a mess of cables and wires.



… I realized that it is a "copy" of my very personal **spiritual "mudra**" *(expressing "as above so beyond", more about that later)* that came to me during a train-ride in 2011, *(together with the knowledge of the Celtic female deity "Rigani")* and that it's the **symbol I held into the sky with my hands in the hour when Bob died,** *on the other side of the world.* Also, the two intertwined electronics-wires may point at **the tape deck**, that Bob bought for my last film project "Making of Barricades", but that we never used, and that JR had shipped to me. Oh Bob and the cables in his edit room! It was a mystery to me how he could possibly know the apart ... He was such a genius.

Still is, of course.

But the deck has been sitting in a corner, still wrapped up. *(Note: I didn't get myself to even open the package until September 2019.)* **Today** I had briefly ***touched*** it, and I had imagined that Bob had touched it and received it and carried it. I was with him in summer when he had ordered it, and we had talked on the phone about it, in our last conversation before his death.

And then, today, in the evening the **wires** …

I am reading Stewart E. White's book "*The Unobstructed Universe*" about the amazing ways his "dead" wife proved that she was still with him, ... and so I realize the connection between the wires and the deck and my spiritual hand-sign that is reflected by the shapes of the wires.

I read further now … ("The Unobstructed Universe"). And I am baffled. It's about something I'd been doing – **sharing** sights, smells and food and taste **with Bob** now, wondering if he can participate at all.

"Do you see and feel the physical sensations of my world that I see and feet?" I enquired. "If so, do you get them through me? Or on your own?"

"I have all the senses you have, only more," she answered.

"Then," I persisted, "you can actually share a physical sensation with me, as smelling a flower, or seeing a landscape?"

"Of course. And I've done it. All that you have I take, and I want it. And I can induce a sensation in you.

"But our next job together," she continued, "is philosophy, though my study of pain is important. You see our last book* tells about how I went 'out,' how I came into contact while I was still living on your side, how anyone can teach himself to come in contact, to some extent at least, with this side. Now I must evolve a method for telling how we COME BACK, how I do it, so that you can receive more easily. You have learned how to project your consciousness into my present state of existence and draw sustenance from it; but you do not know how to permit us, on this side, to project ourselves back to you. I did the one thing there; now I must do this here."

Reading all this I couldn't help but think what a shame it is that we don't learn about this things as soon as we are capable of conscious thought … how different would our world be.

January 22, 2019 – **Looking Into Bob's Blue Eyes**

I realized that I had been wondering what kind of Totem-animal Bob may have been. And I had always, silently, thought that he had had sharp "mouse teeth", but his demeanor and ways of moving were very cat-like. So I found today, out and about with my dog, **a mouse and a cat!** And later **a blue clear plastic pearl.**

Sometimes I have the feeling that Bob is reading my thoughts. Of course I know about creative manifestation … but that's a different story. From what I had read in Stewart's book about what the "discarnates" had shared about "time" and "chronology" … there is no such thing in the "beyond", where everything works on entirely different frequencies. So yes, it's easy enough for "them" to help bring something about that would take "years" to prepare … in our realm. In their world everything happens always at the same time … and there are many many reports of *near-death experiences* where people reported on that, how they, ***for a brief moment, had experiences that would take years to live through,*** even thoughts would take so much longer than that instant to run through a brain ...

So many incidents of what I thought and would see an instant later, or my finds or the clouds that appeared, seems more and more like "confirmations" to me … small hints and messages.

I keep thinking that since Bob is also new at all the stuff that he is facing now in the "beyond", we are in a trial-and-error phase. It's not like one dies and is suddenly a magician and an all-wise spirit. Not at all. One remains exactly what one was, just without the material parts of the body.

A good and baffling example for "synchronicity", as I learned that was called, are Bob's blue eyes. Often, very often, after his death, I had regretted not having looked directly into his **blue eyes** more, when I had last been with him (and I regretted a lot more things).

So taking a walk at Dehnepark, in Vienna's 14th district, I ended up on the kids' playground; It was a cold wet day, so no children playing, that's why I walked through the playground with my dog. When I faced the **large wooden horses** there, I realized that they had **blue eyes**!

Bob was a "*horse*" in "Chinese Astrology", and he'd often "neigh" to emphasize that.

And today, when I gazed at **the tiny cat with the blue eyes**, I suddenly thought "thank you, is that you giving me the opportunity to look into blue eyes again?" That cat has actually an uncanny

likeness to Bob, somehow … from the days when I met him. He was funny and had long big hair and that friendly, mischievous expression like that little half green cat … He would do strange theatralic gestures – like that little plastic figurine! It also appeared strange to me, that it was half, as the lower half of Bob's body had been the desperately ill part …

Just for illustration purposes – and out of chronology – I show you, why I was so struck: On March 10 (in an equally fascinating situation, just wait for it) a mutual friend of Bob and me from Maui, Peter Rosen, would send me a photograph of Bob that he had taken a few years back, and there is Bob, smiling directly "at me", into the camera, with his beautiful blue eyes ... and I had encountered the blue-eyed horsie, when I had wished so much to look into Bob's eyes again ...

So, now – look at the "horsie'" photo … and tell me, that the two guys aren't somehow alike in their expression?!

Be reminded, that *I photographed the horsie* ***before*** *I received the photo from Peter* and that seeing the **blue eyed cat**, meeting the **blue eyed horse** and receiving the **blue eyed Bob** picture happened within very short time! I kind of winced inside due to an uncanny happening, that this just felt "different". Not like a normal experience in terms of wishful thinking, imagining. The ways the *realization* of *similarities* or strange *synchronicities* struck my mind were actually – teaching me something. They always come with a *breathless feeling of excitement,* like I had received something immensely precious and yet secret, and I had to safekeep it, but at the same time … somehow use it.

*(**Note**: An incident was going to happen in several weeks, that actually would make me break out in tears on the street, one night, was like lightning through my chest … and that was the moment when I "knew".*)

"You know the people you love," the visitor objected doubtfully.

"How do you know them? What do you know of THEIR I-Am? Of course you know that they are entities in your obstructed universe. But the only thing of which you are absolutely sure, what you know in any specific dot of time and space, is I-Am. Everything else you know is in RELATION to your I-Am.

"Consciousness," said Betty, hammering home Stephen's basic concept, "is the only reality."

This was a topic of my own book project "We Creators of the World", that everything "exists" only in our imagination, except we experience it with one of our senses in this very moment.

The sun is only an inner image at night, we can't see it. We think it exists. But we couldn't prove it. Any single one of your loved one may be "alive" in your mind, but as long as they are not directly with you or you talk to them on the phone, this idea is only in your mind.

So yes – **only what we perceive as "I AM" is real – at any given moment.**

I've been reading "The Unobstructed Universe", and my whole view of life itself and of the relationships in it, has been changing …

Had Bob not died, I might have never found those works. And so – is there a very big deeper meaning in all of this tragedy of Bob and me?

agnosticism or denial. We may still profess belief in a vague and remote "heaven" to which eventually we shall go. But belief is not faith; and it is only FAITH--FAITH in the same sense that we accept the inevitability of death itself--that can transfer the field of our practical endeavor out of the present moment. When the present moment--the earth span of life--is all that concerns us, then the emphasis of all we think and all we do at once bases on materialism. We know that modern civilization has been drifting toward that point of view, whether we are frank enough to admit it or not. More and more we have been tending toward writing off everything but the gain of the day. We deny the claim of the future; we are increasingly indifferent to the coming generations. We are emphasizing RIGHTS rather than OBLIGATIONS; those obligations that a real faith in immortality must impose.

When humankind gets far enough away from the fact of immortality, said Betty impressively, it has to come back. Or perish. And the only way it can come back is to cease looking outside itself and search within.

I'm sometimes just scanning through the books by Stewart E. White ... the ones that deal with his and Betty's project establishing a "bridge" between the realms ... and I am so excited about what I read and so restless and greedy for more ... that I have been reading here and there, going back and forth ... I feel so driven, I couldn't discipline myself, reading … It's like sucking up the basics, the essence of all the book, and I can't wait to go back again and again to read everything in detail again.

But why can't I do it slowly?

"A long time ago," said Darby, "soon after a medical friend of mine died, I was talking, through Joan, with him about his own passing. And among other things he said this:

"'Birth is the mystery, not death. And did you ever stop to think that if a child about to be born could be awarely conscious, how confused it would be, and how afraid of the strange new world it had to face?' How about it, Betty?"

"Your friend was right," she replied. "Of course death is much simpler than birth; it is merely a continuation. Earth is the BORNING PLACE for the purpose of individualization. That is one of the things I am to tell you about later."

Nor could we persuade her at this time to explain further.

"No," she said firmly. "I could not make you understand yet. What I am being permitted to tell you has a pattern--a well-thought-out, step-by-step pattern. It will be easier for all of us, if you do not disturb the pattern."

Oh reading about "patterns" ... it catapulted me way back to when I was in my mid-twenties and brought into that mysterious circle of strangers who introduced me to my "Self" of hundreds of years ago. And who got so afraid of my and my "sleeping" powers that the disappeared and forbade me to ever try and contact them again. Their reasoning: You aren't willing to be with us in this lifetime, but because you used to be our teacher for millennia, you are the most powerful, and you can harm us therefore."

Strange, right? Sounds unbelievable? Well. Back in the day I wrote a book about experience, fictionalizing it, and I based my SciFi-Franchise "Regents of Clouds" on it. But right now ... this is not the proper place to delve deeper into that experience of mine. Real life, mind you.

For the time being, the learnings are flashing through my consciousness, and with every page I feel a little different from my old self. Something else happened: I feel further away from Bob the mortal now. It's like "Oh, great, now you're there and have so much better to do than care about me anymore." It feels like a huge betrayal. Of course this is petty mortal behavior. But then – duh, I am still fucking mortal.

But the more I read, the more often this attitude changes, too, because I realize that there is no "law" that "makes" a dead person go a certain path. They have a choice of where to turn in their world, too. (And yes, in case you wonder: ***I "realize" these things through reading the books of Stewart E. White and of the related authors.)*** And if they, the discarnate, choose to stick around close to the mortals' world to finish open business, I began to suspect – they might need concrete help from us, from mortals recognizing their continued existence and from folks like me, who had **good understanding of the energetic nature of a human being and in particular of the power of thoughts.**

*(**Note**: Oh so much I had learned in my life before Bob's death would make such big new sense in the coming years!)*

So I read "The Stars Are Still There", and this book deals with the question of the readers, just like mine. I found it absolutely fascinating what efforts Stewart had taken to address the questions of the readers ... very clear human questions, like "What happens to babies when they die, do they grow up in the beyond ..." or "Will I recognize my partner who died so long ago ..." and such.

One thing the great variety of letters have in common. Each indicates how tremendous an effort is forward, through all sorts of channels, in all sorts of ways, to get into earth consciousness a few fundamental truths. The interest evidenced is not merely intellectual. It is a genuine groping for expansion. Innumerable "psychic" communications are reported to me; and fundamentally they all say, or are trying to say, the same things. The expression of them is often crude, diluted, fumbling; but essentially they are alike, and the likeness is easily recognizable. Immortality, a present reality, here and now, rather than a future vagueness; CONTINUITY OF THE PERSON as he is at the time of death; NO SUDDEN BLAZE OF ILLUMINATION, but rather a better opportunity and eagerness to go ahead and earn and develop; CONTINUITY, not merely of the person, but of the job. We carry over just what we have gained on earth in the way of equipment and character, and right here is the only place we can acquire these things; therefore WE SHOULD KEEP OUR FEET ON THE GROUND, and do our jobs to our utmost. CONSCIOUSNESS IS THE ONE AND ONLY REALITY, and EXPANSION OF CONSCIOUSNESS is the ultimate of evolution; but evolution moving by natural growth and not by any extraordinary or extranatural regimens. This is the sort of thing being iterated and reiterated by the Invisibles to whomever is sensitive enough to receive.

Reading, I was baffled about the density of the information ... actually in each one of those books, and about the friendliness and earnestness of the style ... the beauty and simplicity of the language, I was utterly hooked.

"I would like," goes my reply to people like this-and there are a great, great many, by the way-"to answer you more satisfactorily than the facts permit. But, bluntly, I do not think you will gain the conviction you desire by that sort of outside evidence-I mean psychical evidence, obtained through mediums, courses of reading or instruction, or any extraneous device. It never has convinced. It was tried. Years ago there was produced a body of such evidence, attested by most eminent, sane and trustworthy people, whose testimony-on any other subject-would be unassailable in any court of law. I refer to the period of Sir William Crookes and his contemporaries. Nevertheless, only those who had themselves had personal experience accepted the testimony.

"I do not believe such evidence will ever be accepted by those without their own experience. This sort of opinion and conviction comes only when one has ripened to it; ripeness comes only through growth; and growth results from living, education, sincerely held aim and intention. It cannot be grafted on by 'evidence.'"

It's impossible to offer all the excerpts I would like to share … the ones given here are only meant to illustrate the richness of experience I was given …

And if we stop to think of it, some of us have even more of that quality than have others. We all recognize this: Jones bursts with personality; Smith is drab and undistinguished. The former has the equipment, the mechanism-the capacity-to contain and express this very desirable essence; the latter just enough of a cupful to lift him out of the standardized robot class. Since personality is so definitely an attribute of ourselves, as individual bits of consciousness, it is, of course, an attribute of the All-Conscious. In full completeness and perfection. Our need of a personal God we can satisfy by calling upon that attribute, of personality.

Again, "seek and ye shall find; knock and it shall be opened unto you." All we have to do is to evoke personality by conscious recognition, and, from the divine all-inclusion, personality and its warmth are there for our comfort as singly to our self, and as fully, as our spiritual capacity can contain. And no more.

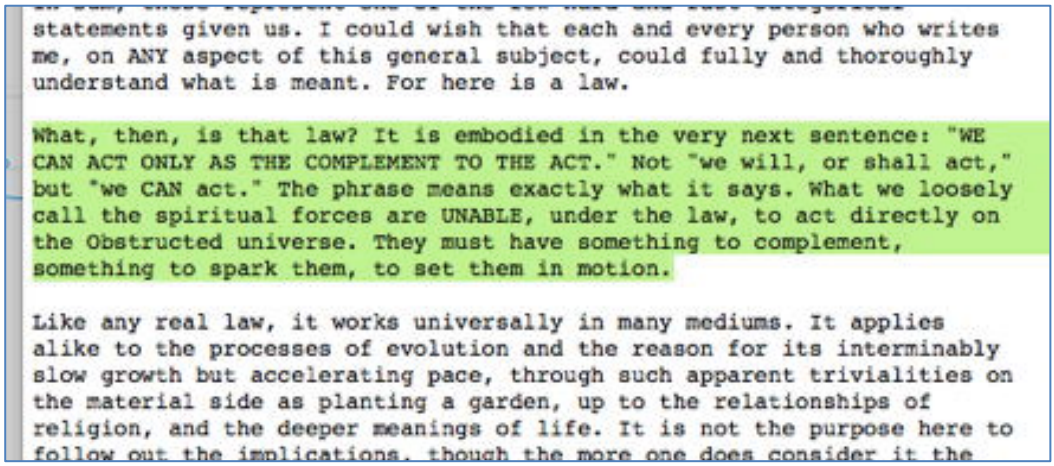
… and the depth of information … that connected me so tightly with Bob, all of a sudden, that I felt like we were in fact still "comrades" and "collaborators" in a huge project. At some point it hit me: That's exactly what we were ... if what aspired was actually real. **"We're doing this together, Dani,"** were among Bob's last words to me, in our face to face time together on Maui. Yes, we are …

The incidents that were only "hints" at first, would turn into "signs" and then into "messages" and the in what feels as real "communication".

"The energy with which you demand of us will be the measure of what you will get. IT IS NOT SO MUCH THE ENERGY OF DEMAND AS THE SHOWING OF A FORCE THAT CALLS ITS COMPLEMENT. It is the energy of measure for measure, given and received."

"Your progress is in your own hands. We can do little but watch you gain necessary strength before we can help you further. THAT IS THE LAW. WE CAN ACT ONLY AS THE COMPLEMENT TO THE ACT."

All that was fair enough. We accepted it cheerfully as necessary schoolroom discipline, incentive to get busy. And as only that. On that pragmatic basis it worked. Only years later has the statement carried its full meaning. Certainly it is plain enough: "THAT IS THE LAW." And



statements given us. I could wish that each and every person who writes me, on ANY aspect of this general subject, could fully and thoroughly understand what is meant. For here is a law.

What, then, is that law? It is embodied in the very next sentence: "WE CAN ACT ONLY AS THE COMPLEMENT TO THE ACT." Not "we will, or shall act," but "we CAN act." The phrase means exactly what it says. What we loosely call the spiritual forces are UNABLE, under the law, to act directly on the Obstructed universe. They must have something to complement, something to spark them, to set them in motion.

Like any real law, it works universally in many mediums. It applies alike to the processes of evolution and the reason for its interminably slow growth but accelerating pace, through such apparent trivialities on the material side as planting a garden, up to the relationships of religion, and the deeper meanings of life. It is not the purpose here to follow out the implications, though the more one does consider it the

Remember – in these excerpts, Betty is telling "how it is ***there***" from the side of the discarnates' world, the beyond.

January 22, 2019 **– Return to Ulupo Heiau**

Something new happened: Suddenly, while working on "SLS / episode 5" (a TV-series project of mine, I did some script-editing) I saw and felt myself in Hawaii, on the island of Oahu, an actual real life memory at a shoot for my documentary film project "Native Of Owhyhee", in about 2006, at a "heiau", which is a sacred ceremonial site in Hawaiian culture … and it was the "Ulupo" heiau.

The strange thing was, that without "warning" the images of that day there were ***sliding*** into my mind. I had not thought of anything Hawaiian at all, the project has nothing to do with Hawaii, also not of Bob or anything relating to the documentary, I was entirely busy with something else …

And suddenly it was so clear and intense, with all the feelings and the sensation of the place, that ***I felt like I was there, and Bob was there, too***. I saw him carrying his camera, while he and I walked ahead of the other three people we were with, behind the heiau, down some slope, across a creek, under huge trees, to look for a perfect location for the interview we were going to shoot …

It was an intensely real feeling, like I was experiencing it parallel, watching me think about it while actually being there, in my mind.

I sat back, stunned. **Why** had I been "carried" there of all places, by whom and why?

It was an uncanny feeling, because it really felt someone else was in my mind and had, for some reason, dug through my memories and brought that one situation up and shoved it in front of everything else into my awareness.

This place, whose name means "Rises the Beyond / Night" was suddenly there, in me, and with it the feeling of the day … and the one special thing came to my mind right afterwards: Bob and I had felt really close that day. We were there alone, the others behind us, and there was some kind of unique air of togetherness … and that was the impression, that I had, suddenly.

As if he were there, in my Vienna apartment, with me. His presence and also my own presence from back then was … as if time had been turned back. *And Bob was close to me. I felt it.*

I had read from Stewart how he had experienced his wife's presence after her death, but I didn't have anything comparable of my own, but now, suddenly … it felt like silk, so smooth, so soft, a little muffled, as it time would really stand still for a little while.

I hadn't been thinking of that place or of what we did there, for many many years, there hadn't been any reason for it … and suddenly, it was all around me, and Bob was right there with me, in my Vienna apartment.

And then, *something else* happened. Just the day before, I had remembered intensely how Bob had given me a strong and wonderful **neck massage** on one of our last days together … I had thought so closely about it, and how he had been so weak, but yet he had given me a good strong massage, on our lanai, as we were looking down on Maui, like we had done so many times before.

And as I had that impression of "Ulupo" – I felt a distinct **itching** in my neck, like someone was tickling me! Now, I never feel tickling in my neck … never! Except then, it happened, and I flashed **back** to Bob giving me that massage. Whatever that sensation on my neck was, something that raised the hairs there, it came with the sensation "out of nowhere" that Bob was close, like on that day at "Ulupo heiau".

It was a new experience that something seemingly so unrelated to what I was doing suddenly just popped up in my mind … as if I was watching a movie and seeing myself in it, and Bob … that day we had a good time … And the teacher Kalani – one of the speakers for my documentary who to interview we were there in the first place – had chanted that day, as part of the filming for our documentary. It was chilling. I remember him telling a story about "limu tohu", the Tahitian version of "kohu", a sea weed ...

Then, of course, I was thinking of all the content of our TV-series "Native of Owhyhee", of all the years, working on it, and how that other project came between the series, Bob and me, that project that, to my mind, cost Bob's life. If that's truly "fate", I'm not sure.

January 23, 2019 **– Coffee Dream**

I woke up with the thought of that heiau again, … and I realized suddenly, why it was so special: **It was a place and a time, where Bob and I had felt truly close. "Together".** I remember it well. *(Note: Even thinking about it gives me a feeling of unity with Bob, a closeness, being together, watching each other, belonging together. Maybe that's what he wanted to convey to me?)*

I begin to write down my **dreams** now, because they are so intense and so strange … one of them from a few days ago now came back to me, the one with the **coffee.** I think I didn't want to dwell on it, because Bob had been in it …. an angry Bob. And I didn't know what to make of this impression of him.

I remember waking up and being baffled about even having actually seen **Bob in a dream!** That was new. But thinking how "dark" Bob had been, and at the same time, how realistic it had felt, confused me. Before I tell the dream, I need to tell you, that among the favorite **rituals** of Bob and me was the one with the **"hot black"** in the morning. We both loved to drink coffee together, freshly brewed, black, outside on the "lanai", in rain or shine, with some nice toast and butter and jam and something spicy like cheese or salami. Our breakfasts were sacred to us, and mostly we went for a walk around the Pukalani sports field up the road before breakfast, or we even drove down to Baldwin Beach or Baby Beach for a swim. And then we'd so look forward so much to having breakfast, and Bob would always wink his eye-brows and say "Can you say hot black?" – "*Hot black!*" – "I knew that you could!" So having coffee together was a theme for us, big time.

The **coffee-dream** went like this: There was a very steep, dusty slope, and people were sitting there or camping out like for some kind of music festival, where the stage is at the bottom of some shallow pit. Bob was there, with a video-crew! They were walking around, and I sometimes stepped in to pick up cables *(Note: just realizing I found those intertwined wires)*, but I was pretty much ignored by everyone, and was just in the area. I saw coffee bushes growing in one area of the slope, and I went there, not sure, what I wanted with them … I think I wanted to water them? … but I heard an **angry shout**, and I turned around, and **Bob** was looking at me, his face angry, like a zombie-face, with bulging eyes. I froze. I had felt so insignificant and out of place, and now I was being attacked, too? His attitude towards me was mean, and he bellowed at me ***"Don't you dare go there!"*** or ***"Don't you dare touch that!"***, and I think it was a mix of those ...

I barely dared to move, and I turned away, and so did he, and I kind of wandered around aimlessly, in the dust, over a stony ground … between people who were arriving for the event that was about to take place … and all were facing downhill … I think I walked uphill little ways, picking up stones, actually, rocks, like a gardener would … while Bob was busy doing his thing with other people, something about video production, and I remember feeling very lonely and lost …

… and woke up soon after.

Later today … I met a friend, M*., (actually, not really a friend, I barely know her, she is a dog owner who I got to know because we kept crossing paths with out dogs)* who had been kind and nice to me after Bob's death, mostly to make sure my dog was okay. She always wants me to come to visit her "for a cup of coffee". Again she asked me … and it really wasn't convenient, because I only walked my dog and had to return to my online job … but she (who doesn't work and is rather well off) became, again, really reckless, kind of sneering … and I kind of thought that I actually never wanted to visit her, because she has a "habit" that I can't and don't want to handle (and it has to do with substances).

For weeks, I had been having all kinds of excuses, but I didn't have the heart to tell her that I just couldn't bear watching her and her husband being all happy … I simply didn't feel like witnessing someone's wonderful world, while mine was so broken. So today again, after walking together, and she insisted that I come for a coffee …

Suddenly**,** the fact that both the coffee-dream and the Ulupo-memory included a **slope** came to my awareness, and there were the **coffee-plants** and Bob yelling at me that *I shouldn't dare go there*, in my dream!

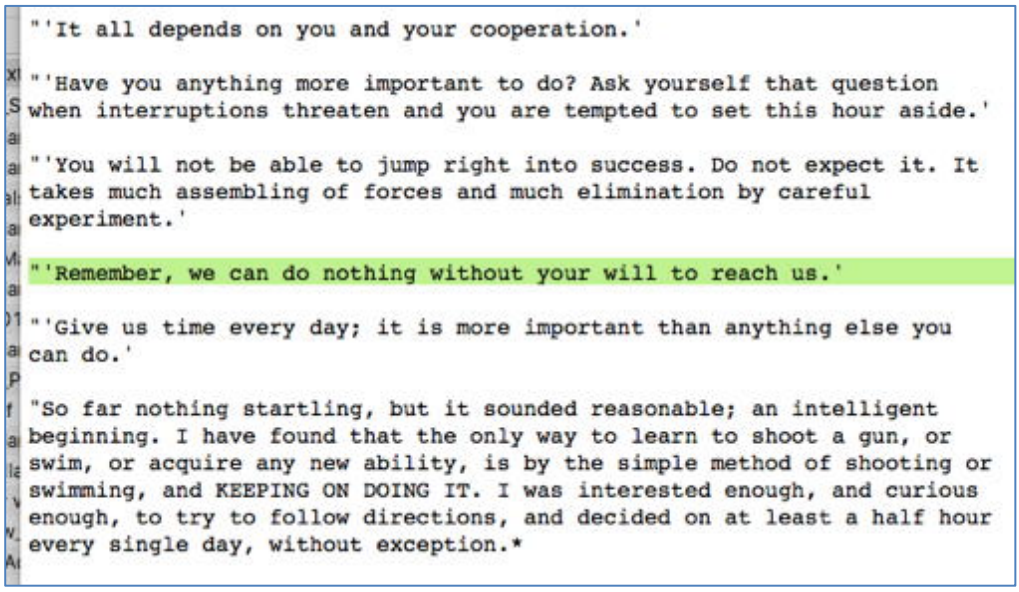
M. still was kind of nice, but her patience with me suffering didn't last long, she expected me to ***"be over it"*** *pretty much a few months after I had lost my Bob,* while her every word is about her beloved husband and how happy they are. So I never went for coffee to her. Won't ever go.

In my mind, I sort of thanked "Bob" for the "warning" or at least the pointing out that he "listened in" …

I had just read in one of the books, that one aspect of inter-realm communication is the **frustration** of the dead that they can't get reactions from us, when they are doing things in terms of contacting us. So the "discarnates" need reactions from us when we assume something comes from them … and in order to do so, we must first even consider it possible that we are, in fact, in contact.

So ever since I've made it a rule **to react right away, when I "notice"** something that could be a hint, a sign or a message. And later, I added the most important part of it. But in January 2019 I was just at the beginning of ... well, of taking it all serious.

Just the fact that I had been drawn to those wonderful books seemed to be some kind of "intervention": I had been demanding for Bob to communicate with me.



"'It all depends on you and your cooperation.'

"'Have you anything more important to do? Ask yourself that question when interruptions threaten and you are tempted to set this hour aside.'

"'You will not be able to jump right into success. Do not expect it. It takes much assembling of forces and much elimination by careful experiment.'

"'Remember, we can do nothing without your will to reach us.'

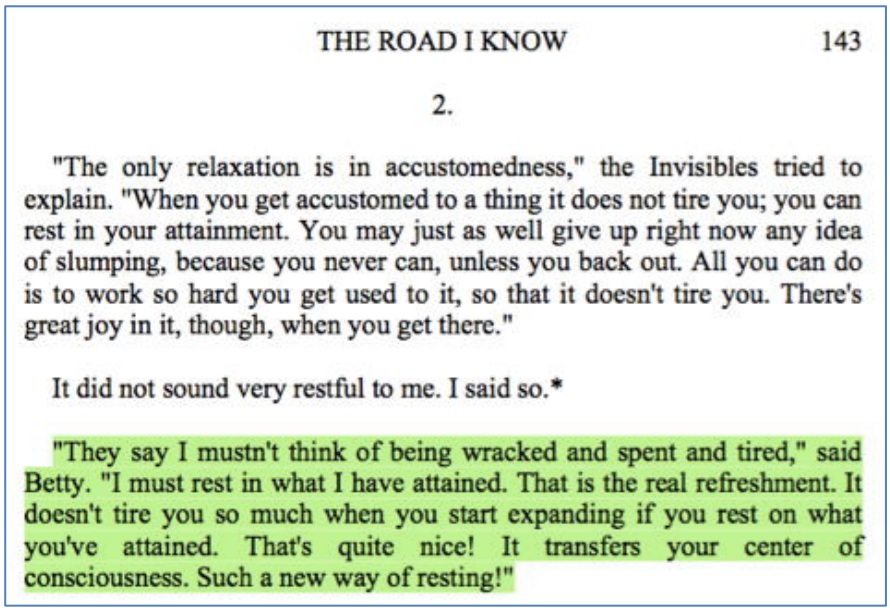
"'Give us time every day; it is more important than anything else you can do.'

"So far nothing startling, but it sounded reasonable; an intelligent beginning. I have found that the only way to learn to shoot a gun, or swim, or acquire any new ability, is by the simple method of shooting or swimming, and KEEPING ON DOING IT. I was interested enough, and curious enough, to try to follow directions, and decided on at least a half hour every single day, without exception.*

My original diary entry of January 23, 2019 states further:

"And reading about those connections between people alive and people dead may be a personal communication between Bob and me … and, I start to believe, also between other people with whom Bob now is. Because if it's true what I've been reading in those books, then consciousness stays "intact" as "personality".

They remain people, the folks there, where Bob is, they are out and about, doing stuff ... are they getting tired? Do they sleep? How do they move around? Do they see or world still? The answers to all of these questions are in the books of Betty and Stewart White and in "Our Unseen Guest" by Joan and Darby. But back in those days, in early 2019, I was so driven and greedy and desperate that I was reading all of them – in a mix ... to later pick them up one by one, in order, and read them thoroughly.



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2.

"The only relaxation is in accustomedness," the Invisibles tried to explain. "When you get accustomed to a thing it does not tire you; you can rest in your attainment. You may just as well give up right now any idea of slumping, because you never can, unless you back out. All you can do is to work so hard you get used to it, so that it doesn't tire you. There's great joy in it, though, when you get there."

It did not sound very restful to me. I said so.*

"They say I mustn't think of being wracked and spent and tired," said Betty. "I must rest in what I have attained. That is the real refreshment. It doesn't tire you so much when you start expanding if you rest on what you've attained. That's quite nice! It transfers your center of consciousness. Such a new way of resting!"

(Hard to grasp, right? That's because we are in our mortal shell, so limited in our range of actions …)

There was so much new stuff and wisdom in those books – I was just overwhelmed. I was looking for hints ***at what Bob was doing right now***, of course. That was my main desire – and I took what I got and ran with it.

As Betty White describes, the evolution of the consciousness goes on in the "afterlife". Of course it does. I was so relieved not having to think of Bob as of some kind of "cloud creature", but that he was just Bob. The concept was fuzzy, of course ... Having a body as a starter-device is a step in our evolution. I truly liked this … well, concept. Thank you Bob, and please stay on it. Stay with me and give me more insights. Anytime.

"A second purpose is to instill into earth consciousness the oneness of the whole. THIS BROADENS YOUR ETHICS AND RESTRICTS YOUR MORALS. Both have been too loose for the comfortable living of mankind. Incidentally, one of the causes for the instability you note in peoples, individuals, society, thought, art, is the ultra and sudden ease of communication in time and in space. The use of radio, the automobile and the airplane is not stabilized. They have been too rapidly developed and perfected for the assimilation of society in general.

"Knowing these things even better than you, it could, not, therefore, be our purpose to do more at this time than reestablish on the basis of your present knowledge--and the needs of your present knowledge--the faith in the validity of self that is tottering. So much for your general reader.

"For the special reader, your scientist in his research laboratory, we do hope to promulgate ideas upon which he can build toward us an actuality of truth. That does not mean that the man in the street, going about his business, could be in constant communication with us, either see or hear us. It is the acceptance of reality that we seek for the sake of the return of the individual's self-respect.

Today (January 23, 2019), for example, I had a **dream of extreme bleeding.** *All the red color ...* I just now realize that the bleeding aspect was the reason for Bob's dying, in a way. (He couldn't handle the tumor's bleeding anymore, because it had gotten strong, and he was spooked ... so he did what he never thought he would, go to the hospital for a checkup ... upon the urging of his friends who knew nothing of his true condition ... and the doctors of course reacted in the way that would crush Bob's spirit.)

And **in my dream, my menstruation came back,** like a waterfall, a life-threatening condition. I wore a white fur coat, and it was drenched. I found a female gynecologist, who didn't have the time to deal with me, because she was pregnant and in some kind of trouble. I must say, that I did meet a pregnant woman, last night, when out with my dog. And she had a young staff bitch with her, named "Mitzi"; she had told me that her daughter was 16, and her son 12, and that it was her last child. Not sure, why we got to talk, at about 10 pm, alone in a dark Vienna dog zone.

*(**Note** January 7, 2024: In real life, I had my menstruation twice in those five weeks that I spent with Bob in 2018 and then never again. Also: Our first music video that we ever did, was called "**Blood**", and some of the images were inspired of the view of menstrual blood dripping into the toilet bowl and making lovely patterns spreading ...)*

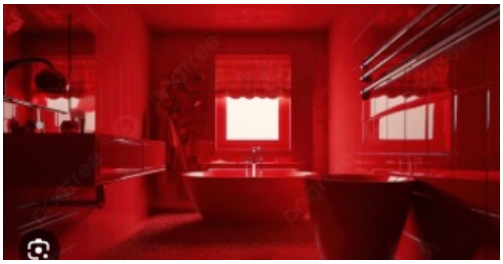
So the dream about the life-threatening bleeding sort of connects me with Bob very intensely. Fact is, when the doctor in my dream was ready to treat me, I refused, because I didn't trust her.

So today, when M. wanted me to come for **coffee**, and I had a weird combination of thoughts, about coffee and the dream about the coffee-field and the Ulupo-memory … Somehow it seems to be connected to the **blood**, too.

*(**Note** January 7, 2024:* **OH WOW – Realization!**

*Reading through this chapter, I suddenly realize that after I had left Vienna, M. wrote to me, that she had remodeled her bathroom – and it all was now **bright red, tiles, floor and all**! Is that strange, or what? See, that's why it is very important to write stuff down in detail, it many have relevance some time later.*

*I think I get it now – **why I just HAD to review this first chapte**r, and I really struggled with that one, only today got my mojo together and work on it ... and there – INSIGHTS!)*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Also, today I received an email from Valkyrie, a young actress on Maui, who wanted to play "Ellie" in "Kaweli" … my screenplay, the project Bob and I wanted to shoot, last summer, about a young man trying to get in contact with his dead mother. And I told her, surprised myself, that I hadn't given up "Kaweli". Although all my thoughts were about having done exactly that.

*(**Note**: This is an original diary entry of the very first weeks I wrote things down:)*
Also, I've had the thought today that maybe I'm supposed to write a book about all those "after Bob's death"-related events and thoughts. And whatever lies ahead. The idea came with a title: *Spiritworld* (like "Westworld", a TV-series that Bob had enjoyed watching.) For now I'm quite intrigued reading Stewart's books. I've been thinking that really maybe not only Bob is using "Ulupo" to communicate, maybe some other spirits related to that place or what it signified for Bob and me. I seem to remember that something weird happened there, but it hasn't come back into my mind yet.

After reading a bit more of "The Unobstructed Universe", where Betty describes in detail how communication and after-death contact work … We can't just expect the "disca" to hang around us all the time ... we can call upon them – but not just for boredom, but if we have something good to say.
Makes sense. So I told Bob that "I think I really have something to say" ... that I understood now, that he was just on a different frequency, and since I'd found that **electronics wire**, intertwined with another one so that the pattern resembles my personal spiritual mudra (calling "Rigani"), I thought that it was **him using my "knack of finding things" ...** like the **stars**, the **clovers**, the jewelry …
*(**Note**: This was one of my first entries – actually expressing an experience in terms of synchronicity directly.)*

"We must," she insisted, at a later session, "say, over and over, THERE IS ONLY ONE UNIVERSE. That is the fundamental premise. We have established the reality of consciousness, and the continuity of the individual division of consciousness. That was done long ago. Now and more than ever, for a laboratory starting point, a premise, a goal to be proved, we must rationalize for a reasonable mind the second great reality, that of the ONLY ONE UNIVERSE. THE GREAT DIFFERENCE BETWEEN YOU AND ME IS IN OUR AWARENESS-MECHANISM; and even that awareness-mechanism is FUNDAMENTALLY the same: the difference is not so great."

"Awareness-mechanism" is a term much used by our Invisibles when Betty was here, working with them. Later, through loan, Betty made out a glossary of terms which she wished for complete accuracy in this present divulgence. "Awareness-mechanism," she defined, "is that equipment of self-aware consciousness whereby the individual perceives that which is objective to him."

So it dawned on me, while I told Bob that I'll take him by his word, that we'd "finish our projects together" – that it was **maybe Bob himself who really wants to keep working on our – his and my – projects in Hawaii!**

That's why the "Ulupo"-impression? Over there, we had a day of perfectly working together, I remember it so well. Makes my heart melt. The feeling of closeness ... being alone with him, before the others arrived, walking those grounds ... it was harmony between us. A rare occastion.

Then the "Kaweli"-email ... makes sense. Myself been drawn to thoughts of Hawaii so much ... me having **entered** "Hulihuli Moon" and "Paradise" and "Regents of Clouds" to screenplay **competitions**. *(**Note**: I was successful with all of them, two best scripts, one finalist ... but to this date, January 7, 2024, my filmmaking persona has been "resting", I had to take care of my mom ... but this comes up later.)*

I think I understand that Bob wants (!!!) to keep his word!? That it's his interest to stick to our plans ... he said that it was time for our projects once he'd be "back on the map" by the success of "The Edge of Paradise", the project that killed him.

So yeah, I start to get a sense of ... I don't, know, Bob really being there. *(End original diary entry)*

Here are a few excerpts from "The Betty Book", about the nature of "the afterlife" and what Betty told her husband Stewart about her excursions into the "beyond" ...

"It has wonderful possibilities when I grow accustomed to it," added Betty. "I'm not used to this kind of consciousness. It's so free and different a feeling; but I'm not enough settled in it or accustomed to it to start out. It is too new and feeble and tender. I don't dare push myself along yet I want to keep quiet for a while.

"Pretty soon I'll start out and radiate more strongly, pulse myself along. I feel like a baby that must wonder how people move around so fast and surely. I wonder how they dare do it.

"I can go quite fast when I make myself that channel. What makes the channel that I've got to travel on? Some force growing within us that overcomes, forces a way through the surrounding element. Then I renew it and I go on again; that's the wave or pulse. But I don't move a step unless I grow that impulse. It is all the same whether it is a wave length or a will-power length or a radius of consciousness.

... and what the "Invisibles" had taught her about the nature and use of thought-power:

"Without fussing about explanations," they stated emphatically, "keep in mind SUBSTANCE OF THOUGHT, definite, tangible substance. You know the power of thought in your world. Now extend, magnify, give a greater scope to its actions. The law is the REALITY of this substance. The great power that is in your hands is the recognition of this, and the setting in action,-setting in chemical action-of the thought substances, which are bound to create according to their species, their kinds."

They urged us earnestly to accustom our minds to this idea, using a variety of figures to emphasize it. They told us that the workings of created life as we know them are in reality parts of this substance working in different combinations.

"You are capable of creating," they went on. "The practical application of this in everyday life is to watch carefully, guard your thought chambers. Allow full scope In all directions until they begin to create undesirable, dragging or belittling things. Then destroy these misbegotten things without looking at them by flooding them, overwhelming them with the raw material for a new and better structure. At once, without delay, replace the undesirable combination. Repeat this operation continuously whenever barnacles collect.

"This confused halting account contains a mighty formula for growth and beauty of mind."

Stewart and Betty had a certain system for those sessions where Betty would pretty much leave her body and make excursions in the "beyond", and this meant that she'd lie there for long periods of time, with Stewart holding on to her wrists. Ever again she would speak, and sometimes only a word or a few words … it was, at times, an excruciatingly slow process, just like the usage of a "Ouija"-board can be, which they started out with. It's very fascinating reading how the contact with the "Invisibles" developed for them … with all the doubts and the refusal, but also with the openness of mind that those two people possessed, being simply nice folks, in love with each other and having traveled very far and experienced a lot.

So to read that after "passing" the gate to the beyond, a human person is again and still – a human person? Oh what a comfort – and at the same time, what enraging idea! **Bob – so far away and yet so close?**

"I may be literal-minded," said I, "but I am going to ask whether this spiritual body as you describe it is a symbolical statement meant to convey a concept, or whether you mean it literally as you describe it, as a material thing."

"It is ACTUALLY MATERIALLY THAT," returned the Invisible emphatically, "in its own condition of health and development. It is flesh and it is blood. It may not be the same kind, but it is as real, as warm, as living as your own."

After about half an hour of silence one day later, Betty answered my unspoken question as to what it was all about.

"I am trying to perceive and understand bodily substance over here," said she. "It is fibreless, but definitely cellular . I don't know what those words mean: I don't know enough about construction . I have a definite body and not a vaporous or fuzzy one either. It is a finer rained substance than flesh. It is not fluid, but mobile. It is more Sensitive, more easily acted upon; and at the same time more indestructible, more durable, more self-protecting. You would recognize in it a refinement of matter, a little understood etheric combination . I'm getting dizzy."

Oh Bob – finally got the **body** he always longed for! Quoting Betty: **"It is more Sensitive, more easily acted upon; and at the same time more indestructible, more durable, more self-protecting."**

Very often I've been thinking how Stewart must have felt when he was his Betty "go" to the realm of the dead … and especially after she had died for real. There is one aspect of grief that's barely talked about, but that I'm very aware of: There is **physical longing** for a person, for a place, for certain things that one was used to and for the activities one used to do with the deceased person. In my case, I have lost them all. Even if I have good days, there is always a plunge, where my entire body and a great part of my mind are yearning to see, to smell, to hear and to touch all that was Bob's and my life together, and to be at our home on Maui. That was our home. Every single squeaking of the screen door is part of my loss, the feel of the wooden drawer and the special glasses Bob had, the smell of the house, the way one had to turn the door handle, the sound of the blinds and of the "Ti"-leaves … having lost all that makes my physical body shut down, slowly. I can feel it. The physical longing for Maui and for Bob feel like the greatest pain I've ever experienced, and this has worsened in the last year, inspite of the fact that I'm convinced that life goes on after physical death.

What does it mean? I think that the concept of a "broken heart" that plays into the effects of trauma may actually be meant to speed up the physical death of a person. But those are just my thoughts today, as, for the first time, I've discovered distinct new lines in my face this morning; I've been aging fast, and my cheeks are getting saggy too, now. Alright, then, we'll see what I'll be able to accomplish in the near future.

We end up in a place where we feel home for a reason. Like now *(added note in 2020)*, that I'm in my "new home" far from Vienna in the village of Griffen in Carinthia (where I had to move to be able

to take care of my mother; It's far from where she lives, but there simply was no affordable apartment anywhere, and I have a dog.) As much as I feel its coziness, I know I won't stay here long. *(Note: And horrible things were about to happen, too.)* But Maui and Bob and our housie and our routines, that was me, ***that was my home*** … me, as a mortal creature being away from a place and a situation that was my life-line for years, feels as if exactly that life-line has been cut.

I'm living through other resources, energetically, I have plights – or ideas of plights – but what made life worth while for me, is over – and that was the outlook at being with Bob and working with him. All my focus was on that. I had waited for years for him, until he'd be done with his obligations and get his shit together. I never came to that fulfillment …

About a year before his death, Bob and I talked on the phone about some event we once videotaped on Maui. He said "Those were the days, Dani, I miss them."

Yes. Me too. *(**Note**: And in January 2024 this painful yearning has not disappeared – but I have come to understand, that without it, there is no communication with the beyond.)* But perhaps now, that he isn't "stuck on Maui" anymore, he knows how much I really miss it all. He never trusted my love for him during his mortal life-time. Maybe he does now.

(Forest lake, view of Gerlitze mountain, "As above so below", Dec. 26, 2019)

What you're reading is my gift to the realm of the mortals, but I'm writing it in sadness, so deep, that very often I feel that I'm drowning.

January 24, 2019

Walk at the Prater, Vienna … intense "talk" with Bob about my doubts and my worries that there is really "nothing" except for my imagination … Read "The Betty Book" last night, I felt so inspired …

"We are not permitted to carry the growth itself. That is in your hands."

"The force we bring into the world...comes from a combination of conditions created by the person himself. We can only take advantage of that combination. Once a person of his own force establishes it, we can act on it.

The initial step is your work. This force is, roughly speaking, emanations from you which meet complementary forces from this side."

"The energy with which you demand of us will be the measure of what you will get. IT IS NOT SO MUCH THE ENERGY OF DEMAND AS THE SHOWING OF A FORCE THAT CALLS ITS COMPLEMENT. It is the energy of measure for measure, given and received."

"Your progress is in your own hands. We can do little but watch you gain necessary strength before we can help you further. THAT IS THE LAW. ME CAN ACT ONLY AS THE COMPLEMENT TO THE ACT."

It was kind of strange to look through a fence and see "Be yourself!" written on a wall, in the Prater forest.

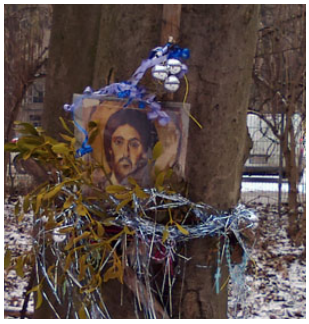
*(And it was strange, to find a bunch of plastic **flowers** on a winter tree.)*

And as I was asking for another sign from Bob, an **orange poodle** came running towards Jacqui and me … just the way "Woodle" the orange poodle would be, the hero of my "best animation script" "Wolves Are Us" that Bob had loved so much. It's the second time in about a week that an orange poodle showed up in a forest just as I was talking to Bob …

This is an important aspect I'd like to emphasize: I have been **talking to Bob** all the time, since his death. Never before had I wondered why people do it, really, I did think, like most people, that it's some kind of mild insanity, rooted in the pain of loss, in bitter grief, to "pretend" the dead person is still there. But it's different: To me, talking to Bob was prompted by a feeling that he was "listening". It was just a feeling at first, but the matter has been developing. And when you read in my stories something like "… just as I was talking to Bob" ("to" and not "with"), please, keep in mind, that it was never some unconscious babbling, but actual talking, as I was on the phone and he was just listening but couldn't speak (... which was an actual experience with him, too, in his last days, but I didn't know that those were his last days, or, rather, I didn't want to know; He drifted into Aphasia.)

*(Note: The impression that I was actually **talking "with" Bob** as he seemed to respond, began to evolve, in the end of January 2019. Now, a year later, I know that we are talking with each other, and New Year 2020 had a sweet event for me in store.)*

So back then, walking through the wide dog park at the Prater in Vienna, my dog Jacqui and I also came across an **image of Jesus**, which felt very strange at the time.



Of course I realized that many people would see this image, every day … but I flashed back to Maui, too, because of it. When I had just met Bob, he had the habit of visiting two friends, "**Mother Filomena**" and her brother **Raffaele**. Filomena was some kind of "miracle woman" and a "saint" in a Catholic sense. She had virtually risen from being brain-dead, but had remained nearly paralyzed, and her brother was taking care of her. In the night, "Mother Mary" would appear to Filomena (Dingle) and "bless" water that she had put there in various containers. They were close "friends" to Bob – but really, he felt an obligation towards them that he wished he didn't have. It was emotional turmoil for him having promised to help them promote Filomena's "miracles". I was the one ending up making a short documentary about her ... (I don't have it, as the original files are among Bob's things in California. Too bad.)

That "**blessed water**" was supposed to have healing properties. A few years later, she died, but … at their home, was an **drawing of Jesus Christ** who not only resembled Bob like a twin, but also that picture that I encountered at the Prater. That's why it was "strange" to me … and yes, I'd asked myself if Bob had been meeting Filomena since his passing. I made a short documentary film about her, and I hadn't thought about that for a long time. The first time I saw that drawing of Jesus at their house, I did think it was Bob depicted; And I had the weird thought how inappropriate that was, as Jesus suffered so horribly; I was in for a surprise: Bob's thing was suffering too. (And what he was about to go through ... is beyond description.)

I still see us, Bob and me, every Sunday, at their small Makawao home, and Raffaele would make "stuffed chicken wings" (yes, spinach stuffed between the tine chicken-wing-bones), and they'd put all kind of weird looking food on our plates too. Way too much. We ate it to not offend them. While they sat watching us. And often they'd drop by and bring food to Bob, as they worked, I think, at a hospital or a care facility and would often take food home from there. Bob was always embarrassed about this, and in our first year, it was kind of a problem, that he didn't dare to tell them that he did not want the food and that he'd rather spend time with his new partner (me). They also brought blessed water, which we could only use for cooking because Bob was very sensitive to unclean water.

It took a while for Bob to manage to hold them at bay … and after Filomena died, Raffaele and his new wife turned out to be … well, not the kind of people Bob had always thought they were. (Especially Raffaele turned out to be truly dangerous, for anyone's peace of spirit, and his behavior was one reason why Bob began to doubt people around him more and more … Raffaele was outright nasty to me in 2014, when I saw "old Bob" last, but Bob did not stand up for me. Just a few months later he got to experience Raffaele's true face ... and he was so disappointed, it added to his problem of not being able to get a healthy sleep for years .... Bob cried hard, when I came to him during his final illness, *realizing that he should have trusted me long ago* …

And here I am, thinking that the one **perfect year** we had, Bob and I, was the "gift" that the Universe had in store for us … in all the hardship we were meant to endure.

So … facing that **Jesus-image at the Prater**, made me totally "flash back" to the "Jesus-image of Bob" and the Dingle-home … and I do believe that it was exactly meant to have that effect on me.

January 26, 2019 **– Dream of Ocean, Treehouse and Filmmaking**

I started to have dreams about Bob … and everytime I woke up breathless, filled with joyous satisfaction for having been with him again and then with confusion, because … had I been? Are those events just created by my subconscious from memories? What is going on?

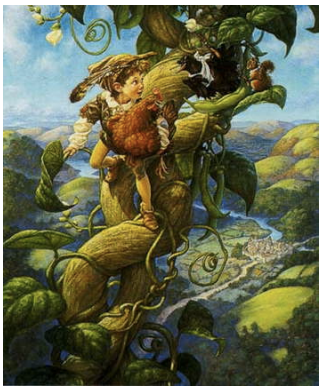
So **I dreamed of working with Bob** on a documentary **video project** in a dangerous **island** setting with a very steep ascend to some kind of road-village, that was, in a way, nestled into cliffs high up on some mountain; the "danger" was somehow everywhere, it was the place, and there was some invisible threat around us; I saw Bob, the way he had been in his younger years, but mostly I watched him being busy, and didn't get to look directly into his face.

I was involved in that project for research and we had to work with a **woman** who reminded me of actress Andrea Riseborough and actually of a real life friend of Bob's, whose name was also

Andrea, with whom he used to work; In real life, it had been one project that Bob had excluded me from, inexplicably at the time (but later I'd realize that Bob had a lot of issues in terms of closeness and commitment). So yes, I was aware that maybe my subconscious was trying to work out some old issues in the course of some automatic self-trauma-treatment?

So in my **dream**. Bob (young, handsome, grumpy, wearing something light blue) and I had been waiting for that woman somewhere outside (in front of a house, on a sunny, a bit sandy court), how we had done it often, in real life, before a shoot, waiting for the people involved to arrive; and (in the dream) she appeared, and Bob would sit down with her to discuss, on some kind of terrace. And I (kind of at my current age, 55, but to match his age I'd have to be 15 years younger) set out to explore the surroundings, a **village** on a narrow shore nestled in some island gulch. And there was a **tree-house** that I climbed onto, although it was known that dangerous people lived there, **killers**, in fact. *(Waking up I was aware right away, that the "treehouse-video-documentary-project" "Taylor Camp" was the one that pretty much cost Bob's life).* But I still went there because I wanted to look down on the ocean on the other side, a very steep drop off into a very wild and blue-green ocean.

I climbed a really really high tree (*like Jack's bean stalk*) …



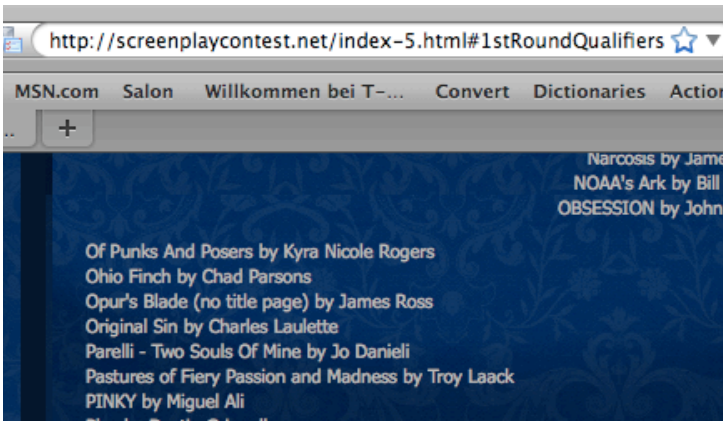
… and I did get to look down at the **ocean**, and it was full of plants and what looked like huge algae. Somehow I knew, in the dream, how it was to swim down there, and it felt, in the dream, too, as the dream-persona, that I was actually *recalling* diving really deep in that actual bay below that tree, – I had been there!? – and also some animal being there with me, in the water and under water …

At the same time it felt (in the dream!) as I was down there, while I was still only looking down on myself swimming and diving … In real life I have fear of heights, and in the dream I realized that the tree wasn't stable*. (**Note**: Wow, many years later I can exactly recall the scenario of that dream.)* As soon as I had seen the ocean down below, the tree began to indeed bend and shake, and I quickly climbed off it to save myself. I was more aware now of that huge treehouse that was built on rocks along that steep mountain road, and it wasn't stable at all, the floors weren't even, and there were huge gaps between the wooden planks, and *I had the feeling it could break down anytime*; but people were *living* in that strange makeshift barrack of a house; the huge tree was the major stronghold for the entire structure. I barely dared to move, because it all seemed so fragile, and I always had the feeling that the entire thing would collapse soon, it was only a matter of time.

The woman who lived there and her several grumpy dark-impression sons (3?) moved freely and told me that it was safe. There was a way to reach the actual road that was a regular winding mountain road (that tree-house structure was to the West of that road) and would lead around the mountain or **back to Bob and that Andrea-woman.** But then (!) I chose to join on of the sons and somehow **dove into the ocean** to see everything from **underneath** the sea. There was some kind of *shed*, I think *submerged*, where the son got some kind of tool, like a spear, and I was supposed to take one, too. So no, there was no animal, diving with me like I had kind of seen in a preview in the dream itself, it was the son of that strange woman in the tree-house that had been diving with me! I cannot recall his looks.

I woke up, soon after. That felt real in a way, but obviously a construct of my subconscious too. And yet, there was something about that dream that felt "new" like an actual fresh experience.

My dreams …! They had always been an ongoing joke between Bob and me. Often, at breakfast, with our beloved "hot black" on our beloved "lanai" I'd share my dreams with him, and he'd laugh and say that now that I was awake, I could recover from all the adventures. My dreams were for years, on Maui, full of danger, and I was always the one saving others or barely escaping death, mostly pursued by the most dangerous and evil killers.


http://screenplaycontest.net/index-5.html#1stRoundQualifiers
MSN.com
Salon
Willkommen bei T-...
Convert
Dictionaries
NOAA's Ark by Bill
OBSESSION by John
Of Punks And Posers by Kyra Nicole Rogers
Ohio Finch by Chad Parsons
Opur's Blade (no title page) by James Ross
Original Sin by Charles Laulette
Parelli - Two Souls Of Mine by Jo Danieli
Pastures of Fiery Passion and Madness by Troy Laack
PINKY by Miguel Ali

One day, I had a dream that played like a movie, and I wrote it down, wrote a screenplay ("***Parelli***, Two Souls of Mine"), entered into a competition and it ended up in qualification at a LA-film-festival!

In that "**treehouse"-dream"** … there was the feeling of being on my own and of the need to explore, and even though **Bob was there**, *I didn't think (in the dream) he cared what I was doing.* At some point in the dream I stood beside that terrace where Bob and Andrea were sitting, and as I was looking up to them … it felt as if there was more to that dream – and I even kind of "thought" that while dreaming! I don't remember the details. It was just a feeling of immense loneliness, but yet something familiar, in a way.

I also wrote into my fledgeling, not yet very serious diary on January 26:

"The loss of Bob seems to be very clear now. Makes me numb, and at the same time so heavy with sadness, that it feels too heavy to even deal with it."

And then, a "message" happened:

<u>January 26, 2019</u> **– "Fabulous!"**

That same day, I took a walk with my dog, like I do every day. *And here is my original diary entry:*

"Very lost feeling walking through the park with Jacqui. I talked to Bob, told him that I felt so lost and not sure about anything … but I imagined him so directly and clearly and intensely, that I got aware of that. So I asked him if he was actually close, in spirit. And I stopped walking and looked up, as if I was looking into his face, because he was much taller than me. So I looked up "to Bob", and I saw him so clearly, his face, his eyes … and suddenly I was aware that I was **standing facing a light-pole**, and I was looking at an **actual** face! A **sticker**, higher up than even Bob's face's height would have been, but just above that, a black and white sticker of a face made from some kind of **Celtic or Polynesian graphics artwork**! I will go back there to take a picture, I was so baffled that I didn't even think of photographing it. Plus I felt tears coming up, because inspite of this encounter, I felt the loss of Bob so strongly, the loss of the human Bob.

I had **told him yesterday**, that **our code-word was "fabulous"**. *(**Note** January 7, 2024, I just said out loud "Renewing this, Stoneman." And that after I had encountered yesterday, in a random online TV-series that I had clicked on, the "Nala Stone Men" ...)*

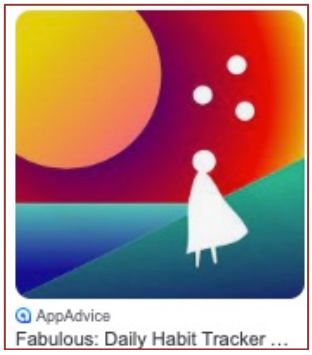
Because last night, while making dinner, I recalled Bob's typical ways of speaking, and that he would often say "**That's fabulous!"** about anything that I cooked. He was always a grateful eater and would appreciate everything I prepared. So last night I fell into memories about that, and I told Bob that if he wanted me to believe that he was in contact with me, he'd have t use the word "fabulous".

And now ... just earlier (Sat. Jan. 26, about 3 pm) – I felt the **urge** to open my screenplay "**The Jedi-Mystery**", as I'm looking for a clue which script I'm supposed to edit now ... on a RANDOM page.

And I scrolled down the script, randomly, stopped – and I ended up at the word "**Fabulous**"!

KA'ULU
How was your first day here?

AMARIN
(points at the bags)
Fabulous. Got the most necessary things. Like a hip-wagging hula-doll. An ash-tray, tiny plastic-"lei".



*(**Note** January 7, 2024, Did you know there is a "daily habit tracker" by the name of "Fabulous"? I just googled the word for illustration ... and there .. Me on Maui, right?.)*

Okay. *There was no way for me to have known where in my script the word "fabulous" is.* But "somebody" knew ... and the way I just felt compelled to say "somebody" (!) seemed to come from Bob, too, because "somebody" has to do with an experience we once shared about a person saying it in a very special way, and ever since Bob and I would mimic that certain kind of speech and of pronunciation of that word. There are other words that only Bob and I would know as being special in our relationship ...

So today I got a distinct "**fabulous**", right after I had **asked Bob to use it as a communication device.** Was it like this? Really?

Along with me finding things. Like the **face on the pole** today, when I was looking "into Bob's face". *(Note: I know I photographed it, later, but I can't find the picture!)*

It's all very ... confusing. I'd like to mention, though, that years ago I did put the word "fabulous" into that screenplay's dialogue just because Bob used to say it all the time, and I liked it. So yes, there is a chance that my own subconscious somehow "knew" on what page it was and made my hand handle the laptop-keyboard in a way that I picked exactly that page where it's written ... very unlikely. But critics could bring that up. Or that it's just coincidence. Whatever you think, fine with me. I can only share with you **how I felt when it happened, that "fabulous" showed up, right after I had said it out loud, many times, reminiscing Bob** and causing myself even more heart-ache.

And I felt spaced out.

I've kept reading "The Unobstructed Universe" and "The Betty Book". And there is no way to understand the latter if you don't have a very thorough knowledge of Earthly energetic phenomena and thoughts and creative imagination ... and Bob knows about my decade long research about the phenomenon "power of thought" – and what thoughts really are, as refelcted in my never-published "We Creators of the World".

Bob knows that I can understand it all.

He has been on my mind and in my heart and the center of my existence ever since I met him. He left me alone in this mortal world. He didn't want to be with me, for a long time. And when I was

ready to leave him alone, he seems to have developed the insight that he did want to be with me. He wasn't clear enough with that. He didn't share how sick he was, and I didn't realize it early enough. So when we did meet again, after a long time, those four years, in which things kept happening to keep us apart, he was dying.

The idea that Bob was only a memory could kill me. But I just cannot think along those lines ... and I am not supposed to.

If it's really you, Bob, don't get pissed off by me doubting. You must understand me and keep on it.

I don't know what the last thing was that he heard me say on the phone. I should have been so much closer with him the last time I was with him, I talked with him … but I wasn't thinking it would be the last time we'd be together … And he fell asleep while talking with me.

I know that other people are dying every second, and the survivors are bereaved. But I don't care. My pain is my universe.

January 26, 2019 – **A Subtle Answer**

(Original diary entry, continued)

After watching the movie "The Green Book" I broke out in serious crying, on the street (as I watched movies at a internet café run by my Muslim friend, and my dog Jacqui is with me every time) ... and I saw Bob so closely, he was so alive, that I just thought I can't handle him being dead, and I wanted to be dead.

I told him how it was for me, him seeing for the last time, and I hadn't really said goodbye, and I wanted him to tell me, why he gave up, why he went to the hospital, what happened …

As I had calmed down a little and started to work on some editing on "Regents of Clouds", suddenly, the **English phrase "A stone that's falling"** came to my mind … (*Note: out of nowhere, it wasn't anything I had written, it only popped up in my mind)* and I continued **"… can't be stopped",** meaning that once falling, a stone won't stop midair or fly back up again, unless with serious "magic".

*(**Note** Dec. 2023: As I googled for "falling stones" for illustration purposes, I came across this "success" image ... and it struck me, because Bob would always text me "success" when he had taken his medicine. In the image, that big stone following the jumping guy has so many meanings, ... like "the big stone" being the death of the jumping guy who is trying to save himself and whose name is Bob Stone, so he is his own killer ... it is quite baffling that an image like this exists at all.)*

I think that was Bob's answer. Too much damage was already done to his body and mind that he could have survived. I don't know how to handle that I ignored his dying condition and really left Maui, that rainy horrible night, leaving Bob there, alone, in the house. But then, he had recovered some. And I really focused so hard on getting to Austria, getting the medication for him and was going to return soon. I did get the meds, did send them, he did take them, he did feel better … and then his brain must have played a trick on him, because he went to the hospital. Which he had never done before. And from there, it all went down fast … his spirit broken, his body hurt (lungs, brain, stroke), and he never recovered and died. And I never got to say goodbye to him.

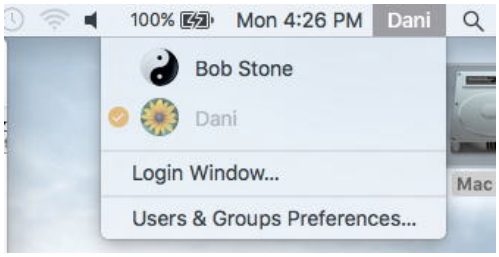
I remember now, in the movie "The Green Book", early in the film, was a **song "Good bye my love"** … haunting. I can't handle music. At all. Not in stores. Not anywhere. I get undone at the first sounds. Everytime I hear any music I remember Bob working on music videos, me working with him,

the thousand memories of him in the studio and me running back and forth between there and the kitchen and my own work place ...

January 28, 2019 **– The Connection Pop Up**

(Original diary entry, continued)

I just decided to write down my thoughts that I feel I should write down the incidents since Bob's death that show to me that he and I are in contact … when I was about to click on the date-line, right on the screen, and instead **I clicked on "Dani",** and suddenly I had a screen where I could choose between "Bob Stone" and "Dani", his icon being a yin-yang, mine a sunflower.



(*Note: I didn't realize back then the meaning of the sunflower, but it would show up soon.*) He had given that to me when he had configurated this new MacBook that he had bought for me in August 2018, three months before his death.

So ... even if some of the "messages" are only my "**imagination**" … *check this out:*

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The Invisibles seemed openly astonished.

"Imagination?" they cried. "Why, that is the very *gateway* of reality! You call it a plaything. You've always called it a plaything. But actually it's the one thing you possess that connects you with the next substance. It's a transmuting chemical."

"It's been the father of a big brood of mistaken ideas," I grumbled.

"Nevertheless," they insisted, "It's the way to get outside yourself. How else could you function beyond your fleshly limitations? But use imagination masterfully—not as an onlooker: as a partaker.

The only kind of workshops in a spiritual sense that I ever enjoyed (in Hawaii) were those with *exercises using creative imagination.* I learned in details how to make "blueprints" for future events, which means, imagine something in a way that it can come true … and yes, it's very easy to imagine something and it comes true, we do it all the time, it's how we are built. (And that's the main topic of my book "We Creators of the World".) But the difficult part of it is, to avoid manifesting what we don't want. And in order to do so, we must create an inner image of a desired future event that is without doubts and without inner conflicts and without any force in the form of other thoughts of inner images that would stand against that image of something we'd like to "come true". It will come true, in the form it can, but based on all the inner influences that are shaping it, while we don't even know that this happens. Why not? Because we haven't taken the time and effort to "cleanse" our inner world of all the contradictions to the desired outcome and all the hindering ideas we have about ourselves and the world.

There is a **spiritual tradition in Hawaii**, in which the necessary process to make a creative image healthy and proper, is called "**Kala**". And that means a lot of things, among others "cleansing", but also "the light" or "the day". Basically it's an inner process, that can be learned, to get rid of all the

inner influences that can counter-act the desired outcome of our "creative imagination". This means, we imagine a goal, but inside of us we have a lot of beliefs that won't allow that goal to be manifested. You want to be rich, but really you think all rich people are assholes, and you don't think you'd ever be an asshole, so you can't ever get rich. "Kala" involves the ability, that can be trained, to very honestly identify beliefs and habits of thinking that are counter-agents to any goal one wants to manifest …

This lengthy explanation is meant to give you an inkling of how the awareness of the functioning of human thinking can affect one's ability to communicate with the discarnates. Also, the question what "imagination" really is, requires in-depth-dealings with that matter to be able to actually deal with our inborn "imagining-function" properly. And "properly" means *"aware of what it can do, what it does, whether we like it or not, and what it should be used for and why".*

"Couldn't you just take it on faith?" they urged. "Couldn't you just *pretend* for a nine, to give it a chance to work? If this reality is ever to be recognized, it must be by something hitherto unrecognized in law. Put your energy and your daring into throwing out to your farthest limits in search of comprehension of the hitherto unknown. You must *gain it in imagination first:* and then work back through slow steps to connect it with observed facts."

And there I was stopped again! By a word! Imagination. I am a fiction writer and I know something about imagination and its power to conjure elaborate structure out of thin air. Also it had kin-folk, such as "wish-fulfillment" and "compensation fantasies." Even Betty was doubtful.

"I don't think," she objected, "that's a very good word—imagination. It's too cobwebby with unrealities."

I'm very inclined to believe what Stewart and Betty White were doing and writing, because there also *got to be reason why I ended up with their work,* of which I hadn't had a clue a year ago.

Now consider this: In December 2019, somebody had sent me a cut-out from a Honolulu newspaper with **Bob's obituary**, **anonymously**! Yes, just an envelop with the obituary in it …. but that was close to Bob's death, and I couldn't bare looking at it, and at that time, I didn't write a "contact diary then and didn't take pictures … so right after finding the obituary in the mail, I took it outside with me, in the street where I lived, **Flachgasse**, Vienna, and I was about to toss it into the next best **trash can** … when a **rainbow** appeared right above me in that alley! ***A rainbow! When I held Bob's Hawaii-obituary in my hand ready to drop it into the trashcan!***

(Flachgasse, 15th district, Vienna, Austria; Rainbow pic is from Google.)

I was literally standing there with my mouth open! Had it rained? Maybe. It didn't rain at that time. And I was in a part of the town of high building density, not much view of the sky … but right there, "facing me", was that rainbow! And that was such a "shock" in a way, that I lowered my head and just walked on. **Rainbows and Hawaii and me … such an intense topic of my life, and there was a rainbow, in Vienna**, … it was breathtaking.

What to think about it, what to make of it? Of course I had spent nearly 20 years dealing with the "magic" of Hawaii, so it wasn't entirely new to me … This was different, it was personal and it felt like I was being … well, challenged, in some way. (And I was right … I only didn't know it yet.)

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"This kind of thing, however, I hesitate to emphasize. Formulas are dangerous. Your needs are not my needs. Stability may be the thing I strive for, while flexibility and abandon to spiritual imagination may be the adjustment needed for you. My spiritual strivings may therefore be a misfit for you. You must cultivate your own modeling power to proportion you so that you will attract your own developing currents. These will make you aware of your weak points and aid you in strengthening them through your conscious cooperation until the process becomes spontaneous.

"Above all, get this clear: these notes are intended only to give an example of an individual process, suited to a particular person. Do not let them mummify your own life-giving currents by inducing you to expect anything exactly similar.

In the experiences of Stewart, Betty, Ruth and Emmett and all the others who are mentioned in their work, the way the "Invisibles" talked with the "mortals" is clear and earnest and serious … and yet, it's hard to read for people who don't have a certain level of, say, intellectual prowess.

UNDOUBTEDLY when entering the higher consciousness, Betty had from the very beginning "left the body", without appreciating the fact. As soon as she realized that she was actually so doing, the Invisibles began to teach her how to do it consciously.

"Escape from the restrictions of the body," said they, "and life outside the restrictions of the body, even while you are occupying it, can be experienced. That is the real life. How can any sensible person doubt it? We are trying to shatter the bodily conception of life in order to expose the other to view. The discovery of this other conception and the gradual acquisition of it is what constitutes the *raison d'etre* of your existence. If you do not discover it, you have failed; you are either standing still or slipping back."

Isn't it fascinating that there are quotes by dead people, and hardly anyone in this mortal world knows about it, but the dumbest books become world-bestsellers?

"This," said she, with the satisfaction of discovery, "is the application of what I experienced when I with drew inside myself, and shut the door, and staved quiet until I found there was another exit, and so gave my little bit, and the Great Rhythm took it and amplified it. This is the new exit—the rising-above, and all that, is outworn.

"While here," she continued, "I can reach out and quicken the thoughts and hearts of any human being I have ever known. What then? What right have I? How do I dare utilize that power, and for what purpose? I cannot see the answers to these questions now. I only know that one who has experienced this power, even momentarily, can never again be satisfied, as is the walnut in its shell."

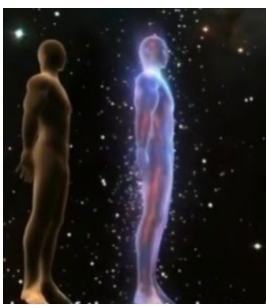
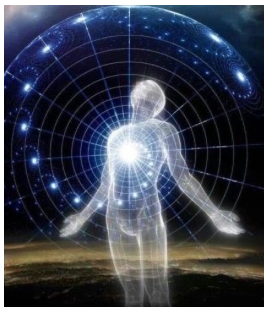
(Betty talking)

Right after the "**fabulous**"-incident, something changed in my attitude – towards my own work and towards Bob as a … well, a person.

I caught myself thinking of him as a living person more often than of his dead body.

Strangely, it even felt like some kind of "betrayal", and I shied back from facing what that meant. I think my mind was trying to uphold some beliefs I had always had, habitually, from my childhood education on. Or … I just didn't want to let go of the image of Bob as the man he had been.

Turns out that **"the dead" do keep (!) their "mortal" bodies, because the essence of all that a material body ever is, remains intact as … let's call it "spirit body",** and upon physical death, the consciousness cuts it's tie with the physical material aspects of that body and moves into the spirit body, which is exactly everything that mortal body once was. *(Note: I am getting way ahead here …)* That's why near-death-experiences are full with "dead people" who resemble actual mortals. They aren't exactly those "bodies" anymore, but the discarnates are able to re-construct, in their realm, anything they've ever been in their mortal phase. That's what I was about to learn in those books I was reading … it makes total sense, actually, and it's all about energetic matters in relation to the human existence.

(Yup, there are some wild images on Google … thank you very much.)

Just some thought to give your reading another "spark: How do we know that **near-death-experiences are not only "regular" hallucinations** that occur upon impending brain death or in a process where the brain shuts down to do survival-stuff? Because the people who experience near-death-experiences do not see living people. If the brain would simply hallucinate, why then not ***current***-life scenes? Why is it always some kind of entering the beyond, meeting dead (!) folks there and returning? If a "near-death"-experience was just a brain-functions-freak-out, then the single brain wouldn't have to only show the same things like they happen to all people all over the world who have near-death experiences! *There are no real-life people, family members, pets or concrete memories or any recent day scenes that a brain is reflecting during a near-death-experience!*

There.

"Dreams are my reality" … was a line in a song – good one!

In the years that Bob and I didn't see each other, I was haunted by **recurring dreams** … and I always thought that it was "just" my subconscious freaking out, because of all my experiences of rejection I had to endure from Bob, all the events of those wild and happy and devastatingly sad years on Maui, my loneliness, my not reciprocated love for Bob … so I thought, of course that longing to be there and never really getting there, that was my own trauma-resolving mind, giving me those dreams … of **me traveling to Hawaii, searching for Bob**, over and over and over again ... and time was always running out, Bob being all over the place but not reachable to me ... And in those dreams I mostly never even got to meet him as he was out and about, working.

Sometimes I would end up in a dream at his new dwelling, high up on a hill, like a cave, filled with soft cushions and pillows and velvet carpets and curtains, with a lot of dark red in all the furnishings … and many times, in those dreams, I had to return again, leave Hawaii. And often in those dreams, I was kind of hindered from reaching the airport in time, and I was in a hurry and so desperate, knowing that another chance had passed, and that I'd have to start over again, taking that long trip to Maui and hoping I'd be admitted by the authorities.

*(**Note Dec. 2023:** I couldn't resist and google something that would resemble the mood in that "dwelling" Bob had in those dreams, on Maui, on top of a hill, kind of remote, hidden by trees, always empty as Bob was not there ... strangely furnished and open, so that anyone could go in; When I write about this so many years ago ... I have the exact feeling still like in my dreams ... the sadness, the longing, the dread ... and I had no idea back then that Bob was already on the way to his demise.*
The jumping dolphin is a picture I took on Maui, in Kihei.)

In real life I had some adventures at US-immigration, because of my very frequent Hawaii-travels … and in those dreams, this always was a theme: Many times I had to board a train or a bus to get to the airport, and there were always problems with timing, and always the reason why I had such a hard time, was because other people screwed up at the ticketing machines or the check-in counters. There **were several recurring dreams**, with the same places, even the same buildings and landscapes … where I was on my way to Bob, and I never got to see him and had to return without having been with him.

Today, when I look at those dreams in the four years we were apart, they're quite clearly warnings and hints, and *someone* was trying to tell me something. The fact that I revisited the same places in my dreams is something that has much more meaning to me, today.

But I was licking my wounds from the years with Bob, where I had actually been a lot without him, although we had lived together, and I was unable to keep doing what I had been doing: trying to make our very mortal relationship work. I didn't trust him anymore that he loved me. In the last weeks we spent together, we talked about all of this. Turned out we did love each other, always, and there were never other people we'd have wanted to be with.

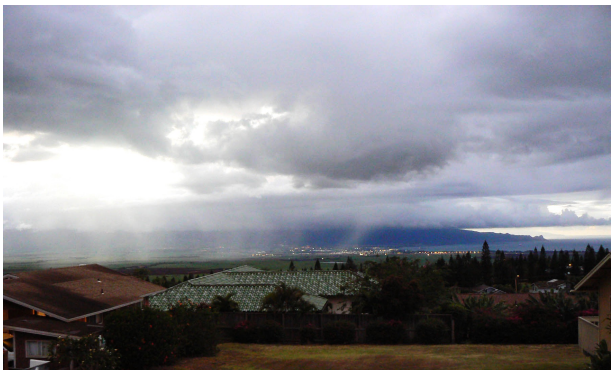
Very strange to dream things like that so many times … and the oddest aspect of the recurring dreams: Many times there was even *a "**history**" that I dreamed of*, that Bob and I had in the dreams (!), *so that "**dream past**" was a story that was only another dream connected to that dream, must have been, because I don't have that past in real life, but in dreams I referred to it, many times:* Bob and I had

lived in a **village** at the ocean, and there were distinct coral patches and lagoons and a certain apartment where I'd return later dreams – and even in dreams that weren't even about Bob and Hawaii! I would still go to that apartment! But for those Hawaii-dreams, there I would always be **squeezing** myself through the same narrow spot in Honolulu, between rocks and houses to get to a path that would lead me across those lagoons and coral patches to that village, mainly of white flat houses, like in Greece, and to that long stretched one-story apartment … and I was longing, in my dreams, to be back with Bob in those days that we had lived together in that first dream! That spot had nothing to do with the actual real life house we had lived in, didn't resemble it at all, also the setting was totally different. It was really like in my dreams I visited a time I had had with Bob, a whole life over many years, that had taken place in the dream-world.

I got to mention here that not only in dreams about Bob have I ***recurring places****, that I remember after years past the original dream, and always I remember in the new dreams that I had been in that place before in another dream.*

Those places in Hawaii that appeared so often in my **dreams,** and there are five distinct ones, are part of my memories, but they never showed up in Bob's and my mortal real life. And yet, in the dream-realms I'd refer to them, in later years, I'd tell myself something like "Oh, I'm again back in that place where Bob and I never lived in real life, or did we?" (Yes, I asked myself that while sleeping, while dreaming!) … That's how strange my dreams had become. Knowing that I was dreaming while dreaming and talking with myself about that, has become a very common situation, in the last year, too. And even Bob knew in our time together, that I was a very strange "dreamer". I must also admit something here: Before Bob and I decided to sleep in separate beds, I had nightmares, all the time, not getting enough air, my heart racing, nearly suffocating sleeping next to him, after our blissful first year. I was always wondering, why.

Sometimes, in one of those **dreams**, I just got a **glimpse** of Bob … fleeting, as he was on his way and didn't even care to try and meet me, even though he knew I had arrived and was there for him.



(View from the lanai of our Maui home)

… and some of those **dreams** had *the same setting at the airport* that I always had to pass, the same building, even *the same officials sitting in their booths* (!), the same kind of "Hawaii", where I was searching and had such a hard time getting around, at the same time fascinated and appalled, and so disappointed that I didn't get to see Bob.

And <u>when</u> we met, in those dreams, for very short events, Bob was <u>not</u> nice to me … he was as grumpy and distant as he had often been towards me, between his boots of sparkling joy and loving care. He didn't want to take time for me, he was sort of annoyed or impatient about me coming and asking him to spend time with something other than his work … Often we only talked on the phone (*yes, in the dreams*) and he was too busy to meet me.

Actually, that's what happened a lot in real life: He never had enough time for "us" and for "me", not even for "himself". Going to the beach ever "for a quick dip" was a request that used to annoy him, later, it had to be planned ahead. He was upset and unwilling so often ... about so many things. I never knew why. *(**<u>Note</u>** January 8, 2024: Only after being the caregiver of my mom with dementia for years, I*

began to realize, what Bob's problems had really been based on.) Was my subconscious working to "heal" me in my dreams or to actually tell me stuff that I should be aware of.

In 2014, after working with Bob on the documentary project "From Trauma to Peace" about the amazing self-healing technique TFT (Thought Field Therapy by Roger Callahan) and the Rwanda-connection (I edited the director's cut completely), instead of making our film "Ka Nui Puckerfiddle", the official reason why I had come, but we never got to make the film. Bob was mentally unable to do the editing or even deal with the contents of the footage he himself had shot in Rwanda, or the project itself. I left Maui with the feeling that Bob really should find a partner who suited him, to take care of him, because he had become erratic, confused and really heartbroken about the "friends" of his and how they ignored his very wishes and were disrespectful of his time and ressources, never acknowledged the work he had done for them ... but he would lash out on me. He disrespected me just the way he was disrespected by others. And I was willing to let him go, so that he'd find true happiness or relief or whatever.

He never was with anyone again, and neither was I. In the years that we didn't meet in person, though, we developed a long-distance relationship, and it was clear that we didn't want to be without each other, and we made big plans. We always **talked on the phone**, we didn't skype or videochat, and that's a very bitter and yet very interesting aspect **related to Bob's death** *that will come up later.*

After Bob's death, his friend Todd P. told me today how **fondly** Bob always talked about me and how excited he was about me coming to visit … and this breaks my heart more than if he'd told me that Bob hadn't given a shit.

I didn't know Bob was fond of me. He did say, several times, that it was "time to come home" for me. And how I wanted to. But Bob had no money, and I was struggling. How did he imagine me coming over again? It had always been me saving up to be able to travel, I even used my unemployment money for that ...He said "We'll figure it out." Bob never figured anything out. Not even for himself. He did say "I miss you" a few times ... but I did remember very clearly how he had betrayed and rejected me ... I was so heartbroken. I did not trust him anymore. And right I was. He did not share with me when he became so desperately sick ...

I had adopted my dog Jacqui in October 2014, to do something for my sore heart, as I had been treated very poorly by Bob (who had his mental and emotional problems throughout) again during my three months with Bob in summer 2014. Felicitas F., the boss of an animal protection organization, had, truth be told, kind of urged me to adopt a dog. I had accompanied her and her collaborator Uli several times to animal shelters in Slovakia, kind of to *keep* myself *from* adopting a dog. I hadn't been able to even look at pictures of my dog Kimba, who was deadly run over by a speeding car, in front of my eyes, in Norway, on August 7, 2001.

Walk in nature - check!
Sniff at lots of butts - check!
Peed all over - definitely check!
Chase stuff - check! Now ...
... how long until dinner??

At one of the visits I witnessed how an elderly couple was going to pick up a strange red dog name "Coki", but the animal was so shy, that he didn't make one single step with them, and he behaved like a severely traumatized dog. The couple did not adopt that dog, but I decided to take care of him for a few months over winter, in Vienna. When I then decided to keep him, there were many people ("friends") who said they'd help. Long story short … in the first year, 2015, I wasn't able to travel, because I didn't find a good place for my dog to be at while I was gone, and also Bob didn't encourage me, really. Looking back, I can see that Jacqui was brought onto my path to be my teacher

and companion to comfort me in the worst time of my life to come. Bob and I did discuss many times, later, how best to bring Jacqui to the States, or even to Hawaii (by ship, of course) … he was very interested in that dog, and I kept sending him lots of pictures, also very funny ones, to share my life with that dog with Bob.

In the years after 2014 … and I had left Maui in a state of despair, because Bob was so distant, but I "planted" the seed for us to be together happily, by a very **intense good-bye kiss** I gave him at the airport (*and it will show up in the book again, j*ust wait for it), and I will never forget, how he leaned in, kind of surprised, but happily, and I thought "My God, could it be that he does love me, after all, just can't show it for the life of him?"

That was in July 2014. The next time I'd see him would be more than four years later, and by that time, he was dying.

(Our beloved housie in September 2018, just before I left)

Bob's and my communications by phone were intense but infrequent, and then I'd not hear from him for long stretches of time. Many times I made suggestions about working on a project and about me coming, and I had some money then and wanted to bring it to work together, maybe buy a car, to help Bob out, who was in a very difficult financial situation, for a long time. I even send him some money at times … but then he simply stayed quiet and didn't respond. And I felt rejected. Again.

Also … I was hurt, I admit it, that Bob would fly to Cambodia, numerous time, to help with a film festival he hated and where he always felt taken advantage of, and he even flew through Europe, but not once had he visited me in Austria. He wanted to, he told me half a year before his death, and in fact, it was the plan, that after he would have gotten a little better, he'd have traveled to Vienna, I had everything set up with a specialist …

And then, in 2017, when I had prepared everything to travel, my dog Jacqui fell (nearly) deadly ill with poisoning in April. And I couldn't fly. If he hadn't been sick or if he had died, I would have been with Bob right at the time when his final illness started … Fact is: I saved my dog, but I lost Bob.

In 2001 I had lost my dog **Kimba**, to a deadly accident, but because of that my friend H. brought me to Maui, I met Bob there, in 2002. And again, it was the presence of a dog who played a major role in losing Bob … and there is a ***third*** *one, I'll tell you about later.*

I'm talking to Bob … trying to make sense of everything. *"We didn't say good-bye, Bob. I left the house and said that I'd be right back. You said you were going to wait and had me promise that I'd return to you. But then, me in Austria, even though you recovered so much, you did make that one decision that did speed up and perhaps facilitate your death: You went to the hospital when you absolutely shouldn't have."*

In my struggles trying to figure out what I was supposed to do about this crazy longing to be on Maui with Bob and at the same time fearing to make a mistake by being to vehement about my own wish and ignoring his wish, which, I thought, maybe entailed to get rid of me … those were major aspects of my life in the years before Bob died. I felt physically ill, many times, because of longing to be on Maui, I needed the energy there, and I needed my home there and Bob. And he did tell me he wanted me to come, and he missed me, but it wasn't so easy to just take the trip again … and finances were tough. And whatever I set up and prepared in terms of projects that Bob and I were supposed to

work on – he did not follow up or follow through. Looking back, Bob must have suffered from a severe fear of success, because he virtually boycotted a lot of my efforts. My scripts-successes, the connections with agents I had made … with possible sponsors, with actors … it was then up to him, as the US-producer to follow-up and make things happen. He never did. He promised to, he maybe wanted to … be never made one single of the phone-calls, even, that were his to do.

I'm telling you all this so that you'll understand, better, in what's about to come in our story, why I so vehemently *insist* on working together with Bob. I do believe that it's what he wants, now, that he is free from his mortal restrictions to actually follow through.

I have the impression he has told me as much in the past months. And yes, you'll be the judge.

January 31, 2019 **– White Flowers for Me**

At night, walking back from the callshop, I found a **white flower**, with two stems growing out of one, two blossoms (still closed), and on one side of the one blossom the stem is again dividing in more blossoms. I don't know what kind of flower it is, can be a carnation, or a hibiscus.

"I'm coming back," she ended. "Do you know, my body seems like a troublesome child to me now. I drag it around, and bathe it, and dress it, and stand it, and sit it, and fuss over it!"

4.

"It is most important," pointed out the Invisibles to Betty, "that you do not get a misconception of what we intend to convey by the term 'habitual spiritual consciousness.' This does not imply any retirement into any permanent state of abstraction, nor any priggish watchfulness to determine that your every move is transcendental. It means simply that each day, when you finish your practice, you do not close the experience like a book, but carry it around like a treasured possession. Instead of being completely forgotten, it remains in the back of your mind, communicating its influence automatically to your actions and reactions, and ready at any moment, if specifically called upon, to lend a helping hand.

I realized after reading "Across the Unknown" (by Stewart E. White, the best work I have ever read about the spiritual energetic nature of the Cosmos and of a human creature, ever, and it's from the 1930s/40s!) that me suddenly recalling the Ulupo heiau (ulu – rises, po – night, invisible realm of the dead) where Bob and I had felt so close, when we had filmed there for "Native Of Owhyhee", is maybe his message to me that that would actually be a place to "meet", mentally. *(End o. d. exerpt)*

(*The above book-excerpt is from "The Road I Know", Betty White's account of her time of training by the Invisibles*.) I didn't realize right away, while reading those books, how deep the teaching actually was about how the common ideas of "meditation" and "trance" and the "enhancement of awareness" are faulty and misleading. When it dawned on me, I wasn't surprised anymore that I had actually always rejected "spiritual schools of thought" in terms of joining retreats to meditate or do some kind of "cleansing" or exercises to "get rid of thoughts". I had always found that my work of researching the common denominator in all spiritual schools of thought, worldwide, of all eras, as given in my still unfinished work "We Creators of the World" was enough of spiritual "exercise" and actually more meaningful than sitting somewhere and focusing on one's breath. I can do that, for three seconds, yes, and then I'm getting fidgety.

"This faculty," resumed the Invisibles presently "which we awkwardly call listening, thinking in another language, is an expansion of the progressive reality within you. You must strive for possession—as a subconscious fixture—of a faculty not sufficiently developed in you yet. Until you can absorb knowledge directly with this faculty, you will always be subject to dilutions, contaminations, dispersions.

"This absorption of comprehension, only partial of course, carried through the present channels of contact, arrives transmuted from the reality of the source into the symbols of the brain. It is almost useless to attempt much further extension of vision until you work out this faculty for receiving direct comprehension. The brain is a physical apparatus. It will always automatically take what it is able to absorb. But the inner expansive faculty, vigorously developed, can outrun the physical apparatus indefinitely."

I did realize, though, that a connection with the beyond, just because of the entirely different frequencies of the two realms can't just happen by "listening for it" or by "wanting it" … Betty and the other Invisibles made that totally clear. So now I know that I should really discipline myself and learn how to he totally in the "here and now" and not in my head … but so far, no such luck. No patience. *I don't want to be a "medium",* I kept saying to … well, to everyone. I want to be able to communicate with Bob in a way that's doable for me and that fits my crazy conscious mind that strives to create and share and write and think. Maybe I'll find some kind of compromise, one day … but I was about to learn, that my wish wasn't that "out there".

THE ROAD I KNOW 131

painful; production is better. What can I get that is self-acting? Creation is the nearest to it. That is a cleaner, brighter word. People do not create under a lash."

"Above all," said the Invisibles, "don't forget the importance of joyousness through all work. That's the big thing. Think more about that. There is no excuse for dreariness. Dreariness is just contraction."

You must never do things *merely* from a sense of duty or "service," said they; you must do them because *you want* to do them. And you'll want to do them when you've developed full consciousness! Better not to do them at all otherwise. And, they added astonishingly, *you can give to others effectively only from overflow!* Duty-and-will-power has no momentum; what they called "automatic-quickening" carries far. And that accompanies only a real desire, and a real enjoyment in the game.

<u>February 1, 2019</u>

So January is gone without Bob being alive in it. It's still a blur to me. I've communicated via email with Bryon, Bob's son, and the way he writes makes me "hear" Bob in his lines. But there is no more Bob. And I keep writing with Bryon and JR about Bob's business, and it's all in a blur. Only now and then I "wake up" and realize that Bob is gone, and so is our house, our working together, our future together, just as we had found each other again …

I feel so lost.

"Across the Unknown" is so precious, though. I've been able to download most books by Stewart E. White, and I have scanned through all. But Across the Universe, with my knowledge due to having

worked on my book "We Creators of the World", is a pure miracle of truth. I do believe that Betty went to the realm of the dead. And I am a pragmatic thinker, a researcher, a journalist ... It does make sense – all whatever Stewart writes, what he recorded and later summarized about their sessions. Of course I had the thoughts that Stewart himself mentions that people confronted him with – that he was a gifted and successful fiction writer before beginning the project "The Bridge" with Joan, Darby, Betty and Stephen – but had he not been that, he would have never been able to grasp and write down what was said in those communications let alone work with it to make it acessible to the outside world. If you are not a writer by profession or habit with an immense ability to self-discipline in terms comprehension, interpretation and thinking-as-text along with laying down words that make sense, you can never accomplish such a huge documentation work like Stewart did.

Believe you me. I know. Bob's words – that he kept repeating over and over again during his mortal phase – keep sounding in my ear, with a new meaning every day**: "You are my writer."**

Yes, I am his writer – now more than ever.

It was like he was emphasizing a role that only would become meaning after his passing.

I am here, writing and writing and writng ... like Stewart E. White did. For seven years, after which he followed his beloved Betty into the beyond. I always was a writer. Even when I was in primary school ... but you'll learn about that later.

Facit: In order to serve "The Bridge" in terms of sharing the knowledge, the findings, the experiences – one has to be a writer. One has to have an open and supple mind like someone who is able to created fictional scenarios and write them down out of their inner image world.

Betty White died of cancer at the age of 59 (my age in 2024, and yes, I do have relateable physical ailments right now) ... and let me just mention here, that "cancer" is, in itself, as a concept of nature, in fact, the ultimate "method" of gaining "immortality". Why? Because the cancer cell itself has lost its ability for apoptosis, cell-death, as cancer cells can't die. That in itself is already a manifestation of the human wish to be immortal. But then, when a person dies of cancer, because the abnormal cells kill the body, then immortality really begins, for the person, but – cat biting its tail! – because of that, the cancer cell as a material thing perishes, too. So …

Betty White with her path as a medium and having been enabled to actually move into the realm of the discarnate "humans", must have really longed to be able to stay in the realm of the immortals constantly … so her cancer gave her that premature possibility! Stewart died of cancer, too.

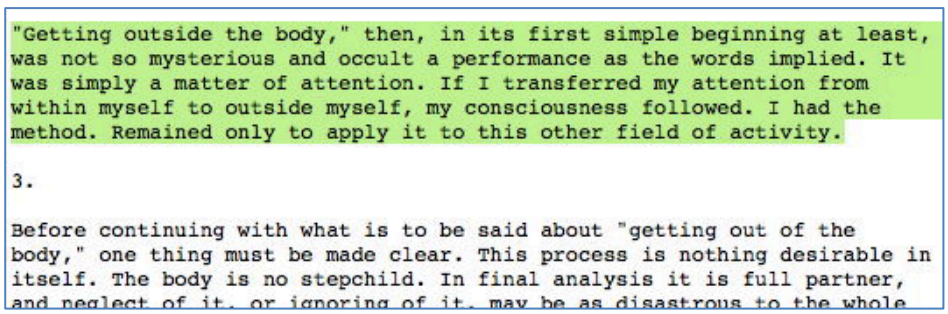
Today I first had the thought of writing a movie about Stewart and Betty.

But it seems an overwhelming task.

I just told Bob and Stewart and Betty and all of them, that first I want a literary manager in California and move there, and then I shall write that film about them (…)

(End original diary entry)

Here are a few excerpts from "***Across the Unknown",*** to give you an insight what my mind was using to nourish itself, back then:



"Getting outside the body," then, in its first simple beginning at least, was not so mysterious and occult a performance as the words implied. It was simply a matter of attention. If I transferred my attention from within myself to outside myself, my consciousness followed. I had the method. Remained only to apply it to this other field of activity.

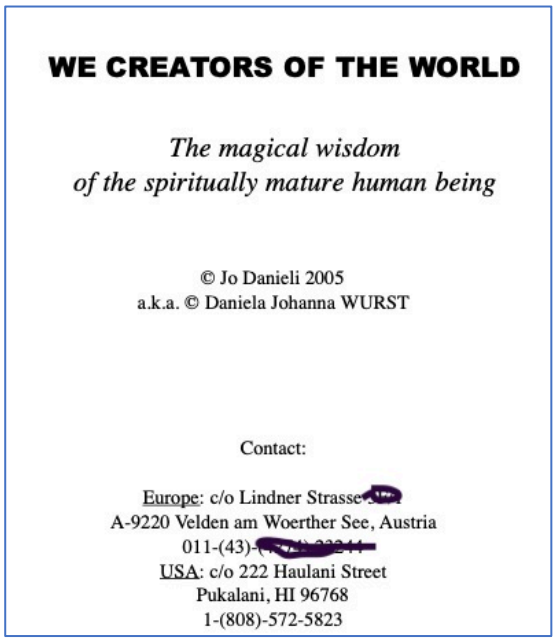
3.

Before continuing with what is to be said about "getting out of the body," one thing must be made clear. This process is nothing desirable in itself. The body is no stepchild. In final analysis it is full partner, and neglect of it, or ignoring of it, may be as disastrous to the whole

Just think about it – what an ingenious explanation:

"... If I transferred my attention from within myslef to outside myself, my consciousness followed." Oh I had dealt with the power and true nature of thoughts and thereby of "attention" for

many years before I had even met Bob. I wrote thousands of pages about it ... ("Wir Schöpfer der Welt", later in the English translation "We Creators of the World") after I had gotten in contact with Serge Kahili King in Hawaii and began to research the spiritual traditions of ancient Hawaii ... And when I read these things in Stewart's and Betty's work, I was catapulted back into a phase of my life and work "before Bob" (and I kept revising my book in the years with Bob, too, but it was never published) ...



WE CREATORS OF THE WORLD

The magical wisdom
of the spiritually mature human being

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a.k.a. © Daniela Johanna WURST

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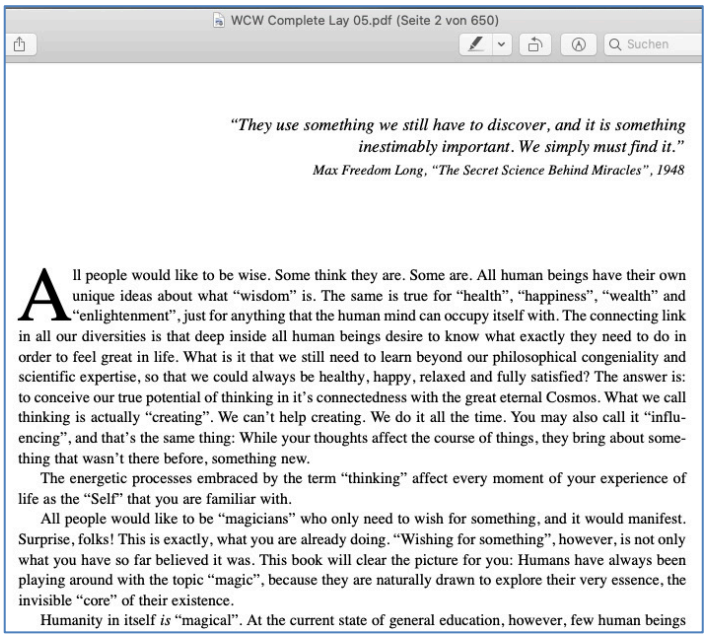


WCW Complete Lay 05.pdf (Seite 2 von 650)

"They use something we still have to discover, and it is something inestimably important. We simply must find it."
Max Freedom Long, "The Secret Science Behind Miracles", 1948

All people would like to be wise. Some think they are. Some are. All human beings have their own unique ideas about what "wisdom" is. The same is true for "health", "happiness", "wealth" and "enlightenment", just for anything that the human mind can occupy itself with. The connecting link in all our diversities is that deep inside all human beings desire to know what exactly they need to do in order to feel great in life. What is it that we still need to learn beyond our philosophical congeniality and scientific expertise, so that we could always be healthy, happy, relaxed and fully satisfied? The answer is: to conceive our true potential of thinking in it's connectedness with the great eternal Cosmos. What we call thinking is actually "creating". We can't help creating. We do it all the time. You may also call it "influencing", and that's the same thing: While your thoughts affect the course of things, they bring about something that wasn't there before, something new.

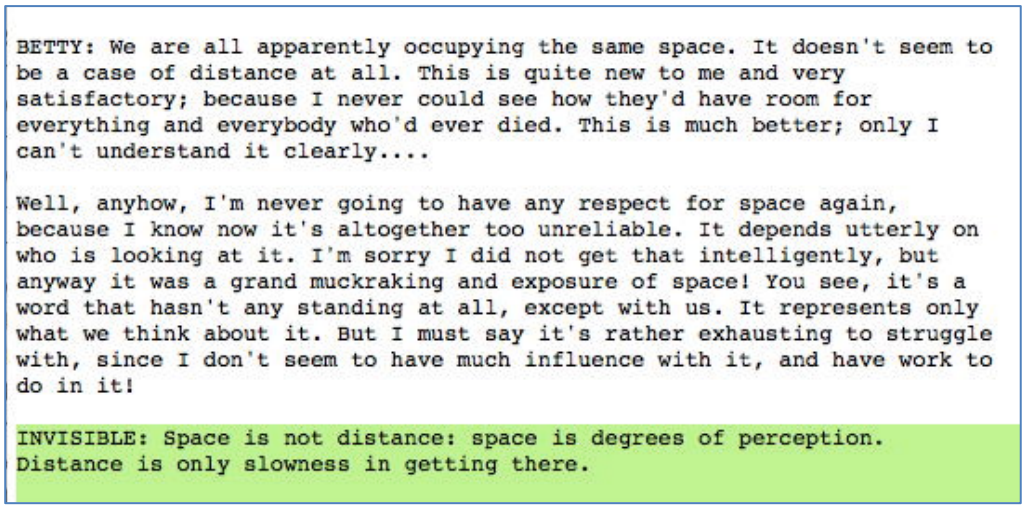
The energetic processes embraced by the term "thinking" affect every moment of your experience of life as the "Self" that you are familiar with.

All people would like to be "magicians" who only need to wish for something, and it would manifest. Surprise, folks! This is exactly, what you are already doing. "Wishing for something", however, is not only what you have so far believed it was. This book will clear the picture for you: Humans have always been playing around with the topic "magic", because they are naturally drawn to explore their very essence, the invisible "core" of their existence.

Humanity in itself *is* "magical". At the current state of general education, however, few human beings

... and I soon realized that I had been preparing myself for the Here and Now and my task of documenting Bob's and my interrealm-relationship decades earlier.

Frankly, when I had started to read about that "the dead are talking" and "leave the body to visit the beyond" business, *I had been very afraid of being made fun of.* By the authors, yes. I was worried to discover right away what bogus it all was … and would have destroyed my hope that Bob was really still there … but it would have saved me ***my new-found horror at realizing that I hadn't ever even considered that my little brother was still around***, or that all the other dead people I had once known, were … Well. What I read never disappointed me. Ever.



BETTY: We are all apparently occupying the same space. It doesn't seem to be a case of distance at all. This is quite new to me and very satisfactory; because I never could see how they'd have room for everything and everybody who'd ever died. This is much better; only I can't understand it clearly....

Well, anyhow, I'm never going to have any respect for space again, because I know now it's altogether too unreliable. It depends utterly on who is looking at it. I'm sorry I did not get that intelligently, but anyway it was a grand muckraking and exposure of space! You see, it's a word that hasn't any standing at all, except with us. It represents only what we think about it. But I must say it's rather exhausting to struggle with, since I don't seem to have much influence with it, and have work to do in it!

INVISIBLE: Space is not distance: space is degrees of perception. Distance is only slowness in getting there.

Reading those books I had to remind myself that the project that Betty and Stewart stood so true to, lasted over decades … I hadn't even been together with Bob that long that those two only engaged in the inter-realm-communications they so meticulously documented over so many years.

BETTY: I am just like a photographic plate. The idea is there, and I expose myself to it until I feel I have a negative. Then I develop it and pass it on to you.

JOE: You see the whole thing starts with something you yourself create. If I could only get this forcibly enough to you! It should never be forgotten. Perhaps you will remember it better if you think of it as just like any of your other closer contacts. Take friendship, for example: you approach your real friends with exactly the same process of lightening pressures, of warmth in each other's atmospheres, of getting directly in touch with the intimate sides of them which are less recognized by the world in general. All this is a commonplace there: you take it for granted. But with us you sometimes forget.

In this particular kind of communication, of course, from then on it is a little different. It is something like learning another language so you can listen intelligibly. Each time you desire to travel beyond your present country you must say to yourself: Am I thinking and listening in the right language? Otherwise communication is hopeless.

INVISIBLE: Well, there's no use in feeling that way about it, either. We very often divert certain masses of things toward your consciousness--yes. But, except in certain special circumstances, like the present, it is not too common that we impress a specific rounded idea upon you. We divert to you a certain mass or class of impression, and as much of it flows through your actual consciousness as your individual capacity or ability OF THAT MOMENT select. So it really IS your thought, after all! We have just given you a favorable opportunity for that thought.

The foregoing, of course, is a broad statement. There are many times, especially when there is a close bond, when a specific thought can be inserted. But the general mechanism of influence is just this broad diverting process of mass, from which you take, so to speak, magnetically.

When I began to read about the possibility that mere "mental impressions" could already by "hints" or "signs" or even "messages" from "beyond", I couldn't help but see my own strange insights and impressions of the past months in a new light … and it made sense, now, that some things that had gone on "inside of me" didn't entirely feel "me", or, at least, they felt so new, that I didn't know how that renewal of my mental world could have possibly taken place.

invented. He just gives a certain shape and character to it, that's all. You can't invent truth. Anything that's true, even if it seems suddenly true, was always true. One of the things you've got to get rid of is the idea that truth was invented by, or belongs to, anybody in particular.

Very often even the ordinary thoughts you have are not strictly "your own." For instance, you'll have what you think are random thoughts: where do you suppose they come from? It's funny to spend half a day yelling in a fellow's ears, and then hear him say, "I just had a nice little funny thought." Or you lie there, getting ready to work with us, and say, "This is just myself thinking." You know it is. But it isn't; not once in a thousand times!

S E W: I'm getting more and more diffident about claiming that I think or say ANYTHING myself!

And yet, I also learned that *it's **not** possible to just walk around and "listen" and then "hear" "them" talk to you* … of course not. **And I began to discern between my own wishful thoughts and my own random thoughts … and something else** came into play: A relaxed state, where I would suddenly see something like a cloud formation or a license plate number on a car, and I would gasp and have some theme come to my mind, or I suddenly thought "Oh, that's what this is about?"

At first, those were just "random" glimpses …

… but soon I realized that **inside of me small "flashes" went off**, when my awareness captured a certain sight … and I was more than willing to be open for that kind of thing.

JOE: Suppose you had a sponge saturated with paint, and you poured gasoline through it. The gasoline would come through, but it would be a mixture; the paint representing your physical voice, the gasoline the ideas I am trying to get to you.

Roughly, that is what happens, once the thing gets going, but first must come a preparation. While you are in your ordinary consciousness, my ideas are separated from you by a state of non-absorption. It's like a drop of water on glass instead of blotting paper. To get by this I have to reckon first on a definite desire from your side. Without that there is the merest chance of success. Granted this desire, the preliminary preparation on my part is to hold off from you, temporarily, the pressure of conditions normal to your life. I raise the weight, something like heat dispelling cold. After that is lifted, it is like looking into a lighted room from the outside dark, or into the different element of an aquarium.

February 1, 2019

I just reminisced about my first months on Maui, 2001, and how I met Bob in May 2002 …

(Note: The picture I put in way later, in February I couldn't look at pictures yet.)

… the house, his work, the car, the feeling of home on Maui and with him … all gone now. The very first glimpse of him was magical, magnetic and also I knew that he was fragile. I felt at the same time attracted and somehow cautious, but there was no turning away … it was love at first sight, literally.

I should not have trusted him so much. I should have doubted him much more, I should have dared to tell him when I felt left out and didn't think his decisions (in terms of business) were good for him or for us. *(**Note Jan. 2024**: And yet, years later, like stated above, I realized, that everything that happened between us, all the tragedy, had to happen to get us to the point where we are now; Yet, in this contact diary you will read how I felt until me thinking and feeling changed.)*

But in a new relationship with a very sensitive man it's not possible to kind of second-guess everything he's doing. Even when my "gut"-feeling screamed "Stop him!" so many times, I couldn't do it. I thought it was my own baggage that saw things in ways that weren't there. But my gut was right every time. It's a question of "fate" and what that really means and how people act and react to what other people do, and why they do what they do … it's a network called "life". I'd realize soon enough that regrets and feelings of guilt can not only lead to horrible grief, but also to the discovery of new information about how humans help each other fulfill their fates …

And our first year was simply **blissful**. And afterwards there were still wonderful times … between the dark clouds. For many years I had a home and a relationship with the man of my dreams, and I lived on a tropical island with the perfect work and wonderful prospects and hopes …

Two years it was blissful yet beginning to be difficult. And then I started to realize that Bob didn't want me the way I wanted him, and I began to fight for him. In the very end, he told me that he realized it … *everything*. That was while his body was already dying. I used to "have" "my Maui" to comfort me, to offer me opportunities – and my work on a documentary film about the true Hawaii of old that took years to finish …

The people in my screenplays and in the films I made became my friends and confidants when Bob was not "with me" (sometimes even when he was in the room next door). And some of my friends had died long ago – **working on a historical documentary makes you connect with discarnates, naturally.** And some of the speakers of my Hawaii documentariy died while I was working on the film, after they had participated in sharing the truths that are featured in the project. I had a "kuleana", that I knew. But I had no idea what it would entail further ...

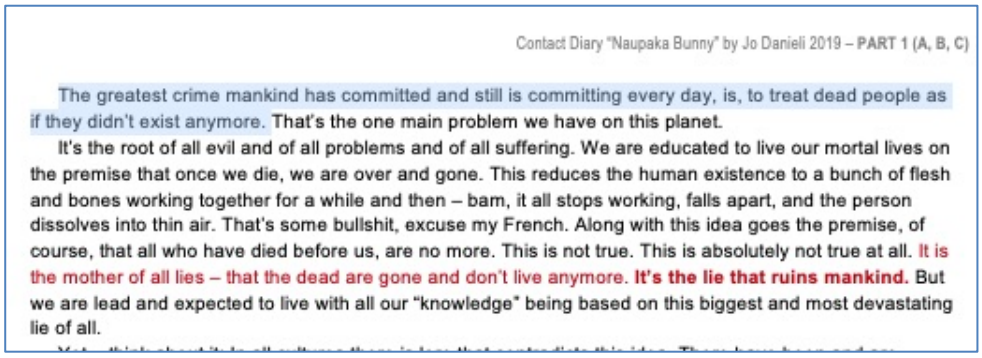
(Baldwin Beach, where Bob and I walked often, view East towards "Baby Beach; Doreen and Noella, speakers in my documentary film series "Native Of Owhyhee")

I wrote on February 1, 2019, that when I was reading Stewart E. White's books, it gave me so much hope, "But in reality, I don't know what to make of it." And I was wondering straight-out, whether or not all the "signs" I thought I had gotten from Bob, were in fact really from him. And how did I have to imagine that … him, being around me, looking at me, and me, wandering all over the place, looking right through him?

Because of the books I'd been reading I was well aware of techniques like using a "Ouija"-board or "automatic writing" to let "the spirits speak" through one. *(Note: Yes, I got myself one such board too, eventually ...)*

Well, I had grown up with "table tapping" (Tischerl rucken) … I had witnessed heavy tables stand on one foot on their own … so there was no barrier of acceptance inside of me, of the existence of … well, invisible forces that were not only "electricity" or "sound waves" or "magnetism" or "gravity". And that they were not "forces" – they were "consciousness". The only "barrier" in terms of dealing with it, was and is the language barrier. Because one can express things "after-life" much much better in English. Finding the proper words in German – at times impossible. Take the word "**consciousness**". In German it means "Bewusstsein" – but very few people would given the general use and understanding of the word ever deduct the meaning that it has as described by Stephen, Betty and Stewart: **the inner essence of a living creature, the energetic substance that lives on after the material bodies has died off.**

It was strange … that although I was absolutely taken by what I was reading, because I received so many answers I had always longed for! ... a part of me kept doubting what I was reading. I don't know why, but I think it's just that all my habits of thought, all the "truths" that I had been raised to accept as "given" – were being torn apart, toppeld over, turned out to be bullshit, even. And as a grown-up person I had to mourn ... well, myself. All the wasted time ... thinking the wrong things about life. And there I am back to the very first sentence of this "Contact Diary".


Contact Diary "Naupaka Bunny" by Jo Danieli 2019 – PART 1 (A, B, C)

The greatest crime mankind has committed and still is committing every day, is, to treat dead people as if they didn't exist anymore. That's the one main problem we have on this planet.

It's the root of all evil and of all problems and of all suffering. We are educated to live our mortal lives on the premise that once we die, we are over and gone. This reduces the human existence to a bunch of flesh and bones working together for a while and then – bam, it all stops working, falls apart, and the person dissolves into thin air. That's some bullshit, excuse my French. Along with this idea goes the premise, of course, that all who have died before us, are no more. This is not true. This is absolutely not true at all. It is the mother of all lies – that the dead are gone and don't live anymore. **It's the lie that ruins mankind.** But we are lead and expected to live with all our "knowledge" being based on this biggest and most devastating lie of all.

I couldn't pinpoint **what it was that I did not deem "possible".** Looking back, I think **it was the fact that it is so incredibly <u>easy</u> to stay in contact with "the dead".**

You'll maybe come to the same conclusion, after reading my experiences and making them yours, too.

Later I also realized that it was the mere idea that I was thinking of Bob as of a dead person, that made my inside turn to sticky clumps that were hot and cold at the same time. He was out of reach. There was bone dust left of him. I would never be with him again ...

And I wasn't even remotely "done" dealing with the facts and experiences of ***how*** Bob died and of what and what had happened to his body and how his sister had actually … well, many times not treated Bob the way I thought she should have to save him ... again: I know she helped him die, not live. I didn't take into consideration that he was a stranger to her, in a way. And she really had no idea about is life on Maui, and when she saw him, the broken man he was, she couldn't do anything but ignore the appearances and insisting on her own wish for him to get better. She didn't see what was there, and I didn't see it either, because I wasn't there physically. And when I had left Bob, he had been on the road to recovery. His medical records would show, later: His body was pretty much in good shape, given the cachexia and the presence of a shrinking tumor. But the fact that Bob had been so much better than only a month ago, wasn't known to the doctors. They saw a dead-sick man, and they told him that … and his confidence was shattered. And at the beginning of February 2019, I could try as much as I wanted, I kept flashing back to images of Bob's dying body, of him dead next to his sister, of him being taken "down the hill" for the last time ... in that wooden casket they had put his naked body in ... taken – but to where? And what happened? And I spent a whole lot of time watching gruesome online stuff about cremations and decaying human bodies … and it did made me feel closer to Bob. I wanted to share his experience. We had never really said good-bye.

So I can only advise anyone whose loved-ones are dying – to refrain from holding on to unrealistic visions of miraculous healing and therefore refuse to treat a dying person as a departing person, but instead to talk about death and that it's a gate – for all we know. There is no "person lying in a grave"! There is material substance that onces was part of a mortal living system in that grave. Not the loved one.

(Shutterstock image)

Going to a grave "to speak to" the dead person, is just so wrong and pervers, there are really no words for it. You can have a **memorial site** anywhere and speak to them there. But at the grave, with the "knowing" that their decayed remains are in there, you cannot dedicate any meaningful thoughts to those who are in the beyond. You are causing them trouble by your garbled "communicating" ... of what exactly? *You are "talking to them" and <u>at the same time</u> you believe that*

they "are no more" and nothing but dust in the grave in front of you? So "who" are you, then, talking to – and why?

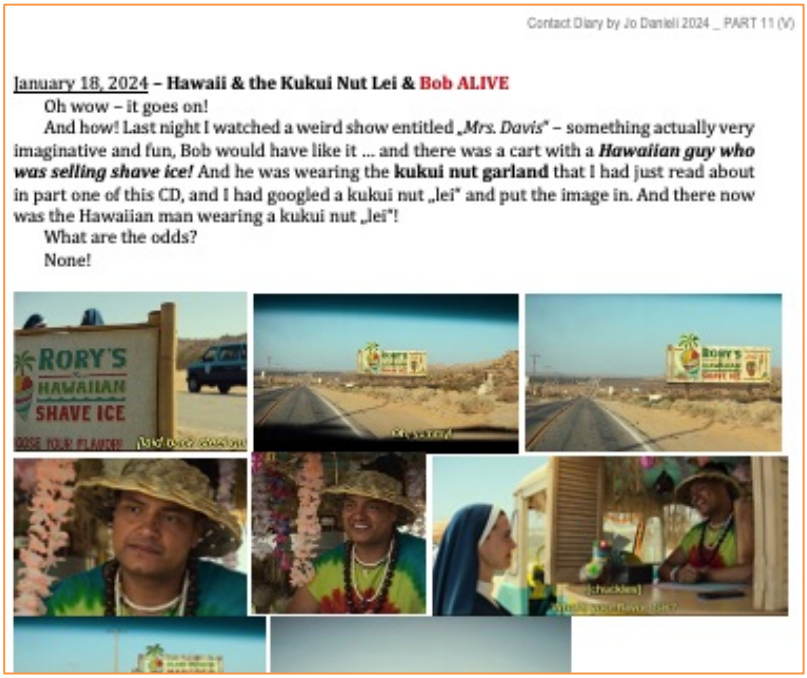
See?

February 2, 2019 **– The Necklaces and the Sarong**

Weird, weird **dream:** Me traveling through Vienna in the night, knowing that there was no public transport, yet one **tramway** was working, the nr. 1, that later seemed to be the nr. 3, red-black-white, like in real life, an older model. I was trying to get to a **post office** to place a **catalogue** into the mail-box for Edith, my father's wife. In the tramway I met a couple, one white, the woman Polynesian or Indian (and I had read about a movie in reality, last night, about such a couple in Australia), and while sitting closeby, I also found two short **necklaces**, a black one and a green one, made from what looked like kukui-nuts, the typical Hawaiian material for such necklaces or "lei", wreaths. I was told long time ago, that a kukui-nut necklace you will receive, you don't get that for yourself.

Bob had been receiving many many such kukui-nut necklaces, due to his work as filmmaker and at the screenings, where he and his toxic producer "partner" received "lei" of various kinds, flowers, leaves or kukui-nuts. In my dream, I lost those two necklaces (just carried them, didn't put them on), but managed to get them back. I also found a **sarong** in the tramway, very colorful on mostly white, also pink, with silver outlines of roses stitched onto the fabric.

*(**Note** January 2024: Oh wow! The **kukui nut necklace appeared** in my real life experiences just after I had put this picture into this chapter while revising it! Here:)*


Contact Diary by Jo Danieli 2024 _ PART 11 (V)
January 18, 2024 – Hawaii & the Kukui Nut Lei & Bob ALIVE
Oh wow – it goes on!
And how! Last night I watched a weird show entitled „Mrs. Davis" – something actually very imaginative and fun, Bob would have like it ... and there was a cart with a Hawaiian guy who was selling shave ice! And he was wearing the kukui nut garland that I had just read about in part one of this CD, and I had googled a kukui nut „lei" and put the image in. And there now was the Hawaiian man wearing a kukui nut „lei"!
What are the odds?
None!
RORY'S
HAWAIIAN
SHAVE ICE

The couple and I left the carriage a station before the post-office, and we knew that it was way too early for it to be open, it must have been about 4 a.m. (dreamtime). So we walked up a **hill** behind

the post-office, and we ended up on top of the hill, where a large, **two-story wooden house** stood, with all kinds of people swarming in and out. *(Note Jan. 2024: I still can recall details of this dream almost five years later.)*

The house was tightly stuffed full with all kinds of things, mostly it seems to have been a tailor's or hardware store kind of interior, with a lot of fabrics and clothes and all kinds of things. The owner, a smiling middle-aged man, told us that he was selling the house, for 30,000 (Euro, I think), and asked if we wanted it? I thought it would be great to empty all the large rooms, especially the one under the roof, where we were (and suddenly there seemed to be **snow** outside, on the ground), and to use the rooms as lodging for backpackers. Everyone would sleep where they wanted, no beds, nothing, just a wide wooden floor. I looked at the walls and the floor closely and found the house to be kind of moldy, so I wouldn't purchase it. But the man was busy folding and rearranging stuff (in a huge room packed with stuff and boxes on shelves and on the ground, up to the wooden ceiling/roof-structure) and kept talking about moving out.

(Note: Bob's house was packed with stuff, also belonging to other people who used his patience and home as dump, and it took him years to clean it up.)

I found samples of dog's food, interestingly a small bowl of the Egyptian fruit that's small and orange and sits inside a dry balloon – I knew its name in the dream, but can't remember now; *(Note: Physalis*) Yes, it was supposedly good for dogs; Someone even said that next to me ...

Then there were other things, like herbs, and there were "cans", but they were actually ***very small flat nicely designed ceramic*** potties with meat-dishes for dogs in them; But the date on them was *1970s*, so they must have been spoiled. I knew that I was only supposed to **take one at a time**, but I took three, for the nice ***potlets*** that I was going to keep …

*(**Note**: Oh – wow! Just a few days ago I **found** such a **potlet** upside down in the grass at the abandoned hotel site of Lake Hafnersee ... and I took it with me, thinking "This will have meaning." And here it is – my revising this chapter of the C. D. and encountering colorful potlets again!*

This is time-synchronicity! *And you will learn much more about this – though amazing examples. I am so glad that this showed up today, **January 14, 2024**, as it's early in this documentation! However: Back then, on that very day, of February 2, 2019 – in did not yet know about time-synchronicity. I was to experience baffling events relating to dreams, small visions and real life events that would make me understand, that the "disca" can and will prove to us that there is no "time" in the beyond as we know it here!*

*Plus: it is the second "**potlet**" that I found – as in Aich, where I live now, a ceramic ashtray just shoed up out in nature on a very weather worn table! The entry will be January 1, 2024.*

And: There is something else in today's entry ... that you will read about when the time comes.

See the colors and the lines?

It all plays together – to keep me motivated and on track. I think I have that Insulinom that keeps flaring up. Doing Boswellia Serrata, Hawthorne and healthy food. Tired a lot.

Oh – something else just caught my eye ...

I had written about that dream *(see above): "...* huge room packed with stuff and boxes on shelves and on the ground, up to the wooden ceiling/roof-structure"...

Now: **My mother had just last week** *(Jan. 2024)* **upset me greatly by saying to the therapist that in my apartment, "the dishes are stacked from the floor to the ceiling"**.

Wow. I thought, what a strange expression. And here it is again – in the description of my dream! Odds? None. Once you arrive at the actual entry in 2024, you'll know how significant this find today is.)

(But back to the dream:)

Then I left that house , and I think I did go to the post-office and managed to drop off that catalogue for Edith ... I remember now that at the very start of that dream, there was an encounter with Edith and my father, and I had been supposed to pick something up somewhere, but I had not done that but something else, that I had thought was better ... but it turned out wrong, because Edith never received that catalogue. So that's why I went to drop it off at the post office box in the first place ... *(Note Jan. 2024: In real life Edith had less than two years to live, and communication would turn out to be the most important issue of all time in my and my father's and Edith's life. Did I fuck up? I did. In a way. But then ... I can take only so much abuse.)*

Wow. Such a vivid dream, and I remember it in every detail, even now, in the evening.

(The setting of that dream, kind of the "internal setup" reminded me of something; The *feeling about it* was a little like the recurring dream I had been having about me returning to Hawaii and trying to find Bob, which I never really did, but I ended up in two distinct places, one, where we had lived together, close to a beach, and I could have sworn that it was a real-life spot, but I can't remember it from real life, and the other some kind of red-velvet fancy "cave" that Bob had built for himself, like an oriental den, with carpets and curtains everywhere, where I had no place.)

The most fascinating thing about that dream is, though, ***that I kept waking up!*** I even found my dog next to me, so I must have been moving or moaning or speaking, but ***everytime I went back to sleep, the dream continued!***

And then: I might have dreamed on, but I forced myself to wake up, because I felt bad for my dog, who sure needed to go to the bathroom.

February 2, 2019 **– Bob! Literally Everywhere!**

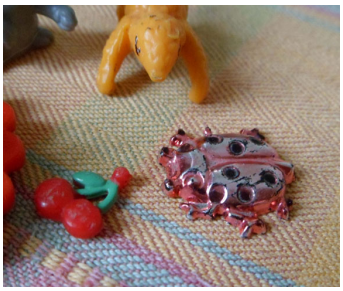
That day was a Saturday, and I walked with Jacqui along the Wien river to Auhof, through a lot of mud. I kept telling Bob *that I needed him to communicate*, and that after having read more of "Across the Universe" I knew now that I could, in fact, *help him develop*, there, in the afterlife, and that my demands for him to connect and communicate, could be the basis for this.

I was very excited about that insight that the "spirits" probably did need help from us! When you think about it, of course, especially if it's true that only the body dies. The spirit remains the same – but the life-long partners and friends suddenly behave as if that (dead) person didn't exist anymore, and if (!) that dead person had to or wanted to stick close to the living – what a dreadful situation for

them! They are new in the other realm and are hindered in their development by the devastating thoughts and inner images of the mortals!

Just think about it – if that was true? We may be fucking up the beyond, too, not just Earth! And no way to fix this – given the current belief systems! Maybe it's easier in cultures where people do believe that the dead remain "around" "in spirit" … but I doubt that even there are useful teachings about how to deal with the "discarnates".

And I found a small **pink-silver lucky beetle** (with 7 dots) on the street, right away, after starting the walk. I found that … well, nice.



Strangely, in spite of my new-found focus – *I can help Bob if he needs me to! But for that **he must prove to me that he is alive!*** – So I thought that and kept feeling bad for it at the same time. I was thinking of "my Bob", the alive and well guy who was waiting for me on Maui, to who I was going to return soon ...

But no.

No such thing anymore like reuniting with Bob to live with him on Maui in our home. The icecold realization would hit again and again and again ... *(Note: And wouldn't stop, ever.)* I got very sad and heavy walking, and I was talking with Bob a lot. Like how all was fucked up now, that I was left with those horrible memories of his suffering, and I kept repeating grievances that I had have about him and us an everything. He had said so often how he was looking forward to work with me "on our projects, finally, once I'll put myself on the map again." Yeah, sure, I thought. What fucking map?

(Note, Jan. 2024: It might be me who has to put herself "on the map" again, actually, but it would be years until I was at the point of getting it.)

Clearly, I thought, walking along river Wien, I could explain things to him now, that he may not have been aware of … and I insisted that he'd be working with me, for sure, like promised, on our projects, and that only because he was dead, he didn't simply get away with putting off our new start forever (pun intended!)!

And I told him that I wanted to know if he actually **wanted** to fulfill his **promise**. But mostly I told him that the hell would I "let him go", as people often said one had to do with "souls" or "spirits".

No letting go, nope, nada.

So at the end of the hour-long walk, Jacqui and I ended up at the part of the Wien river where it's surrounded by vegetation and has escaped the concrete-leisure-area structure … and I took a little detour, and I crossed a bridge … that was actually well known to me, I had crossed it many times in previous years, but not lately.

Close to tears, I was in a kind of chatting-frenzy and I told Bob that this was one of the places I had meant to show to him, in real life, during the walks we were supposed to take, when he'd be visiting me in Vienna. And I looked at the clouds to watch out for an "answer" …

… and suddenly I kind of "spaced out" and realized how **water** is actually a strange **substance** … we can't really see it, unless something is in it or it reflects something, we can't really grab it, we can scoop it only, with our hands or a tool, and then we only feel it and still can't really see it unless something is in it; and then it can be in the air, and but we don't see it there at all, unless in the form of clouds … so how come?

And yes, we consist of water, to a great percentage, and I had written a lot about all that in my book "We Creators …", but it all just came to my mind so sharply. So I told Bob that given the **energetic nature of water,** *it should be entirely possible for energetic beings like "discarnates" to shape clouds and communicate that way …*

Right then, while pondering, I was crossing that bridge … and as I turned into the pathway back towards home … and I looked down, on the **metal pillar** in front of me, **<u>there was the name "BOB" written!</u>**

And not just once ... many many times! BOB! BOB! BOB! BOB!

BOB. The word. The name.

I was stunned breathless, and kind of numb, too. How could that be? Not "Tom" or "Pete" or "Hansi", no, "Bob". So I took my phone to take a picture, and suddenly, as I squatted down, I realized that *on the next pillar, there was also* "**BOB**" … there were more! **On each pillar, there was "BOB" written**, and every time, the "O" contained something that made that very "BOB" unique! I would think, if someone told me that, they were dreaming.

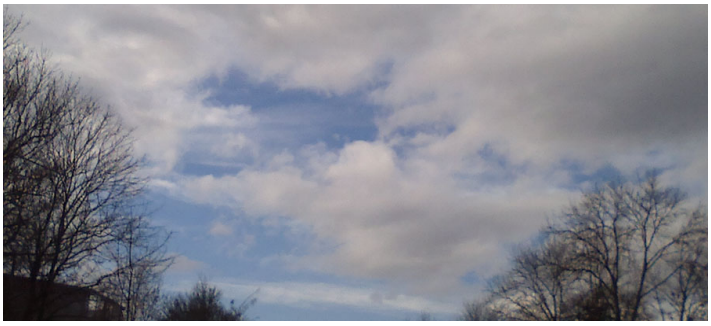
I was standing there, just .. well, speechless. I had not been up there in years. I had had no idea, just minutes earlier, that I would even walk that far ...

Are you, too, baffled, right now? What are the odds of something like this*? (So if you now think that I painted this on that railing or fence – fuck you.)*

I got the pictures to prove it. *(And you – there would probably be even possibilites to find out who did write this on those posts, not me ...)*

So now, how does something like that happen? Of course, Bob didn't put it there. But someone did. **And somehow I ended up seeing it while I was talking with dead Bob.**

As I walked on … there was a **sky-shark** … but in writing this, I realize that it's next to impossible to capture in words that kind of amazement that hit me … and the feeling of disbelief and yet relief, when something so outrageously strange and yet suiting happens, like the **"pillars of Bob" and the shark "puka lani"** right afterward …



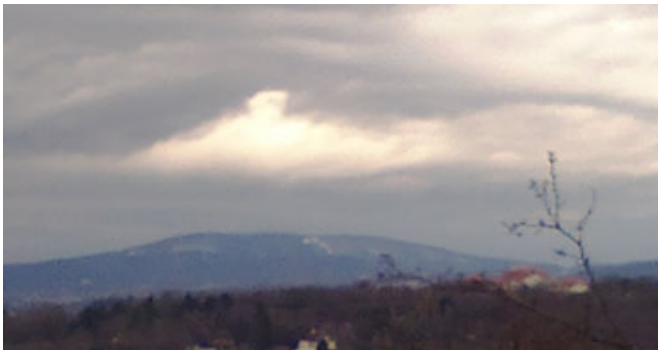
*(The remainders of a beautiful **skyshark** … but I was too slow photographing … Bob and I would always say "skyshark!" when we saw a plane above Kahului …)*

February 3, 2019 **– Skyshark on demand**

The next day, hiking in very cold wind on **Schafberg (sheep mountain)** with Jacqui … I had insights. One of them was about the impermanence of things … because I ended up at the house where I had spent years of my most intensive time in Vienna, with my dog "**Kimba**", having a great creative job at an ad-agency and a heroin-addict "boyfriend" S. … but the house was gone. I had to cry, and I don't know why. It was as if a part of my past had been stolen … all the years there, with my beloved dog and the drama about Sigi, and life in that apartment below the roof … and I realized how far away I had been from what I was about to experience, just five years after I moved out of there …

(Sigi and Kimba)

And then Jacqui and I walked on, to the top of the Schafberg, and it was really cold and a huge storm. And again, it's kind of hard to explain what it feels like when you ask your dead guy to give you a sign, as you are standing on a stormy hill with a great view and wild clouds … I said ***"Stoneman, I want to see a fucking sky shark – make one, dammit, you fucking asshole!"*** And then, well, see for yourself:



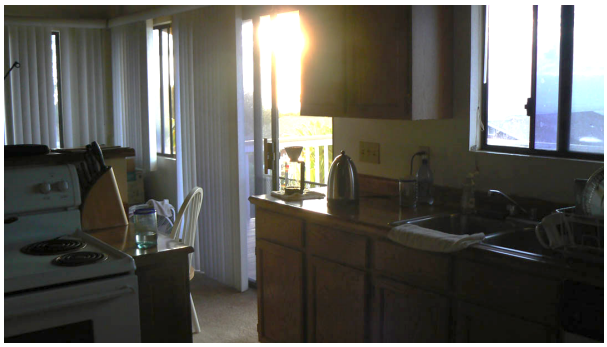
Skyshark! To me! To you, it may be a ... well, shark form in the sky. I stood there, freezing, looking at the few other people who showed up in the ice wind, ... and I felt like a true alien.

I've read a lot of stories by people who had just lost a loved one to death, because I needed to read about their suffering, as there seemed no way to express mine.

The books I was reading helped me to direct my thoughts … and I realized what makes total sense: **Old age is the time of life that we are supposed to be looking forward to and celebrating**, – it's not youth. Some people age faster, other slower … and there are physical events like cancer or dementia that make the trip towards the gate faster … When I arrived at Bob's and my former home after four years of staying away, **all the things I had put** in a drawer in the bathroom and the little things I had left in the fridge, like digestive remedy and Homeopathic eye drops **where still there,** where I had put them.

It broke my heart in even smaller pieces, seeing that. The feeling that I had messed up and not come earlier against my urges and my desires, having been held back by the presence of my dog and by money issues, kind of rose like a tidal wave in front of me. Regrets combined with loss can end a person's life, I understood that. But at the same time, while feeling guilty of having failed Bob, I thought that I deserved the pain and that I had to make good, in some way now, that Bob was … and hopefully what I had read was true … in a really really good place.

But I kept remembering that moment when he had embraced me and told me his regrets, and there were many. And we had cried, standing in the kitchen, and I had felt that wave rise in myself and I had been so certain that we'd be together for a long time and do great things together. And I told him that. **BUT:** The sense of loss already then, when Bob was still alive, a shadow of himself, was already like a suffocating hand around my throat. (Oh I could show you pictures of dying Bob ....)



(One day when I looked at that "cat" that resembles Bob so much of the days when I met him, I realized that it's standing in front of that piece of wood like the famous "Duke Kahanamoku" in front of his surfboard, and there it was again, a greeting from Hawaii … in a time when I thought I would never be able to even bear a single thought of Hawaii.) – (… right: our home on Maui.)

I didn't know that Bob was lonely when I wasn't with him and that he really wanted me around. I only learned that, when it was too late. Bob was one of the people with a big ongoing emotional drama … and here I'm quoting himself. When you think about it – that emotions are energetic charges – then it was a waste of so many years that I didn't get to the point of insight where I'm now earlier.

I don't know why I didn't research "death" when my little brother Peter had died of cancer at the age of 27, in 1993 the way I did now. I know, what you're saying: I wasn't mature yet, other stuff to do … yes, I know. Still, I know that I could have made other decisions and that would have meant that maybe Bob would be alive in the flesh today. But then – would I have even met him?

THE SEVEN PURPOSES

"But you had no pain!"

"Yes, I had some—not expressed, nor quite definite. Difficult to explain until experienced. Words do not convey the sensation. Not quite fear, not quite pain, but a strange moment of suffering. Then consciousness again, beauty, force, perfectly clear perceptions, but a period of something approaching incredulity." I mentioned Frederick's statement that he had been "dazed by the bigness of it," and Mr. Bruce went on. "That's it. The bigness of it is indescribable, and so extraordinarily lovely and high that it is not readily realized or grasped."

She said she had dreaded to have him go alone, and asked whether some one met him.

"Yes, we are very tenderly received. There is always a part of one's own purpose waiting."

Very often, when I'm out in nature, my tortured mind comes to a rest and I start seeing how facts can't be changed and how I have a job to do, like all of us have one, and like Bob had one. Standing on Schafberg and looking at the dramatic clouds, did that for me …

Bob's suffering in a human body was over. And because of his deeds, his spirituality and just his personality, he had earned himself the right to move on. I loved him, always, and I love him now, and therefore I want him to be well and happy. But I don't think he is. Sometimes I seemed to feel his presence strongly, in those early days after his death … but I was always aware that I *wanted* to feel it, too.

On the way down from "Schafberg" I came by a chapel … and what I saw, gave me an interesting thought-impression: *"I know what you're thinking."*

February 3, 2019

We shouldn't call ourselves mere "mortals". From all I've read, I know that we are immortal. In a book by Dr. Pim Van Lommel it's absolutely perfectly expressed, what the relation between human mortal body and consciousness is. Of course there are the people who still want to "explain" out-of-body- or near-death-experiences as some kind of "neurology glitches" or something …

One thing I regret above all others: That I denied Bob the chance to deal with his impending death consciously. Had I been with him in his last months … well, I would have fought for his life, and perhaps he'd have gotten better. But maybe he'd have gone down the same path, and it would have been apparent that he was dying … would I have talked with him about it?

I remember our last phone-talk, he fell asleep after a long difficult conversation, he had all but lost his ability to express himself verbally ... it broke my heart thinking about the fact that in our years together I did notice that at times he could barely bring out the word he meant to say ... where I talked with him about his video-production work and about the sounds of a truck that was backing up outside his house … I did not say that I loved him and missed him, I had no idea if he really heard me and could follow the conversation, ...

It must have been such an immense effort, that he talked with me at all … sometimes I would only hear a croaking sound, when he tried to talk, but nothing came out. **So I asked him to say just one word if he could hear and understand me okay,** "**Aloha**". And he struggled and panted and squeaked and said "**Aloha**".

Bob died in his sleep (most likely), with his sister (sleeping) next to him. On the floor. Maybe to spare her the distress of having to watch him take his last breath. We could have shared his death with him, me on the phone, J. consciously with him. Instead, we denied it – to ourselves and to him, that he was dying. He knew it. He showed all signs, for weeks. It was a dying and shutting down of the body "by the book".

And in the estimated hour of his passing (when I didn't know he was dying), I was hiking on **Danube Island** with Jacqui and picking **Goji-berries**, a gray and dramatic November day, imagining how I would dry the berries or make some medicine from them and bring them to Bob.

I broke out **singing** the Lana DelRey-song "Born to Die", and I was kind of startled about that, because I never before sang while walking there … It just happened. A little later I stood on a hill facing the river Danube, and it was an eerie moment, I don't even know why I suddenly had the feeling to look at the sky and ***hold a special "mudra"*** up, a symbol that had "come to me" during a train ride in 2011, and that symbolizes to me the female Goddess "***Rigani***", meaning, all the female power in the Cosmos (and I'll share more about it) …

(Note: Those details I'll revisit later, when I began to realize certain meanings that I did not see yet.)
I still see myself standing there, looking at the sky above the Danube … talking to Bob.

I did "note" Bob's passing, I think:

I really did stand there, on the highest point of where I was hiking. I stood there in the gray weather, the wind, looking South-West across the river Danube, thinking of Bob, making that "Rigani"-sign in the sky, breathless. Watching myself. Standing there. Realizing how strange that must have looked of someone would have watched me.

I said something to him like ***"Whatever you're doing, wherever you are … I'm with you."*** And maybe that's what he was actually saying to me, in a way … and I was only expressing it out loud.

I remember the strange yellow-gray eerie light that lay over the river Danube, strangely, golden, yellow, and it was about 1.30 pm of November 4, 2018.

Jacqui was around me, as always.

Later, in the evening of that day, around 8.30 pm I was wondering when I'd hear from Bob or from JR. I had begun to deny to myself how bad it was with Bob, and I had booked a flight to Maui, so I'd be with Bob in just two weeks … and just the day before I had told JR that we must stop the medicine as Bob's metabolism probably couldn't handle it anymore. And she had told him that I had said to stop his "routine", his treatment of select alternative medicine, and she described it later, that **he had sat up, looked right at her and had said, quite strongly "Yes".**

She also told me later that the day before he had died, he had sat up and sang songs, out loud. And she also had told him that he'd better get in shape, as I was on my way back, and that "Dany will kick our asses" when Bob wasn't better. And she said that **it got a smile out of him, hearing that.**

When I saw Bob's caller-ID on November 4, 2018, I was happy, thinking that Bob was well enough again to call me or wanting to talk with me, about my travels, I though. But it was J.'s voice on the other end of the line, saying "Bob passed away this morning."

I remember projecting love and energy to Bob, that afternoon, holding my "Rigani"-mudra in the sky "to Bob" … love for him and a feeling of quietness and of slowness, looking into the eerie light over the river, of that November day. I'm not sure, but my memory keeps coming up with me saying ***"You can go now"*** … but maybe I'm getting this relating to something else.

No, we aren't mortals. We are immortals, all of us, even while we still have a body. We must cherish and nourish this body, it's our precious tool to gather energetic substance during out time in the material realm.

70 THE ROAD I KNOW

it generally as true—but unimportant *at present;* so we are quite content with our half-life. The moment our desire for more life passes from the purely mental into absorption *by our consciousness,* germination begins. If it becomes a fixed habit of mind and *heart,* growth will continue as it was intended to, cooperating with an orderly, useful, practical life.

"We have proved the wisdom and comfort of physical hygiene, why not teach the next generation a little spiritual hygiene? Teach them how to keep their thoughts clean and strongly muscled, to have faith in their healthy impulses, to keep open and expanding hearts. Why not give these their due proportion of acknowledgment and education, along with the development of the brain? Our brains are only the mortal machines we work through, very important as are good, well-oiled typewriters. Why stop education with adaptability to this life? Why not a still higher education? If only for the sake of the full lunged happiness there is in it, teach the next generation youths periodically to lift their eyes from the narrow treads they follow to the wider landscape they may inherit if they will."

I wish I had read all about this during my research for "We Creators of the World". But with all the hundreds of books I came in contact with over a decade, I didn't find Stewart White's work. And it didn't occur to me back then to look into the matter "life after death". Then came the decade and a half with Bob, and now I'm dealing with the matter. Closely.

She studied this a few moments.

"I am getting to understand it a little now," she concluded. "The brain looks like a petty officer. Whatever it is incapable of handling it denies. Through generations
of denial it has arrested the development of the wiser inner self, which is adapted to handling the higher world of senses and possibilities, the vitalized world around us, what lies outside human-set limitations. They are not really limitations except as we cramp that inner self."

Betty seemed satisfied. I was not. I wanted to see, with the practical eyes of my mind, where I was planting my feet. The Invisibles were patient.

Our brains are our main tools … and they aren't "storing" anything, they are ingenious machines, and their essence stays with us after our perishable material parts die off, and we remain "intact" as the creatures we were during the mortal phase … because that's the whole point of it all. Isn't it, Stoneman?

I would like to work through "We Creators of the World" and integrate all the new information, only then will it make the complete work it's supposed to be. I just don't know if I can muster up the energy to do that. I've been collecting excerpts from Stewart's works, while reading, for "We Creators" and I've started to put those in some places … but then I started working on the "*Contact Diary", and that got more intense daily.*

(Bob took this picture of me, driving to Kihei, Maui for a commercial shoot on Christmas Day, Dec. 24, 2011; Sometimes, when I'm now driving, here in Austria, I look over "at him" …)

Now! Folks, just **as I'm writing this** (about the **photograph**) my *face* suddenly turned *hot and red, wow, such an energy-flash, because of my sudden insight:* I realized that there is a reason why I just dug out that **old photo, of which I had no idea that it existed**, I don't even know how I suddenly found it. Now get this:

I have, in fact, over the last months since I have a car again, been *looking over to the passenger's seat and talking to Bob* (as if he was sitting there) *and asked him if he was sitting there and if he could see me and would mind me chatting him up*.

"Are you here, Stoneman?" That's the question he's been hearing a lot in the past year. The last time I did see him sit next to me in the passenger's seat, in real life, was in early September 2018, in the white Toyota Echo that we had bought, and he looked nothing like the man he had been anymore, he was a stranger, entirely emaciated and stone-old (pun intended) …

So finding this **picture**, today, January 3, 2020 *(Note: while early-editing this first part of the Contact Diary)*, is a "message" in itself! **It gives me the "reverse shot",** in video-speak, of *myself talking to Bob and looking at him,* in the past days and weeks!

It says: **"Yes, Dani, I see you, all the time, I'm looking at you when you're looking at me".**

He had just given me a written "Wish I Was Here" *(Note: On a stone wall … !),* so this is another manifestation of a response he's meant to give me, for a while, probably. (… my "while", because where he is, no "time" exists the way I in my physical condition "know" it.) **But – stop!** I'm waaayyy getting ahead of my own story … but here is a **key** related to the above picture and the entire situation: "Play me!" is the mantra of Bob's and my communication … and just recently it had struck me that it's not only to be "heard" "***Play*** me!" but also "Play ***me***!" meaning that I should "pretend being him"! *(Note: This was going to be a practical clue later on!)* And this picture expresses that perfectly! *You and me we are looking at "Dani driving"* ***from Bob's point of view!***

I will relate to this event also on the actual day of the contact diary chronology, which is about a year from now – give the progress of this book! (Groovy, huh?) I swear I didn't remember I had a picture like that … it fell into my hands when I was half-heartedly browsing my pictures, because most of them I can't open, it would undo me. I couldn't possibly look at photographs of Bob now (early 2019). Somehow, though, very deep in my memory, I kind of "recall" … more a feeling than an actual memory … that I asked him to take a picture of me. I do remember that day of shooting, too, because **I received a gift** that day, from the owner of the jewelry store for who we were filming and photographing: a **whale-ring.**

I looked into the display case next to the store's door, and the jewelry store owner noticed it and simply took the ring and gave it to me as a gift. I wore it all the time. About two years ago a piece broke out of the ring, so I stopped wearing it. But I loved it dearly. It was a night where Bob and I were very close, working together at that store, I remember it now as if it had been yesterday. The jewelers have since closed their business. Can it be, that Bob reminded me of it, just tonight? I wouldn't be surprised if 2020 would turn out to be several notches up in terms of inter-realm-couple-life. I'd love that, Stoneman, I would.

Back to February 2019 now!

Betty Stewart said: We can't just be mortals, because all that struggle, all the effort during out physical life-time can't just be for nothing … we got to be immortal after the shedding of our material shell, that clearly has an expiration date.

February 3, 2019

Bob has been dead for three months. He is a living soul now. I wiped my hands at a kitchen towel while staring at the laptop screen, and suddenly I realized that I did that the way Bob would have done it! Can it be, that the living souls, the invisible ones, can do things "through" us? Of course, there is always the chance that we are trying to be close to the ones we've lost by copying their behavior. In ancient Hawaii it was a custom to "feed" the Aumakua, the ancestral spirits by eating and energetically *dedicating* food to them, it's a kind of "projection", based on the ability to collect an emotional energetic "charge" and then to "hurl it out" in the direction our imagination leads it. (The "hurling" is Betty's way of saying it.)

I've been doing that with Bob, getting excited about something tasting or smelling good or a nice view or the feel of my dog's so very soft fur … and I focus it on the image of Bob and imagine that he receives it, as an energetic current that nourishes his invisible energetic body. It would be great to know if he actually benefits from that, or if it only benefits my sore mind as I have the hope to reach him that way and do some good to him. (*Note: And at other times I complained bitterly about how he f*cked up, and me, too*.)

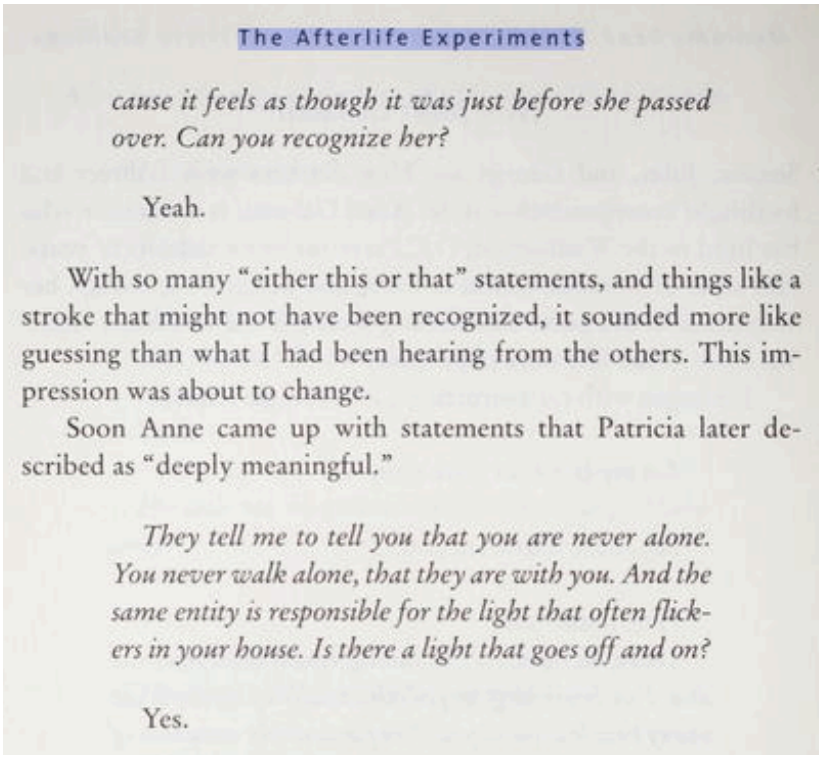
I've just started to read Gary E. Schwartz' "*The Afterlife Experiments*", and he points out that the electromagnetic issue of any celestial body like a star or event exist forever, why can't the energetic packages that we *are* or that we *emanate*, too? We humans consist of and continuously create electromagnetic waves or charges … and once our body ceases to be, why wouldn't the energetic aspects of our being continue to exist, and therefore our soul, our consciousness? Of course they do. *(End original diary entry)*

Consider a time when eternal life is an accepted part of our universe. Imagine a time when the continuum for all of our human relationships can be extended beyond the physical years spent on earth.

If it could be proved beyond a doubt and in an entirely convincing way, if it could be proved scientifically that life and love are eternal—

would your love be enhanced,
would your fears vanish,
would your purpose in life be magnified?

How would life be different for you if you knew that just as patterns of dynamic light from distant stars continue to expand into the universe, our light, our dynamic information and energy, our soul and spirit not only continue to expand into the universe but live and grow just as we do on the earth? That the living soul can be likened to a dynamic living rainbow, a vibrating spectrum of visible and invisible energies that shimmer and shine forever?



The Afterlife Experiments

cause it feels as though it was just before she passed over. Can you recognize her?

Yeah.

With so many "either this or that" statements, and things like a stroke that might not have been recognized, it sounded more like guessing than what I had been hearing from the others. This impression was about to change.

Soon Anne came up with statements that Patricia later described as "deeply meaningful."

They tell me to tell you that you are never alone. You never walk alone, that they are with you. And the same entity is responsible for the light that often flickers in your house. Is there a light that goes off and on?

Yes.

It's a real tragedy and close to a crime that this kind of information is kept from mankind, is missing in our basic educational systems. Why – because it's not "certain"? Of course it is! Human bodies consist of processes that are all based on electromagnetism, because they all depend on the heart-beat and on the brain-functions – all "**electric**"! And we haven't even begun to talk about the intricacies of the air and water **currents** in our bodies! The complexity of what's going on among the cells of our body and how it relates to our minds would be too much for any human to comprehend, even to a greater extend, if not as a whole.

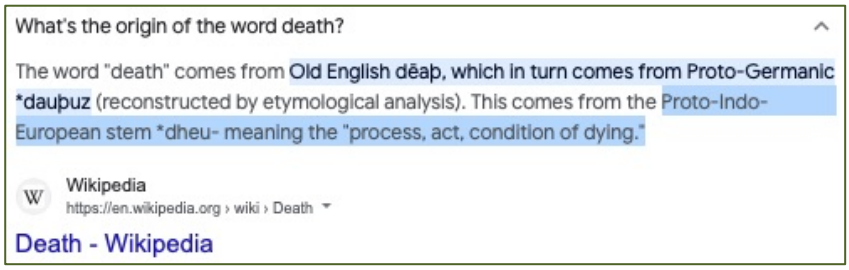
So – why would our energetic substance simply vanish after our body has fallen apart, while the energetic substance of every tiny meteorite supposedly lives on and on?

It is nothing less than utterly plausible that evolution goes on after death, and the "living souls" aren't just bunches of "nebula" floating in space, but they are persons – just like they were as mortals, and they remain individuals! Just like the humans in the Earthly material realm aren't the same. So even if you weren't able to grasp or accept the fact of eternal life, literally so, with our existence on Earth just being some stint, with the complex body-mechanisms being, altogether, a generator of energetic substance … once you'll have shed your material shell, you'll find yourself *alive* – and maybe *ashamed of your ignorance* – as you'll be just the personality that your physical time has helped you become, an energetic creature, immortal in your essence – of a distinct "quality of consciousness". And the self-experience continues.

Why would it not?

Maybe we shouldn't call dying "dying". In German it's "sterben". A yuckie term. It comes from the ancient German term "to become stiff". No kidding. How not suiting to describe what dying actually is – for the consciousness that actually makes the "person"! "Passing on", "passing over", "transitioning" ... those terms are the ones that should be used, only. We don't even really have expressions like that in German that are used generally. And no, I am not getting into examples of what people call "dying", from kicking the bucket to ...

About the word "death" I just want to point out to something interesting: Wikipedia shares this:


What's the origin of the word death?
The word "death" comes from Old English dēaþ, which in turn comes from Proto-Germanic *dauþuz (reconstructed by etymological analysis). This comes from the Proto-Indo-European stem *dheu- meaning the "process, act, condition of dying."
Wikipedia
https://en.wikipedia.org › wiki › Death
Death - Wikipedia

Of course there are numerous other derivations. But ... in this example, do you see the original "dheu"? And the word for "God" in French is "Dieu" and in Spanish "Dio". So ... can it be a coincidence that an ancient derivation of "death" is similar to the word for "God"?

Do your own googling where "God" actually derives from ... you'll be surprised.

Dying in a material sense is a shedding of the body-shel that was *programmed to self-destruct anyway*. Just look at the image: Is that a person? "The remains of a person"? No. These are the remains of the physical shell of a person.

If you shy back from this image of a corpse – ask youself why? Because you are afraid "to end up like this"? Well, you will not, ever. Your material shell will one day just lie there, won't ever move again, because its "driver" or inhabitant will be gone. Think about the small sea creature, the **hermit crab**: It takes literally a shell and crawls around in it, carrying it through its living space. But the crab "is" not that shell. If that seems a far-fetched image – it is only meant to open your imagination a bit. And your sense of reality. Have you ever said or thought "I am a body." No? Rather "I have a body" and "My body hurts" ... so there you have it: You own a body. But – who is "you" in that sentence? The body doesn't own itself, does it?

The **human mortal existence** is not "all there is". It's a **stage of development** of energetic creatures. Whether or not we call ourselves "human" … it can be, that on other celestial bodies other critters are "grown" similarly, and once they shed their bodies, they all, *along with us,* live on in the other dimension, the invisible one. And maybe there are several of those, too.

Many (!) years ago I was contacted by a … well, secretive group of people who wanted to make me their leader, because I "had always been their leader", the "highest ranking" of them, they told me, in many previous lives. (And no, this is not a dream, it did happen, when I was in my twenties.) And I was to be instrumental again, in "gathering the energetic patterns and bringing them together to form our original powerful entity". All this, all my life's experiences and especially the horror of Bob's death make an entirely different sense right now … than I'd ever imagined.

So, no, people don't "die" to cease to exist. People lose their material wrapping to be able to enter the next stage of existence – and they live on.

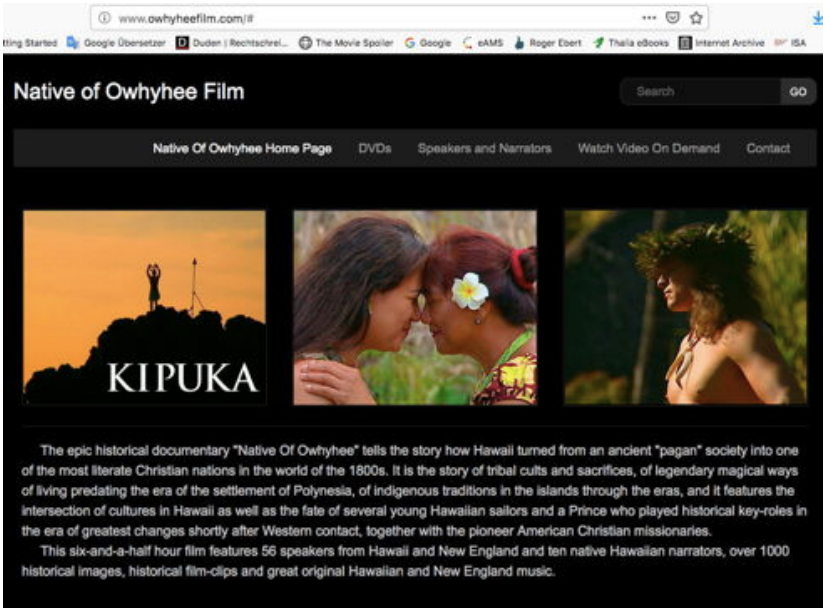
Do animals too? Sure do. In various forms. But that's another topic for later.

That's what I began to understand, in those days of February 2019. And I found myself "advanced". Yet – a part of me was doubtful, no matter the outrageous experiences of "synchronicity" I had already had. Along with my doubts, I did recognize one thing beyond any doubt:

The ability to communicate freely with those who have already shed their shell or body, must be the real kind of **evolution** that's supposed to be furthered, right now, right here, on our Earthy plane. I realized.

"The other side" has been working on it for a while (our mortal "while" …).

I wished I could see Bob react to all my thoughts and writings. I kept wondering if he was aware of my insights, even if I didn't say them out loud. I wondered ... Can he read my thoughts when I'm writing? I do know that me documenting all this is what I'm supposed to do. I've had that "driven" feeling of "urge" before. It always came with huge projects, like the (still unfinished) book "We Creators of the World" and with the Hawaii-documentary film series, that took me years to research and make, against the obstacles I faced …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The epic historical documentary "Native Of Owhyhee" tells the story how Hawaii turned from an ancient "pagan" society into one of the most literate Christian nations in the world of the 1800s. It is the story of tribal cults and sacrifices, of legendary magical ways of living predating the era of the settlement of Polynesia, of indigenous traditions in the islands through the eras, and it features the intersection of cultures in Hawaii as well as the fate of several young Hawaiian sailors and a Prince who played historical key-roles in the era of greatest changes shortly after Western contact, together with the pioneer American Christian missionaries.
This six-and-a-half hour film features 56 speakers from Hawaii and New England and ten native Hawaiian narrators, over 1000 historical images, historical film-clips and great original Hawaiian and New England music.

… and yes, Bob placed several of those in my way. But I kept doing what I felt had to be done. And I have this feeling now, too. Just now I insist on Bob helping me, because he had promised. And just because he has abandoned me so often and betrayed our team-work so often, he got to stay on board now. He's dead? So what?

I bet I'm right. He may now smile and say "You're right, Dani," and "Always the researcher, Dani, I knew you could do it."

That doesn't change the horror that swipes over me like a freaking tidal wave, when I realize, daily, that Bob the man is no more, and that I'm alone with … well, with everything. In this realm, I am, yes. I've been alone before, but there was always the Maui and Bob promise. And I was waiting for him, because he kept saying "*Only a little longer, and we'll be working on our projects,*" and "*Once Taylor Camp is done and out, I'll be on the map again, and people will ask me what my next projects are, and I'll tell them about "Paradise" and "Hulihuli Moon", and we'll be able to get funding easily*." Is that so, Bob, huh? It better be. You are "on the map" now … just I'm not sure what map, besides the one that is my mind.

NOTE:

From now on, you are reading the actual Contact Diary; before, it was a recollection of my entries that were scattered and not dedicated to create an actual diary-style documentation.

Remember this ...

> "Thank you, Mother dearest. You don't know how we hate being left out." When she explained that they were "left out" ignorantly, rather than intentionally, he continued: "No, we know you don't mean to leave us out. But you—and we, too—would be so much happier if you knew we were there and we could know you were not grieving. You see, we are really nearer to you than you are

... from the very beginning? Keep it in mind, always.

February 5, 2019

My **laptop** went wild, suddenly, the mouse couldn't be controlled.

Then I read in "The Afterlife Experiments" that once you start communicating with energetic phenomena like spirits, electronic devices often act up. Well, there. And it's Bob's laptop, too, he did buy it for me in our last weeks together, but it's licensed to him.

I'm glad *it acted up*, and also it ***stopped*** *acting up* – just like that. No, I didn't do anything wrong, I've *never* had that happen in my 30 years of computer-experience. Whatever I touched on the keyboard, an overreaction happened, and all kinds of stuff got highlighted and popped up ... I know, *supersensitive trackpad*. But ... why did it start, and why did it stop (so that it has been entirely normal again)? Bob, was that you?

(Hey, maybe that's because I had that dream – Bob telling me "*I'm still who I was*". *Note: The mouse didn't do that ever again until 2023. And then it was an overheating battery; So no, there was no technical reason in February 2019.*)

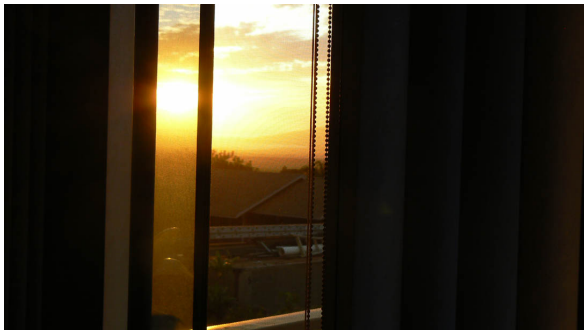
February 5, 2019

Dreamed tonight of Bob, directly of him, being on production with him in some kind of Muslim desert setting, and we were waiting for some people to show up ... Bob had a female assistant with a head-scarf, and I felt sort of "replaced", but I still had a part in that production, although I felt that Bob was closer to the other assistant than me.

(*Note: A few hours later, weirdly, I can't recall details of that dream, just the basics as given here.)*

Today, during a hike with Jacqui, I had an impression that this meant that Bob is still "as he always was, just in a different realm" (Muslim, alien, everywhere, different, according to my real-life impression) ... somehow I do have the feeling, though, that there has got to be some distinct *message* in it ... especially since *this morning:*

I found myself, half-asleep, **being** in the house where Bob and I had lived (and the home that I miss so much), ...



... and I could barely wake up. My dog had to try and get me up, because I didn't want to leave Maui! *It was so intense, and I felt like being carried over there, in a time-travel kind of way, not*

"dreaming" of it, but I could still consciously choose where I'd go and what I'd touch. And then, something amazing happened:

Today after the hike I had the thought about how I had promised Bob to "**come back**" – into the house, too. And so I lied down on my bed and went mentally into the house, and I broke out in very severe sobbing, and the pain was horrible. I tried to image the home empty, but our spirits, the spirits of our days together, were everywhere.

I wouldn't have ever thought I would not return, I was so sure, that this was my home of the future, mine and Bob's … but the question why I never found out what had happened to Bob until it was too late, will haunt me forever. Yes, his life was simply over, he was meant to die …

In that "day-dream" roaming the empty house, crying hard ... ***I did meet Bob there***, in his bed room, and he welcomed me with a big smile. So I said *"There, I came back, although it's so painful."* I remember saying to myself while being in that half-dream state that I was actually consciously (?) imagining Bob being there in the bed room ... or not? When you are open on a subconscious level, all that your mind produces may be inspired by subconcious matters or evern deeper or higher input. Because then:

Bob took me on a "**flight**" outside, through the wall, up the room, and we floated above the house over the lanai, our beloved lanai, the old wood, the yellow wooden walls … the view of Haleakala. I remember being that dream persona, experiencing everything from her point of view ... being astounded what flying actually is like ... thinking that this was a real experience. I was actually flying over Maui. My spirit self was.

I thought while flying – and do while writing this down – that miss all of it so much, that I don't even know what to do with myself. Scream? Run? Roll on the ground? Hurt myself? Jump from a high place? I realize that I really *do **not** want to live on without Bob* ... or having to live far from there, my Maui home. It's unbelievable, unimaginable, just not real for me.

When I went into the bedroom, it was actually empty, no more bed, and Bob was kind of sitting or hovering on the floor, smiling at me, and it felt very strangely real, not as if I would consciously imagine it, it was more like *the inner images came to me*, and *I was just observing*; I was aware that I was lying on my bed thousands of miles away and that I "was ony there in my mind" … but I might as well have really been there physically. It felt just like it.

Bob was a mix between his old self and a different kind of person, he even was a bit transparent, but not "see through" but in a way shining … and I t thought to myself in that kind of "trance" that ***he did certainly not look like a memory***, but like a real Bob of the very moment!

So as we were facing each other in that **bedroom** (to which I never returned in real life …) **Bob said** that now he can go *everywhere*, and I wanted a taste of it, ... but it was hard in that state … *There was an element of me resisting and not being able to get close enough to Bob …* **Yet**, (*somehow*)we managed to take off and then float (*it was a mixture between hovering and flying, but it took effort*) to several spots in the valley between Ma'alaea and Kahului …

I don't remember that he held me, it was like he and I "***willed***" ourselves into that flying situation, and somehow I know how to do it.

I remember that "flight" from the POV of me up in the air, and I knew I must have been held, somehow, by Bob, but I didn't realize how that was happening, I only knew that we were together up in the air, high up, and I thought it was kind of "unbelievable" that I had been able to even take off from the house!

So we floated about the fishing beach after the airport runway, above the West-Maui mountains slope above Ma'alaea harbor, and I'm breaking out crying right now, because I so much miss being on Maui … but it will never be possible without Bob. So how can I stop suffering that loss and longing to go there? Only by dying.

I told Bob that he better help me to accomplish the utmost success possible and that very very soon, because I will not just live to live*, I need a purpose, a very distinct strong purpose.*

(Note January 14, 2024: Just tonight I had a very very intense dream of flying again, the first after a long, long time, and I was actually flying to get away from someone who was dangerous to me ... a guy, who was also a doctor, maybe a dentist ... but who kind of betrayed me ... some dark-haired guy with a beard. I took off from some high building or a window from a very high tower ...)

I can't handle being without Bob. I'm reading and reading, and somehow it doesn't comfort me, only when I delve into the reading so much that me mind is entirely occupied. But when I get back to what had happened …

As a human in the here and now, I need Bob and the house and our work together, and his voice, his body, everything. How can I live without all that? If it wasn't for my dog, I'd probably not be living right now. But I'm not thankful to Jacqui, my dog, I feel responsible for his wellbeing. I keep thinking ... Hadn't he been deadsick in 2017, I'd have traveled to Bob then. And I would have been there when his ordeal had started to peak … when a tumor grew from a simple wart ... but Bob had been mentally ill for years, not able to sleep for years ... letting himself be taken advantage off helplessly ... so I saved my dog, but I lost Bob. And: I came to Maui in 2001 after my dog Kimba had died, on August 7, 2001. Last year, 2018, I arrived on August 7 on Maui to see Bob for the last five and a half weeks. This time, maybe my dog had been the reason that I didn't get to save Bob.

(*1995, Kimba with Sigi, who died of cancer in October 2016.)*

February 5, 2019

Idea: Maybe there are so many new *incurable diseases*, because mankind has on the other hand begun to live so much longer than even hundred years ago, as of personal life-span. So – what *if* ***cures*** *aren't really the things required for mankind to reach it's destination*? What if it's the other way around? **What if death is the whole point of living** – the entering into a new state of existence, as life goes on but without the self-destructing organism in which our energetic components have been developing during that short period as a "material" creature?

What if we *are not even supposed* to find more and more ways to heal our bodies and minds, what ***if we are supposed to figure out, how to "transition" properly – at any age?*** What if the time we

are supposed to die is a good time to die, and the craze about prolonging life and finding more and more cures is hindering the human progress onto the next level of evolution? What if cancer and other incurable diseases are our saving grace as energetic entities?

You can always say, well, if your time hasn't come, it hasn't ... or "if it has come, it has" – but about the latter: Why "fighting" cancer?

(Mistletoe, a useful anti-cancer remedy ...)

Oh shit we fought for Bob's body. And it worked. Until I had to leave, and Bob couldn't uphold the energy that he and I together were able to create.

What if it doesn't matter if skeptics and critics don't believe that contact with discarnate people is possible, that the dead are constantly ready to communicate with us if we only approach them … why does there have to be consensus? It's all about the evolution of the human mind. *And if you are clueless, a skeptic and some narrow-minded prick on top of it, well, your time in the afterlife won't be nice, then.* **In human cultural evolution there has always been the idea that the more you are spiritually open, the better your start in the beyond will be.**

What if this is actually the fact?

The bad thing might be that the folks over there will have their troubles with the narrow-minded dumb-asses who are mostly prone to disrespect and violence *there*, as we have the troubles *here*. Dammit. And I already thought that there was a "***heaven***", only to convince myself that yes, there is life after death, just different life. But it's likely challenging too, because this won't be "the end" either, but yet another step in the evolution of the energetic spiritual creature that humans are. Well, we are "humans" here, on Earth. What or who we are or might be called "over there", generally, I dunno. Maybe "living spirits" or "living souls" or "energetic entities" or just "critters". Or just – by names. It will depend upon the language …

February 6, 2019

What if our **memories** are in fact the setting for your existence in the afterlife? Think about it! Our consciousness survives, with our personality and experience of self … and that entails everything we've ever thought, because thoughts are energetic substance, that's pretty much agreed nowadays. So of course they remain in existence aside from the physical body! And since they are the "self" we've created or developed on Earth, they are the "world" we live in after death! This means – all comes back!

February 7, 2019 **– Another Circle of Stars !**

Yesterday I read a lot about the afterlife and mediums and people communicating with the living souls … and I talked with Bob intensely, that I do really really need him to reach out to me.

Today I found **a plastic bracelet made from colorful stars.**

*(**Note**: February 26, 2022 – yes, "2022"! Today I'm reediting this part of the contact diary for font size, and just earlier today it's the first time after a long while that I found such stars again, in the forest where I live now! On some kind of container … with Bob's favorite color, … And I was kind of startled about being reminded of my Hawaiian name … just check for the date in Part "R"!)*

It's my Hawaiian name "Kaleilauhoku", "circle of many stars" or "wreath of many stars", where stars can also mean "ancestors" or "spirits" … a name that came to me in a vision in about 2003 on Maui. It's **the second star circle I found**: I found a **necklace with 12 silver stars a few weeks before Bob's death**, when I was intensely communicating with "spirits". So today I was kind of inclined to really "believe".

After having read the scientific elaborations in "The Afterlife Experiments" (read it on archive.org), I suddenly realized what the **heart-energy** really means, what I've always known as "**confidence as energy**", that kind of boost that you can consciously create inside and direct it like some kind of ecstatic outpour into anything, an inner image (to make it manifest), especially. *So that heart-energy is measurable, it's electro-magnetic force*, just like actual stars have them … now I just realized that **I was reading about the stars last night a lot** … and *today I found stars **again***… what are the odds? So I keep "feeding" Bob … with emotional force, I see, hear, taste, feel something nice and I "dedicate" and send it to Bob, to make his spirit strong … so that he can advance where he is and maybe connect with me better …

I came across an article that relates entirely to the "feeing of Aumakua", but it also can be used in terms of connection with mortals:

The Heart's Energy Travels in Space Forever

Physics defines energy as the capacity to do work and overcome resistance. Energy is force. Magnetism, electricity, heat, and gravity are all examples of energy.

As discussed earlier, a system is defined as a set of components or parts that interact recurrently. The components share information and energy with one another. In the process of connecting and sharing, the parts join and become a whole whose novel properties are termed emergent.

When we combine the concept of energy with the idea of a system, the resulting conceptual system is termed dynamical energy systems theory. The info-energy system hypothesis predicts that everything in nature—yes, *everything*—not only has a physical body (what we experience as the material), but also has an internal invisible soul (information) and spirit (energy) that continuously extend into space at the speed of light.

Let's consider the heart, the largest generator of electromagnetic signals in the body.

132 THE ROAD I KNOW

less about the effort. We are too near-sighted: we look too much for what is in clear focus. We should look more to the ultimate reward."

She checked herself. Then with a comic effort at dignity:

"That is a very nice swelly idea. It swells me nicely!

"The way to free yourself," concluded the Invisibles, "is by *expansion of the heart.* It is the only possible instrument for shaping your destiny. Without it, the rest is struggle and suffering and delay. With it, all is an open door!"

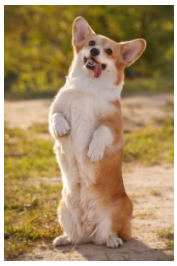
I can't even begin to describe the excitement of reading all of this … in a time when I thought my mind would shrivel to crumbs, and instead, it kind of got "watered" …

"Above all," said the Invisibles, "don't forget the importance of joyousness through all work. That's the big thing. Think more about that. There is no excuse for dreariness. Dreariness is just contraction."

You must never do things *merely* from a sense of duty or "service," said they; you must do them because *you want* to do them. And you'll want to do them when you've developed full consciousness! Better not to do them at all otherwise. And, they added astonishingly, *you can give to others effectively only from overflow!* Duty-and-will-power has no momentum; what they called "automatic-quickening" carries far. And that accompanies only a real desire, and a real enjoyment in the game.

So … "imua", Bob! (*Note: "onward", a term Bob knows well.*) I'll keep sharing food and sunshine with him … I keep hearing his voice in my head how he likes it. He today even "showed up", of course my own imagination, but still, like a puppy begging (*Note: playfully, and of course some kind if inner image, wherever it came from*) – when I was already eating. But it was Bob, playing a puppy, in that playful humorous childish way how Bob would exactly do it …

*(**Note** January 2024: This is crazy – but editing the above pages and reading **"like a puppy begging**", I put on a video to my little dog Tino to look at – about puppies! **Time synchronicity!**)*



And one more thing about the star-matter … Right *before* I found that star-bracelet … I found another star … **a single star, with a bright turquois beautiful pattern on it** … and I touched it with my foot … and although there was no wind, *it blew away and disappeared*!

That was strange! And a few steps further, there was that **bright colorful bracelet on the gray asphalt** … just where I was walking!

And it's not like I was walking the usual path … I had taken a spontaneous turn, like "guided"?

So … maybe we are in contact.

I mean, reading all those reports and testimonials and explanations … it's like … why doubt it when you can believe it? Why doubt it when that doubt can't be proven, but when there are thousands and thousands of pages of proof-suggesting experiences contrary to that doubt?

February 7, 2019

Just shared some dinner and chocolate bar with Bob … by using the heart-energy focus on an inner image of him. Maybe its even easier to connect that way with a departed than trying to influence the living … who aren't receptive to this kind of energy-relationship, unless they are gurus or otherwise spiritual folks?

I'm drinking field horsetail tea … I had sent him the tea, and more teas, one more chemically affective than the other … and one of Bob's last emails back to me was … "**So many recipes … but then, there are so many days**". (*Note: I just re-read his emails from September, right after I had left Maui for Austria, to send him medicine from there, and he was in such good spirits, he was getting better so fast, he was eating … and suddenly he went to the hospital, like someone would jump off a roof or go to his execution … I can only imagine that he had a TIA, transient ischemic attack, a mild stroke, of the kind he must have had when I was actually there, with him, when he stopped talking in the car, staring ahead, and I thought he was just tired, and later he said that numbers were running in front of his eyes and he couldn't stop them and had to wait until they subsided … he must have had several such episodes, maybe over the years, even, and I, idiot, had no clue what they were, I thought his brain was re-calibrating … I think I said that bullshit to him, too … so him having a stroke after the shock at the hospital, where the doctor told him he was "fucked" and they pumped his weak and just recovering body full with antibiotics, and then he also got some lung problem after leaving the hospital … that's what killed him … not cancer. And I can't help but just … despairing ever again, when this comes to my mind … He is gone from this world, because other people mistreated him, when he and I were on such a hopeful path. And that's the truth … and yes, I have to consider that his "soul" had wanted to get rid of his body …*)

And when he said "I'm not gonna die, Dani", am I supposed now to turn it around and think that this pointed at eternal life of consciousness?

(*Note: He better have a blast right now*.)

February 8, 2019

Herzklopfen! *(Fast heart beat!)*

Yesterday, late at night, I spontaneously looked for "medium in Vienna", and I found the "Mediale Plattform" by Dr. Alice Huber, who studied in England, in the country of medial traditions. (*Note: And I emailed her*.) So today … at noon now, as I was reading in "The Stars Are Still There", amazing immensely precious summaries of the facts and laws of dealing with the invisibles, I told Bob that I do need him to communicate with me directly, and I'll do everything to make my intentions clear and supply him with energy. So I ate chocolate and shared with him … when my phone rang! It was Dr. Huber from the MP, and she invited me to a "medial evening" on February 15!

Wow, that felt so great! I'm so going there! Can't wait! (And it rhymes, too).

I asked Bob to give me information about stuff only he can know … (*Note: "evidentials")*

I so wish that the dead really still are living. I think they do, but then "I think it".

I'm gonna make an extract of all books of Stewart White to prepare for the screenplay I'll be writing about them … I think that's my job. *(Note: Well, today, as I am re-reading this part, it's January 16, 2024, and nothing done yet.)*

I also realized something, while "talking" with Bob today:

The last time I actually saw him as the Bob he was, was in summer 2014, and when I kissed him good-bye then, at the airport, it was a real good-bye, and we both felt it. I won't forget how he looked at me. (This scenario will come up later, again.)

Last summer, when he was already dying, I did "feel" the "old Bob" several times, but he was already so very diminished in his earthly condition, that it wasn't really "being with Bob" anymore, but with what has remained of him.

Today I suddenly had the thought that I've been "trained", maybe, to be without him physically in the last four years, because we just didn't make it to meet until last summer, our final time together. So I've been truly getting used to thinking of him and missing him and then just talking on the phone … Can't talk on the phone right now, but maybe connect in different ways. I can talk to him, alright.

I know that I will meet Bob again. I also know that I'm not supposed to cut my life short … it's what I've been reading, when the phone rang, today … and I totally get it. And it's so truthful and wonderful, I wish every person would know about it all.

Maybe I'll sort of publish the summary of everything … Stewart had been working on making summaries of all the years of work with Betty. Maybe I'm supposed to continue and get the essence out even more and publish it in the means of my time, online.

I'll find out if that's my task.

Betty or Stewart or Bob will tell me. And maybe just me thinking and writing this right now is already the answer.

(Bob, early summer 2014)

So I already had training of being without Bob … and I do remember that during the past years I've often been at the point of no return, "knowing" that my time on Maui was coming to an end … the time with Bob. I had been talking to friends about my bad bad feeling many times, when Bob wouldn't communicate … and when I arrived on Maui in August 2018, it was just all gloomy and down and sad … but I'll always remember my hike from Makawao to the ocean … alone, with the sun, the wind, the air, the views … knowing that Bob was back there, in the house, suffering, yet having so much hope in me. I made it to Paia, and there I had such a wonderful swim in high, crystal clear waves while looking upcountry, that it has a particularly intense status in my memories. There, in the waves, in that ocean water, I was "me" in a way like never before and never after. I had never swum there before, not in all those years on Maui. Strange, right? But that day, I walked for hours down the volcano getting burned and sore feet, but it was just me and the island and then the ocean. It was a good-bye, I only did not know it.

I had much hope in me too, then.

My time with Bob was really very short in terms of true earthly man and woman connection. It was deep and ongoing and is eternal in terms of soulmates and lovers. We will meet again. We are probably together right now.

And yet, sometimes my heart still feels so broken to never be mended. I am mortal, after all.

Last night, I felt so urged to look at photos of Bob, my excuse was that I was cleaning up my computer and wanted to share photos with a friend … and when I looked at Bob's face, I didn't cry. I was **staring**, somehow, in **disbelief**, that his life-time as a body is over and that I won't ever hold or hear or see him again.

February 8, 2019

Went on a walk with a friend, A., who is open to receiving signs from dead people or animals … she had thought about Jesus and found a silver cross at her feet – just like I had, last year!

Back home I began reading more of "The Stars …", and suddenly I had a horrible image of a broken bone, and to fix it, I imagined my limbs being green and rubbery … and suddenly I was back at the site of the shoot I had done with Bob on Maui in 2013/or 2014 (must look it up … right now my

keyboard of my laptop is acting up … cursor sometimes jumping weirdly and highlighting stuff), in some tropical garden near Makawao … where we both had stood in awe at a rubber tree with amazing leaves and vines …

I did **share cake** with him, earlier, as I think that such an energetic "exercise" does make for a connection … the ancient Hawaiians fed their Aumakua by dedicating real food to them … I dedicate the feelings of pleasure – that I intensify just by will – to an image of Bob while eating (or other) … And it feels like he receives it. I did start crying over the rubber tree image, because the feeling of loss was so strong, suddenly.

And then … my dog Jacqui sat down in front of me.

(… that's Jacqui some other day)

And he looked at me. That was *a different look* than I knew from him. He wasn't looking like Jacqui, and I talked to him and told him that I loved him as if he was "playing" Bob … it was a very weird situation. And then! *Jacqui had been looking right into my eyes, like hypnotized, so weird* … **and suddenly he looked NEXT TO ME!** His eyes wandered *next to me*, and <u>he looked at something over my shoulder</u>, just that there isn't anything, only the corner of the room. I had the feeling he saw something, someone there!

"I am a dog lover. I am sure from having read your other books that you are too. So was your wife. Here is my question: We lost two dogs by their having been killed, both unmercifully. My boy and I have grieved over them as though they were human. Now, if consciousness is never lost, do these dogs exist somewhere as dogs? Would it be possible that sometime I'll find them running to meet me?"

"I think your question about dogs is far from silly," I wrote back. "In fact, we propounded it to Betty very promptly when we had determined that it was indeed Betty and in full control. She replied categorically that 'of course my dogs are with me, and I love them.' She went on to explain that animals, just animals PER SE, are born from their own quality of consciousness and return to that reservoir; in that case no personal life is lost. Those that have attained what she defined as 'volitional reasoning,' on the other hand, have also attained personality and do carry on as individuals. Assuredly some dogs and other pets have volitional reasoning, certain schools of psychology to the contrary notwithstanding. Betty says that eventually, in the expansion of consciousness, the dog form will not fit, and then it will have some other form. She did not go further into details."

Just like *Kimba* had, in 2001, in Norway, at the artist's house on the Fjord, an hour, or so, before he died. I had seen two people sit there (who weren't really there, they had only appeared in my mind), on the veranda, a black haired woman in a black fur coat, in a lounge chair next to me and a young blond man in a short jacket with fur collar sitting on the yellowish wooden railing … and Kimba had come up to me, and he sat down in front of me … *and the dog looked at the two people*! As if he'd see them! (But that's a whole other story … along with the blond young man appearing on and in my car when I was driving through Norway, entirely broken ... I was to meet Bob less than a year from that time.)

So Jacqui looked over my shoulder, and he did not avert his eyes, he looked at something just a bit higher than my head, and then gazed back into my eyes, then looked away, to the ground.

A little later: **ice-cold feeling on my lips**, I asked Bob if he had kissed me, and I recalled, yet again, our last good-bye, at the airport, when he was still Bob. We had kissed and hugged in a very intense way, as if though we "knew" … and I won't ever forget the way he looked at me … and then I had to turn away and get into the airport departure area to fly back to Austria, as 3 months were over. That was in late summer 2014.

The leaving of Maui in September 11, 2018 was the most horrible tragic unfathomable thing I've ever done. It was pouring. Dark. I had to leave the warmly lit rooms of housie and Bob ... lying in his bed. I walked outside into the rain ... then I waited at the bus station in front of Foodland Pukalani and looked down to Haulani Street and further to the valley. A big piece of me is still there and might always be.

<u>February 9, 2019</u>

Today I found the letter "R" in red, about two inches high (with a small magnet on the back) in the street where I live.

(*How often have you found an R?)*

At first I even walked by it, although I saw it, it seemed so unreal. Then I thought "**Robert**". If Bob had "done" that … get my awareness there ... it would have been an affront to not pick it up!

It may be "silly" to you, but it sure got my attention ... to find the letter "R" in the street where I live!

I've started to read "Our Unseen Guest" (by Joan and Darby) now, in detail, fascinating.

To me it seems now that the idea that consciousness and personality would ***not survive,*** is the *strange, the silly, the unrealistic one.* I'm looking forward to the "mediumistic evening" on February 15, with a woman trained as a medium …

This skyshark jumpstarted an inner conversation with Bob, too … (as that's how they looked as seen from our "lanai" circling above the airport of Kahului).

<u>February 10, 2019</u> **– Light as canvass**

Dream of Serge King, standing in a wide, low meadow, playing the noseflute and someone commenting on it. (*Note: I can't recall that dream in any detail.)*

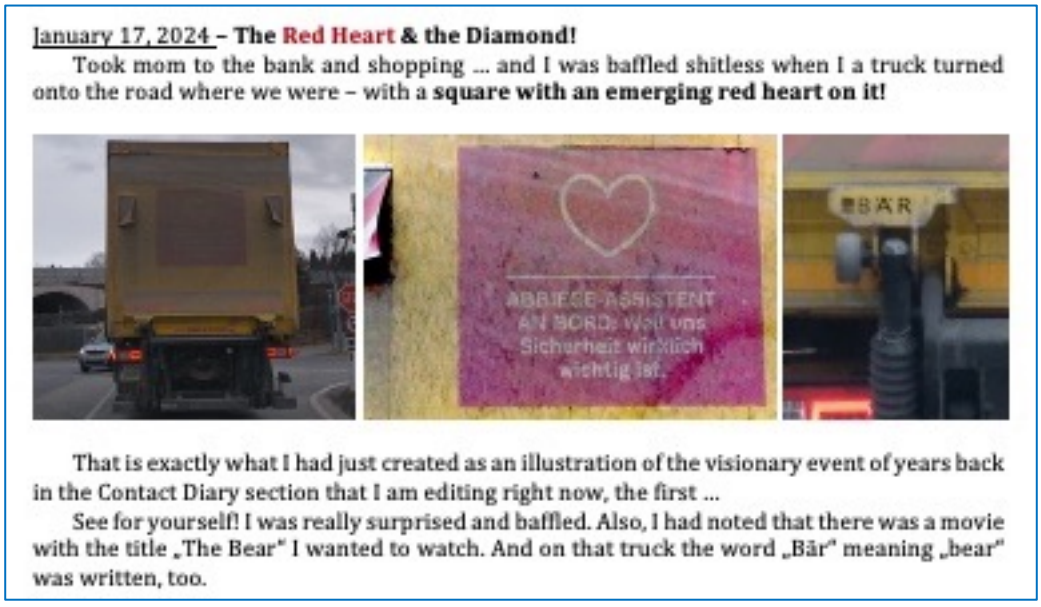
Back from walk with acquaintance G. and her dog Maro, I read on "The Unobstructed …", and I felt a very strong need to let my thoughts wander, as they were on Maui and in the house, on beaches and in all kinds of situations. Memories popped up out of the blue, of places that I hadn't thought of for a long time (Lahaina royal grounds of the mo'okuauhau, fishing beach below runway …)

I lied down … and I thought I was sleeping … but I came back to half-sleep-half-aware state, and suddenly, although my eyes were closed, **a very bright light spread INSIDE my closed eyes**, but it was like my eyes were wide open, and I could "consciously" observe that light spreading, it was yellow-white and very comfortable to look at.

I had been reading about a comfortable white light in near-death-experiences … but no "tunnel" appeared, but a kind of a wooden board that filled my field of vision. And on it – **a read heart appeared**, as if someone was painting it there, or as if it was a wet spot that pushed through (*Note: As if the heart was of invisible red ink that now appeared*), but before it was complete, it disappeared again!

I "woke up", and had such an intense feeling that this had *not* been "me"! It felt like a form of communication. (*Note: On March 12 I would actually find a "red heart"!)*

*(**Note**: Oh wow – just two days after I had edited this and made this image of the "**emerging heart**", I happened to sit in my car with my mother – right behind **a truck with a heart image**:*



January 17, 2024 – **The Red Heart & the Diamond!**

Took mom to the bank and shopping … and I was baffled shitless when I a truck turned onto the road where we were – with a **square with an emerging red heart on it!**

That is exactly what I had just created as an illustration of the visionary event of years back in the Contact Diary section that I am editing right now, the first …

See for yourself! I was really surprised and baffled. Also, I had noted that there was a movie with the title „The Bear" I wanted to watch. And on that truck the word „Bär" meaning „bear" was written, too.

*The text under the heart image says that this truck has a turn-assistant activate, "Because Safety Really Matters to Us." **Time synchronicity, again!)***

"The only difference, really, between our worlds is a difference of frequency," Betty continued.

The gap between has never, as yet, been MECHANICALLY bridged. That is to say, the highest frequency we have mechanically produced or isolated is lower than the lowest frequency of Betty's state of being.

"You see," said Betty, "when I was there with you, I was very close in degree to Joan. I am stepped up now higher than she."

In order to communicate through Joan, explained Betty, she must first of all close this discrepancy; "step up" Joan's frequency to a meeting point with her own, so to speak. That was roughly it, but the statement is not exact. Nor was it made exact; but a glimpse was afforded by the illustration of striking a note on a piano and getting vibrations on all the other octaves of that same note.

"The only reason," said Betty, "you cannot exist and operate in the ENTIRE universe, as I do--for I operate in your universe as well as in mine--is because you are not able to step up your frequency. That is the basis of Joan's talent; she can, upon occasion, step up her frequency. But it is not a constant with her, which is why she isn't living with me here now.

(Excerpts from "The Unobstructed Universe")

I'm stunned by Betty explaining the concepts of time, space and motion of our obstructed world as they are in the unobstructed universe, being receptivity, conductivity and frequency. <u>It's a catastrophic disaster that barely any "regular" human being will ever learn about these things in their life-time.</u>

I started to see everything in my mortal world based on what I'd been reading in those books … and it started to change me. I felt … alien among all those other people who didn't know what I knew now … the only person who I could confide in was … Bob.

insisted! Take the salt in the soup last night. Maybe there WASN'T too much--nobody else thought so--maybe your taste tricked you! Take all of your sense-perceptions--any of them can trick you! So what do you know? Just one thing. You know that you ARE. That is your reality--consciousness. Consciousness is the one and only reality."

"You know the people you love," the visitor objected doubtfully.

"How do you know them? What do you know of THEIR I-Am? Of course you know that they are entities in your obstructed universe. But the only thing of which you are absolutely sure, what you know in any specific dot of time and space, is I-Am. Everything else you know is in RELATION to your I-Am.

"Consciousness," said Betty, hammering home Stephen's basic concept, "is the only reality."

It also touched me deeply reading what great hopes Stewart and Betty and their friends had had in terms of how their work would help change the fate of mankind … that was just entering another horrible war (WWII) … and it made me very sad realizing that it didn't …

"The world calls me--us here--dead. But sometimes people, unable to endure the thought of such a blanking out, speak of a loved one as having 'gone on.' That idea, THE ACT OF GOING ON, is more correctly true. It is true that we are 'changed'; but so is man in his earth experience changed from a new-born child to adulthood. And not only is he changed physically, but his perceptions are changed, his power of assimilation, his control of himself and of the things of. earth about him.

"It is so that I am changed--so all we 'dead' are changed; glorified with our own immortality. Even as you, too, will be glorified. We have indeed gone on beyond the comprehension of your present earth perceptions; but so is man beyond the comprehension--even the sight perception--of that new-born child. Of course it takes only a little while before a baby begins, as they say, 'to notice.' It is the same with you. You, the World--so small a child in Time's duration of the Universe--only notice us as yet. But just as the noticing of a child brings a feeling of personal comfort and stability to him, so would the world's acceptance of Immortality bring back stability and comfort to mankind. Individual and socially. Indeed, it is only so--only by a reestablishment of the old faith in the continuity, the worth-whileness, the purpose and responsibility of life--that people or nations can regain stability.

"Stability," she repeated. "STABILITY is what you have lost and are now seeking to regain. Not security. Security is material. Stability is spiritual. Stability is the soul, the character of peoples. Given that, man or nation makes its own security. But stability--real foundation-rock, unwavering stability--no man can have without FAITH in immortality. Why? Oh, my dear, my dear! Earth-life would have no point, would be too much to ask of man, without immortality."

Yes, "stability" is how one makes one's own security. And exactly that is something mankind has never mastered. "Faith in immortality" … yeah, that would be the point of change. If it only could become a "regular matter", not something "religious" …

"We repeat: we cannot emphasize too frequently the fact that mere recognition of occasional truth is not good enough. You must soak it up, live in it, let it permeate you, let it control you before it is yours. Nothing can be achieved merely by conception. This book is absolutely useless if taken merely intellectually."

"It must be done, not under our manipulation, as it were, but in full strength and purpose of your human faculties. These alone can act successfully on your physical world."

Man is born into this quantitative world out of the man-degree of quality, not the tree-degree, nor the dog-degree, nor the electrical-energy-degree, nor any of the other manifold degrees, but out of his own human-degree. Nevertheless, though the individual man is born man, his capacity as an individual varies greatly from that of his fellows. In the man-degree of quality itself there is a procession of what we might call sub-degrees, accounting for individual differences.

So man, like any individualized bit of consciousness, comes into this quantitative world with a fixed degree of quality. He is born man, and he can't change that; but he is also born with a degree of quality individual to himself. This, too, he can never change--his capacity for doing, for understanding, for becoming. But he can fulfill that capacity; he can win for his individual consciousness a degree of quantitative development proportionate to his quality.

There is nothing complicated about this thought. We know it already. Nobody would contend for a moment that Tony in the ditch and Einstein in the laboratory are of the same degree of quality. So when a man is born, he is a man because he is born from the human quality of consciousness; but he is born his KIND of a man because he comes from his own particular

So Betty shared that the "Invisibles" have the capabilities to support mortals, but they aren't allowed to cause or carry the "growth" of the mortal human itself … they must watch what we do with what we've learned or gained, in terms of extended consciousness.

"Consciousness is the one and only reality."
This sounds acceptable to me.

February 11, 2019

I read up on Wiki about British medium Gladys Osborne Leonard (who was mentioned in one of the books): She claimed that the spirits would show her landscapes which she would refer to as the **'Happy Valley'**.

Life [edit]

Leonard was born in Lytham on May 28, 1882. She claimed to have experienced her first 'visitation' by spirits when s child. She claimed that the spirits would show her landscapes which she would refer to as the 'Happy Valley'.[3] She as a singer but childhood illness in 1906 prevented her from continuing. Her interest in spiritualism developed whilst invited her to take part in her first table seance.[3]

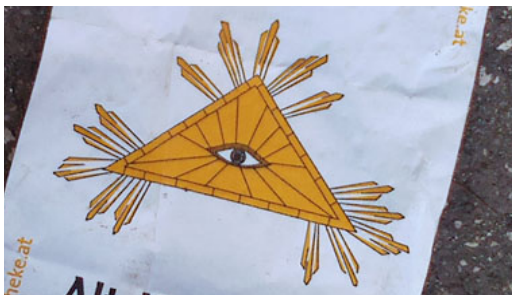
I looked her up when I stumbled over her name while researching William James, who Stewart E. White mentions often, and Susy Smith …

In my spiritual Sci-Fi-trilogy **"Regents of Clouds"** I invented a "Happy Valley" on Earth's twin planet "Laniloa", where Regent Alexis raised her Maoli-trained children, who would then be humans with superior spiritual and energetic abilities

That's … quite uncanny.

(*Note: My entire spiritual Sci-Fi-project, fully written as a franchise in several installments, based on my research for "We Creators", is full with scenes and developments that are closely related to what happened after I had written it, and to what I've been learning since Bob's death.*)

Today I again talked to Bob, it works particularly well in the Küniglberg Wald (*Note: a forest area in Vienna's 13th district*) … I want to know for sure that he is "here" … and I'm asking him that all the time. So I was talking to him, out loud – when I found a symbol of **one eye in a triangle with sunrays** around it, all in yellow (just the logo of a pharmacy) … that's so strange!



It was lying right there on the pavement, the only paper anywhere! It was looking at me! The **all-seeing eye** was of great interest to Bob, in terms of "Big Brother" and the various groups that control every society's fate … My first thought seeing it was that Bob expected me to "get it" when I would see this strange scrap of paper … an "all-seeing" eye … to me it meant: ***"I see you, Dani."***

And it was Bob saying that to me. And that was my first "gut"-impression when I stopped short in front of that paper … on my path, with no other paper around. Just that one.

Looking around in my environment, the people, life's circumstances, I felt incredibly alone with my thoughts … and it only helps to keep reading those **books** to really feel … "me".

"A station's ability to release subconsciousness and be stepped up in frequency is a talent," she repeated. "It's a part of that person's make-up, like any talent. You all have it to a degree, the simplicities of it. Everybody is more or less 'psychic.' Some know it; some don't. Darby is a good conceiving station, Stewt is a combination. Joan is a super receiving station. During communication I use the released subconscious of the station, and its storehouse to produce my message. It's a talent on my side, too. In a way we have 'mediums' here. Certain of us can communicate with more facility. I have to contend with the frequency of Joan's physical body, just as she does to communicate with me. That is a resistance. In many cases the deflection is so great you get no communication at all."

All this was really aside from the line of the philosophy Betty was then trying to get into our heads. Nevertheless it interested us enormously. We were curious as to what made the wheels go round. We often wanted to know things that had little to do with the presentation of the argument, and generally were squashed by the simple statement, "That is aside from the point I am trying to make"--expressed with the finality of Queen Victoria's "We are not amused." But this question of the technique of communication was an exception. Betty was willing to touch on it, from time to time. Perhaps she was indulging the children. Perhaps she felt its understanding would add to the reality of the situation. I do not know.

I read "A Grief Observed", briefly, parts, by C.S. Lewis, yesterday, and he really expresses such profound thoughts and experiences so honestly … and directly. I began to realize how huge the "market" actually is, for literature dealing with "how to handle grief", with the ultimate goal to learn how to categorize one's own grieving episodes … I keep telling Bob: "Even if you are here, as a spirit, I'm still a mortal, and I've lost everything that I had with you and through you in this realm! How can you expect me to be, in any way, I don't know … *positive*? Based on what?"

Here are two excerpts from the book ***"The Seven Purposes***" – a must read, Stewart E. White is quoting from it in his work too. By the way, all these books are in the public domain, meaning, that they can be downloaded for free from various websites as PDF-documents!

The excerpts feature a "disca" sharing some facts of communication with an "inca", a mortal.

At first this, too, seemed devoid of meaning, but after a little thought I asked whether she meant that we had been associated in some way as pure spirit.

"Everybody was pure spirit once, and will be again," was the rapid reply.

"Is this life a punishment, then"

"No, a beginning of individuality."

"Does the individual continue to exist forever?"

"Yes."

"As pure spirit?"

"Yes."

I mean – just look:
"Is this life a punishment, then?"
"No, a beginning of individuality."

"Let me in and don't chafe," she told him, in one of her more serious moments, "and I can tell you much of what I see ahead. Grief, resentment, bitterness and doubt are our highest barriers. There is no cause for grief in a relation closer than your life there knows. There is no ground for resentment in the price we pay. There can be no bitterness in growth and development together—quicker growth, fuller development, than could be possible if one of us were not here. It is largely in the point of view, this thing that is called grief."

So I read what the "Invisibles", the discarnates shared about who they are and what life is … but then I can't help but think that they have easy talking … they aren't mortal anymore. Do they even remember what it's like, to feel pain and guilt and regrets and loss? I keep telling that to Bob, too.

February 12, 2019 – **The Thumb on the Wall & the Mom-Relations**

I had the most amazing experience again, today. Last night I was reading about **Gladys Osborne Leonhard**, the British medium (her first book that I found free online), and I reached *the story about her sore thumb*. Now, **"thumbs up"** and **"sticking out like a sore thumb"** are colloquial sayings that are well know. I did think about how that kind of histoire should be interesting to me, and I stopped reading Gladys' book, because I'm not as much interested in stories about contacting the departed, I'm more interested in stuff like how the Unobstructed Universe works, and insofar I totally appreciate Stewart and Betty White's work.

MY LIFE
IN TWO WORLDS

BY
GLADYS OSBORNE LEONARD

CHAPTER XVIII
I HEAR A STRANGE WORD

HERE is another instance of what might be called premeditated help and team work on the part of several spirit friends, combined with an attempt (and a very successful one, too) to give me some evidence about things that were quite unknown to me at the time. Though, consciously, I felt no specially bad effects that I could definitely trace back to the illness and dental operation I have just told you about, I found that for some time after I became easily run down, and a couple of years later I had a bad attack of influenza, from which I seemed quickly to recover, but I found that a septic condition was showing itself in the thumb of my right hand. It swelled and became so unsightly and unpleasant that, for hygienic reasons, I had to wrap it up. After trying everything that everybody recommended to me, it still became worse, and I called in a local doctor, a surgeon, who pointed out that I had a swelling coming under my arm, the right one, and that it was due to the infection from the thumb, which should be operated on. I did not like the idea of an operation, so he said I could leave it for a few days but not longer, and try some ointment, etc., that he had made up for me, in the meantime. I did as he told me, but after two or three days the condition was worse. My husband was very much impressed that I should still try other means and not have an operation.

Well, I also read about Gladys' painful relationship with her parents, her mother, who wouldn't care about her and her interests much … exactly the case with my mother – who is very bitter, too, and has never liked me, outspokenly so. Her "explanation" was "It is common that mothers don't like their daughters". I have, in fact, just written a letter to my mother again, asking her to contact me so that I know she is alive, and I want to know what she is doing, also so that I can move on with my life … because my mother hates me, and my last letter she had sent back to me unopened …

So today, I went for a **walk** in Dehne Park, a forest area that's rather quiet and remote though in Vienna, where I barely ever meet people, so it's *perfect for talking to Bob*. (That's where I photographed the "horsie" with the blue eyes, on January 22.) Which I did, as I keep telling him every

day that I need him to communicate with me, but in a way that I can directly recognize it, even see him, maybe, I don't mind apparitions if they don't scare me.

So it was ice cold, and even *snow came, in storm-like boosts*. Jacqui was a bit uneasy, but as always, my faithful companion. And I thought to myself that there aren't really too many ways to receive "signs", after all. I told Bob, again, how much I would have loved to share this kind of hike with him, as a real person, walking next to me …

So I was thinking about what I'd do about my mother, while on that walk, connect with social services, or the priest of the church closeby … And I sat down on a bench with Jacqui - and I saw a most unusual kind of **cloud** formation: two cloud banks, **separated** by a stretch of blue sky, but perfectly horizontally, across my entire field of view of the sky … and gray and white clouds moving along that gap fast, because of the snow storm coming …

(The "barrier" between the realms, or "the levels of consciousness" perfectly expressed by clouds …)

*(**Note**: Now in mid January 2024, it gets a bitter laugh out of me, "separation", yeah, right. But then – **maybe me seeing this now is the actual message, as time synchronicity?** Because right now I am at a crossroads with my mother, whose caregiver I have been for years, and I no can do it no more. Also : just look at the sky images of January 19, 2024 – how similar, right?)*

So the storm increased, and Jacqui and I moved on, towards the park's exit.

Suddenly**, my left thumb began to hurt.** First I didn't want to pay attention to it. It was the *bottom of the thumb, and it was painful to touch*, and as I looked at it, the part looked white, but it wasn't frozen, just some weird kind of pain, but strong enough that I massaged it. **Immediately I thought of "*Gladys*"!** Who had written about a "thumb"! And I spoke it out loud, also that my dog Jacqui's best friend at the animal asylum where he lived when I met him, was a black dog named "Gladys"!

So I thought that Gladys was connecting to me … and I immediately challenged that thought, too, rationally … only to admit to myself that I was very inclined to believe that ... and as I was pondering and communicating with "Gladys", telling her that I kind of was inclined admit that she as an experienced medium would probably communicate with me easier than Bob could, who is, probably still in a kind of a training state, … and I walked along a wall towards the public transport, thinking about my thumb and even looking at it, finding that it was getting better - when I looked to my left …

… and there was **a sticker with a thumb-print** and the text on the sticker was "PI MOI DAUMEN" (it means ***"Pi times Thumb",*** a German expression for "approximately").

At the very second when I was **pondering upon Gladys' thumb**, **my hurting thumb** and the relation, I saw a **thumb-sticker** next to me! I mean … *how often have you seen a thumb-sticker?* Me, never! Except today! ***Exactly when my thumb had just started hurting, after I had read the day before about a medium with a thumb-story!***

Many times, when I had had baffling experiences like that in the past, I'd share it with Bob, on the phone, or he'd patiently look at me as I was sharing an amazing story, in person, and we'd always ponder "*What are the odds*?" Later, he would say *"I would say none, but then it's you, Dani."*

And here it comes: As I returned home, I found a ***letter*** from my mother. No, I haven't looked into it yet. Can't do it. Too much afraid of pain. I'll take it on another hike and open it when I feel strong enough. *(Note: My mother had written to me that she wanted me to leave her alone forever. Again, without explanation, why.)* But I was just baffled to a kind of numb and stunned feeling – because I had just read about Gladys' experiences with her distant and uncaring mother.

It was like she gave me a "thumbs-up", in the sense of **"you're not alone".**

What the hell ***are*** the odds?

(Of course I know that Gladys Osborne's abilities in terms of communicating with spirits are disputed ... but this is not about her.)

February 12, 2019

I just started reading the book (online free pdf) by **Rev. C. Drayton Thomas, "Life Beyond Death, with Evidence"** from 1928, and it notes a saying from "*Whittier*", and that's where Bob used to live as a small boy, he had often told me about it.

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The way that Reverend writes, speaks to me! I love those writers of centuries past, their language is beautiful and exact and honest. I love it.

PREFACE

But what avail inadequate words to reach
The innermost of Truth?...
Yet, if it be that something not thy own,
Some shadow of the Thought to which our schemes,
Creeds, cult, and ritual are at best but dreams,
Is even to thy unworthiness made known,
Thou mayst not hide what yet thou shouldst not dare
To utter lightly, lest on lips of thine
The real seem false, the beauty undivine.
So, weighing duty in the scale of prayer,
Give what seems given thee. It may prove a seed
Of goodness dropped in fallow-ground of need.

WHITTIER. Utterance.

This book explains how I became assured that I was speaking with friends who had left earth. It also outlines their description of life in realms beyond.

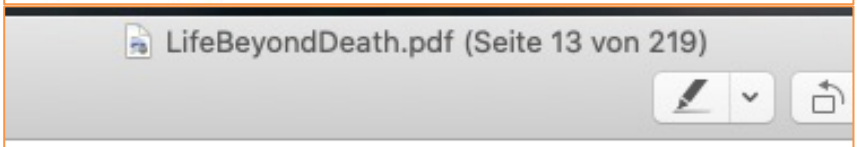
The whole evidence is too voluminous to print, but sufficient is given to indicate its variety. I have selected striking instances among many of equal value. There is little mention of failures, because these have been relatively few. My friends enjoy testing their powers and some experiments have not been entirely successful.

CHAPTER V

IDENTITY SHOWN IN REPLIES TO TEST QUESTIONS

THREE questions, which would be meaningless to strangers, are answered by my communicators in the manner I would expect from my father and sister.

In the autumn of 1920 I decided to give my father and sister an opportunity of showing how appropriate an answer they could give to questions relating to a town of the north in which we had lived for three years when I was a boy. It was essential to this experiment that I should so phrase the questions as to give no clue or information. I therefore asked them to tell me what was suggested to their minds by the words I was about to say, and proceeded to name the title by which we had habitually alluded to a popular social function in my father's church in that northern town. I coupled with it the name of a friend who used to add to the gaiety of those occasions. I also asked for facts relating to the colleague who had occupied the house adjoining ours, and about "The little hurt bird." This was a name we used for my sister's little playmate there.



CHAPTER II

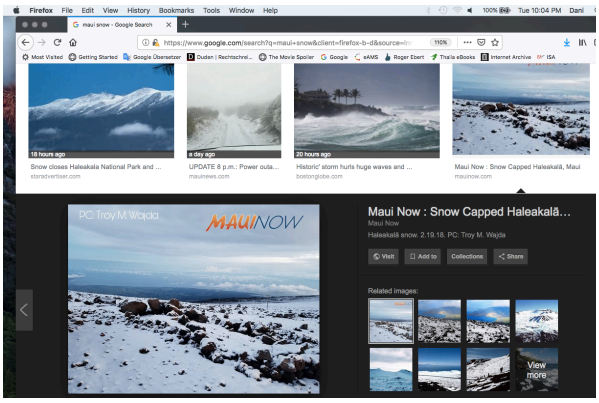
COMMUNICATIONS ON THE IMPORTANCE OF THE SUBJECT

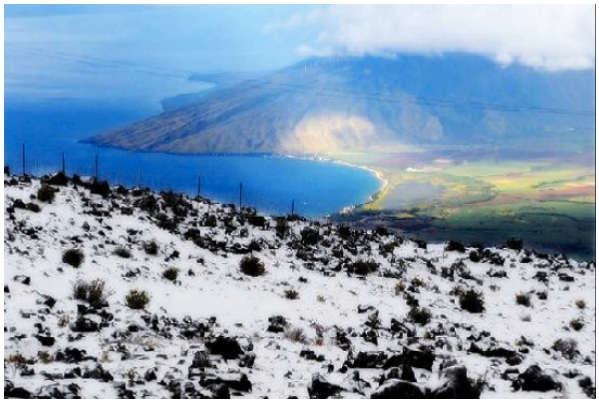
I AM aware that some persons are nervous of psychical phenomena in any form. In some instances this is due to their having been told terrifying tales, or perhaps they recall some chance supernormal experience of which they did not realise the significance. To such minds the whole subject seems related to a mysterious and dark region wherein lurk unknown perils. And so they not only turn away from it themselves, but urge others to do the same.

Yet in knowledge there is not only power but also safety. In our investigations we shall find nothing which cannot reveal something further of the beauty and entrancing wonder of God's ways. Darkness is but the earth's shadow, and there are always the stars above it. And what seems to us to be mysterious is only beauty, hidden for the moment in the shadow of our ignorance. Communication with our loved ones in the life beyond, should be a step upward in our realisation of the approachableness of Jesus Christ, who was the expression in human form of the Highest, and who is "Our Friend, our Brother, and Our Lord."

February 12, 2019 **– Snow On Maui**

How strange is that! **Much snow on Maui!** And I'm waiting for snow here, none! But on Maui! Strong storm, power outages … and Bob not there anymore to talk to me on the phone about it …





I already thought I'm handling it all sort of, and then this … photos of Maui, thoughts, me being there in my mind with Bob, but our house is empty, our spots are empty … but there was a **snowstorm** in the last days on *Maui*. My Maui. Our Maui. Maybe also in our beloved Pukalani? Was there snow on our housie? In our street? ***What does it mean?***

Unbelievable that Bob is gone. He did know that the day after my brother Peter had died, snow fell. In October. **Snow** in the eucalyptus forest in Olinda, where we were to film "Kaweli" … never again filming with Bob. Never working together. Never talking to each other. Right now, I really don't want to live in this realm anymore. It's like a **Leichentuch** *(sheet over a dead person)*, that snow on Maui.

February 14, 2019 **– Female Partner for My Found Pig**

Found another pig in the morning, walking the dog – on a *different* route than I go every day, because other dogs went into our path, and I decided to deviate. Sure enough, after the next corner **– a female plush pig, with a heart (valentine) and a four leaf clover**. I found a male pig a few weeks ago, remember?

And what is the lady pig supposed to tell me, as being the partner of the boy pig that I already had found a while ago? That we'll be together again, Bob and me? Is it my subconscious that "finds" things, like I had learned in dealing with Hawaiian spiritual traditions, "Ku", out and about, as my body-spirit is connected with all of the Cosmos?

Also, I was working on … just now, as I'm writing this, the **keyboard** began to act up again, as I was about to write about my keyboard having acted up earlier, after I had "fed" Bob again, shared with him what he used to love so much, "hot black" (coffee) and sweet pastry. I read in Stewart White's book "The Unobstructed Universe" that Betty said that the departed do miss the physical experiences with the Earthly senses at times. So since Bob must still be in a phase of learning in the afterlife, I can, maybe support him by dedicating sensual experiences and emotional pleasures that I feel with him. I'm feeling then on purpose, to share with him. ***I told him, that tomorrow he has a chance to go on a date with me.***

Also I notice that I don't recall my dreams anymore, haven't been, for a few days, since I've been intensely reading TUU … But I used to always recall dreams.

Met Michael L. today, one of the few people I actually like. He is a true poet, writes the most wonderful complicated poems.

February 15, 2019 **– Bob Stirring up Mediums?**

So tonight I went to the **"evening of mediality"** *(mediumship?),* supposedly an evening with **mediums** through who the departed would speak. I told Bob that this was his chance to really talk to me, if those people were for real. My question to him had been why he had gone to the hospital and what he wanted me to do, generally.

Now, it's hard to describe what happened.

First of all – tears welled up as soon as the event started, and I almost choked, trying to hold them back. My head was red hot, and I couldn't bear the energy and the situation ... and I was the new one. Obviously, all others had been to those events before and knew each other. So I stuck out like a sore thumb.

I nearly suffocated on my tears ... and I thought I might get a heart-attack only listening and being there.

At first, there were cold readings, for the most part, to my mind, and the "mediums" – sitting on chairs on a kind of stage – also engaged in endless interpretations. They didn't somehow prepare or focus or get into a trance, they just babbled. It was a fully brightly lit room, no candles, no mood, just like for a regular seminar. It was mostly just general stuff and fishing in muddy waters … but whenever they said something concrete, it didn't really apply to the people for who they were reading, *but it did for me!*

I don't want to go into details here, but one medium got a "***poodle***" for someone who didn't have any relation to one, another one "*plant medicine*", another one "*horse*" and "*cancer*", *not having accepted a treatment that would have been necessary*, neither of that related to the people in question.

But it sure did to me. The "poodle"! Geez! Woodle – the script about the poodle among wolves that Bob had loved so much!

Then the main medium, Dr. Alice, turned to me and said that she was "getting" things, and really, for a few minutes she came up with pretty interesting tidbits, like she saw "a brain, and there is something on the right side of it", and she saw "something like a lithography" (stone-drawing!), and she heard a "it can be applauded!" and also a **green clover (found one, yesterday**), and more little things that I don't recall right now ... I was so excited and overwhelmed and sad and stricken, that I am surprised I can recount anything at all. She had previously said so distinct things about career and trusting and the choice of a path, that entirely related to me; and at the very beginning, when she had only opened her mouth, ***out poured some description of Bob's and my situation***, like read from a book (and it did not relate to the person for who the reading was). Also, Dr. Alice mentioned that the person in question had been dealing with kind of unusual themes, such that aren't publicly official (yeah, no shit Bob did that, talk about Flat Earth, Conspiracies and being a Tax Refuser or what that's called due to the facts of the US being a corporation …) So that really really surprised me, when she said that!

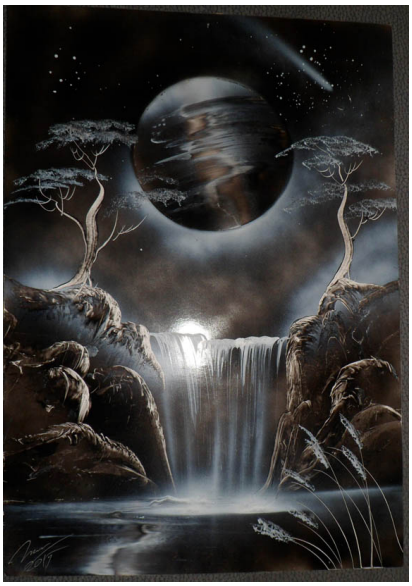
I had the feeling the entire time, that Bob was using all of them …

But again – the most strange part, though: With the *first words* of the first "reading", something happened: I experienced such a *flush of emotion*, including blood to my face and into my head and so much heat, as if I had been swallowing fire and it burned me up, *and tears began immediately to flow.* I didn't even think anything special, it just totally wallowed through me … yes, that's how it felt, as if something was totally "in" me and moving inside of me, so hot, so strong, so emotional, it wasn't ever grief or sorrow, it was just one overwhelming wave of … **energy**. Some energy flooded me so strongly, that I could not contain myself, and I felt how my face got glowing hot.

So altogether … I'm sure Bob was there or someone from the place where he is now, related to him or to me. Even *Helena Petrovna Blavatsky* was mentioned (in relation to me!), and she is an idol of mine, and it totally relates to my work on the book "We Creators of the World", where I am quoting Blavatsky a lot, so that I can entirely count as message or as hint. How could Alice (the medium) have

possibly known? She also talked about alternative methods that had been tried … but there wasn't the place and situation for her to immerse properly or to even express herself or take her time.

And: Alice mentioned the **artwork** I have on my wall, she "saw" it, the moon/planet, waterfall, clouds, white on black, by a street artist … (A gift from me to me I think in 2016 around Xmas in Vienna.)

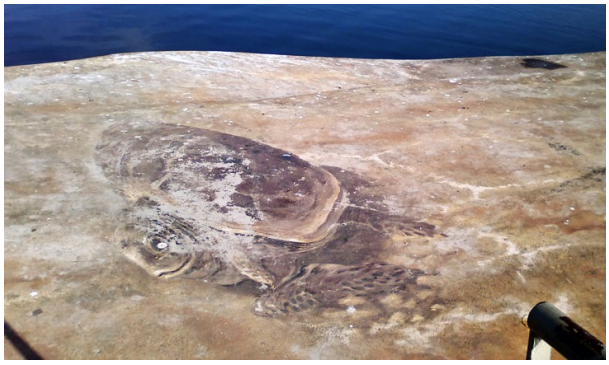


When I later stood at a *bus station*, asking myself what all that had been for, I felt confused and weird, in the dark, coming from that kind of thing … and as I raise my glance, there was a **shark** on the roof on the opposite side of the street, because it was a fish-seller! A shark! Looking at me. I felt sort of … understood. (I feel inclined to do a private sitting with Dr. Alice alone. Maybe.)

February 16, 2019

Took a long walk on Danube island with Jacqui, of course. Asked Bob for evidential that he is around. Saw amazing clouds. Found a typical **"Maui-Bob"-flip-flop** on Danube island! And a **small toy man**!

This cloud formation followed me around for a while … and yes, I know that clouds don't "follow" people, but still, it hovered in a strange way and *kind of forced me to watch it* … ***two figures reaching out towards each other and connecting*** … I know you see it too.



Ended up on top of a large **stone** (!) in the Neue Donau (*Note: "New Danube", actually a dug out long stretching lake filled with ground-water, meant to be an overflow-basin in case the parallel-running river Danube should overflow*) with paintings of a **surf board**, sand playing toys, a **sand castle** and a **turtle.** When Bob and I visited Baby Beach on Maui a huge turtle was resting on that beach, just a few feet away from Bob; and we saw turtles in the ocean. I had no idea that I'd find that, I'd never been on that side of Danube island. Mind you – it is winter. For one of our first commercial shoots together I had made a sand castle, and the slogan for the company was … "*Where magic happens*".

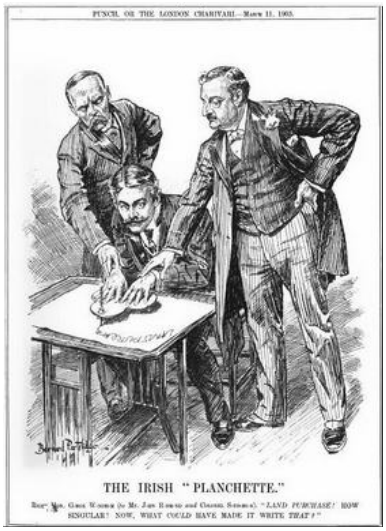
Okay, so then I sat down to start working on my excerpts of Stewart White's books … but instead of working on the excerpts, I felt drawn to a pdf that I had downloaded, and that Stewart mentions in his books, at times, *"The Seven Purposes" by Margaret Cameron.* She mentions a "planchette", for automatic writing.

Since I don't know much about that, I had no idea what that was (not an "Ouija-board", about which I had informed myself, recently), so I googled. Holy moly is that interesting! I'm totally gonna try that. And as I went to the **planchette**-website and wanted to order one, it's "under construction". Well, I thought, I could try making my own "planchette"-like tool ... but for now it seems like it's not supposed to be on my agenda.

"THIS is the fourth lesson.

"The world fears purpose that is free and fearless. All the forces of humanity are turned against freedom. The church imposes its creed, the class imposes its caste, the profession imposes its etiquette, the moralist imposes his fear, the libertine imposes his folly. All men are bound by the conventions of church, caste, profession, or moral status. Thus do they throw wide the door to forces of disintegration. Each man assumes a purpose not his own; a force that is his own deserts him.

"Free development demands free purpose and concentrated force. Wherever two or three are gathered together to follow the same purpose in free and conscious co-operation, there force is multiplied. Wherever an hundred are assembled to be led like sheep by the bell-wether, there force is debauched and disintegrated.


PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI.—March 11, 1903.

THE IRISH "PLANCHETTE."

So, yes, I'm gonna read that book first and then check out my own automatic writing. *(Note: Never really did.)* Maybe that inspiration is Bob telling me that ***it's up to me to find the proper tool*** so that he can give me evidential proof, he, or one of his folks over there?

It is about a "tool" clearly ... but it can be anything.

I'm feeling between silly and inspired. Once one begins to deal with that kind of thing it becomes very obvious that the thought that consciousness does "not" survive, that "life is over after death" *is actually the* ***weird*** *one.* And wrong.

My **uncle Karli** came to my mind, suddenly, haven't thought of him in so many years, even though in my childhood he was a prominent figure, but he died when I was a teenager ... and a schoolmate of mine who died decades ago … found dead in a gulch, probably suicide, Xandi was his name … And just now there was a certain **crackling in the left window** that has been happening recently at times when I've been talking to Bob … *just now happened, as I talked to uncle Karli* … (the exact spot where my dog Jacqui looked, a few days ago, after he gazed at me weird for a long time and then looked over my shoulder at something …)

Reading passages of **"The Seven Purposes" by Margaret Cameron** (who was actually an avid writer, but this book was her only one about spiritual phenomena – and it was respected, not criticized in her time!), I've been thinking they are actually messages that Bob wants to give to me … because some really apply to me, like:

THE SEVEN PURPOSES

can't be sorry I am so much better off and more useful. I get your thoughts and you get mine, only you don't recognize them always as mine. You will now."

"Is there any way I can know when you are with me?" she asked.

""You Will learn, now you know I am there. I can't tell you how, but you will learn. That is part of this big knowledge, dearest. You are both just beginning, but, like other knowledge, growth is rapid, once begun. You will meet skeptics, who will laugh, but don't be disturbed. This is the next big revelation, and you are with the first over the top."

A little later he said of his father: "He will discover that I am more a force than ever, and then he will be as proud as men who have sons 'over there.'… Should you prefer a son in the trenches or in the place of accomplished peace?… I am nearer you now than I have ever been before, but the price of that is apparent separation. Your life knows no such companionship as ours can be now, but that, is possible only at the cost of apparent and visible contact. This is gain, not loss. You are questioning that, but trust me. I know. You can't even guess what this means to all of us, Sis and Babe and Dad and you and FREDERICK."

Well, that brought me to tears, of course **"I am nearer you now than I have ever been before, but the price of that is apparent separation."**

Quoting "Frederick" through Margaret Cameron …
And what touched me the most, because it's such an intimate insight into the life of a "Disca":

"But there's no hurry," he went on. "We've all eternity together now…. Only one thing can separate us. If you doubt my existence, I shall still exist, but your doubt will destroy the thread that links us like a telegraph—wire, only more closely and warmly. So you must not backslide, for my sake as well as your own."

"Why don't you stay on?" he asked presently. "I can reach you, but not so definitely for a while to your sense, and actual speech with you is keen joy. Tell ~~Dad~~…."—the erasure is his own—"… the family I want to talk to them, too. Let's have a reunion. One that won't leave me out. I want to be in." Rapidly and strongly, he underlined the last words three times.

His mother promised that the family festivals should be held again, in the full consciousness that he was there with them.

"Thank you, Mother dearest. You don't know how we hate being left out." When she explained that they were "left out" ignorantly, rather than intentionally, he continued: "No, we know you don't mean to leave us out. But you—and we, too—would be so much happier if you knew we were there and we could know you were not grieving. You see, we are really nearer to you than you are

But then … <u>the question of whether or not I could have prevented Bob's death</u> was addressed too … and not in a very comforting way, because the answer is basically "yes", but …

"Was there anything we could have done that was not done?"

"Nothing. It had to be." But when she inferred that the time had come for him to take up work in the next plane, he protested. "No. Nothing like that is 'intended.' There is no foreordination. It is all a matter of forces, constructive and destructive. My material energy was too little to withstand the material forces of destruction. My flesh yielded. That has no real relation to eternal force…. One serves one's purpose, here or there. I am doing better work here than I could have done there, but that has no relation or part in death. It is entirely a physical thing."

"Did —— make you nervous?"

"No mere man could make me fail to respond to your call to courage. I knew and you knew, that it might be the end of life there; but there was no possible thing that you could have done, mentally, physically, or spiritually, that you did not do. It was your courage that kept me calm, even through that dread moment; your spirit that met me when I woke here; your tenderness that soothed my first bewilderment; your purpose that

roused me to better, broader, finer work than I had ever dreamed before. It has been you—you and I, one always—that have helped and upheld me, as your faith has enabled me to reach and uphold you."

This interview took place in the afternoon, and with a good deal of incidental conversation, covered several hours, leaving me very tired. But after dinner the familiar summons warned me that my services were again in demand. I took up a pencil, and Mary K. announced the second Lesson, which followed rapidly, with the same unhesitating flow that had characterized the first one.

This is pure spiritual gold.
Nothing could give more comfort.

What the "disca" explained in the book answers it all, basically … be it cancer or a sick brain, the individual can still be healed and rescued to stay on the earthen plane for some longer, if a strong enough force interferes. But sometimes the destruction simply is gone too far, and that "impetus" on which that force is based, is stronger. That's how it was with Bob, I understand it now. The problem is only the insight that all of it could have been prevented by interfering ***earlier***.

On February 16, 2019, I also had a **dream** – really weird! – about **Sigi** (my ex, who I had thought had "ruined my life"), and he and I were on the run, … Or no, it was rather me t*rying to find Sigi and to rescue him* and yes, I **did** find him! And then we "ran" together. But I couldn't get him out from where he was trapped! Yet, I didn't stop trying … it had to do with a car, and long streets, and a remote house, and how someone was coming after me and after him, to kill us … it's kind of not clear. And I had been dreaming similar things about Sigi before … *(**Note** Jan. 2024: Weirdly, I can flash back totally into this dream scenario – the place, the roads, the feeling of driving there, the landscape ... but not the plot!)*

I kind of remember the dream "emotionally" too, some kind of deep cold wary feeling, a kind of being startled inside, and a sinking feeling … because the dream was really horrible. Sigi was in so much danger, and it was almost too late … ***And Sigi was somehow at the same time – Bob.***

Oh, how much that resembles real life …

February 17, 2019 **– A Crystal on the Way and the Broken Moonstone *& Time Synchronicity!***

I'm 55 years old today. And Bob is not on this Earth ground anymore.

I had a nice **dream** though.

I met an old former friend of mine, *HP, but in a way he was also Bob.* And he had a family, a wife and a small daughter (in real life he has a son), and I somehow ended up in his home. In a guest-room, and there I opened a small window, of the kind that are in farm houses. And as I looked outside into the lovely countryside (which turned into the large meadow opposite the home where I had grown up in Velden), HP came and hugged me from behind, holding me tight, and as I turned around, we lip-kissed. HP shook his head, troubled and said "This is so wrong". And said to him "Why we have always loved each other and we will always love each other, no matter what happens in our lives, nothing will change that." (The dream was in German, but this is a literal translation.) And he was sort of satisfied with it, but I felt his longing for me, and I wouldn't force myself on him.

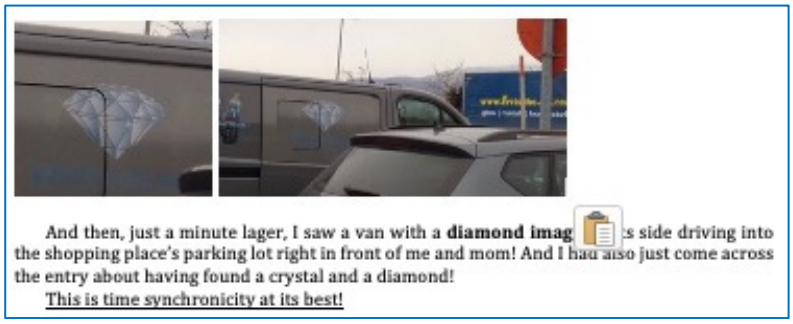
It has been a big subject for me what role I'd been playing for Bob …

Today, taking my walk with Jacqui, actually on a route that I barely ever take, up "Wilhelminenberg" … and I found on the way a **crystal**. Yep. Some kind of plastic or something, doesn't look like mineral or gemstone, but it's like a roughly shaped diamond. I was totally stunned about that. I crossed a street and there it was, that crystal, just in the rubble next to a fence. It is

almost an inch in diameter. I carried it around … and since crystals have always been tools of spiritists, maybe, it's a sign. Maybe a greeting. (***I did find a diamond shaped crystal shortly after Bob's death***.)

A birthday present? It's shape is strange, it even has some kind of round pit, and it fits perfectly between the fingers, can be held in various different ways …

*(**Note**: In January 2024, just in the days as I was editing this chapter and read the above line about the diamond ... I happened by a diamond on a van! By chance? No!?)*


And then, just a minute lager, I saw a van with a **diamond imag**s side driving into the shopping place's parking lot right in front of me and mom! And I had also just come across the entry about having found a crystal and a diamond!
This is time synchronicity at its best!

So … since crystal is, pretty much "pure energy" … does that strange shape of the crystal and the way it snuggles between one's fingertips, want to "tell me something" about handling … energy? That I can? I only must … well, what, exactly?

Okay … time to tell you about the **moonstone** now. *Sometime in early 2018, I received a **moonstone*** as a gift, by a couple, I've been meeting on Danube Island, E. and N., very sweet people, very strange too, very spiritual and totally into magic. We kept crossing paths, and one day we started to talk about the healing properties of the plants on Danube Island, I think in 2017, and from then on we'd chat regularly, but only crossed paths by chance. So they gave me the **moonstone** … but it broke into **two halves** *as soon as I put it inside my pocket.* (But I didn't tell them that, although it startled me; After Bob's death I met them again, and I told them that it had broken but not when.)

I'm so heartbroken that I don't even feel my heart anymore, as it seems.

I did remember, though, today, again, that one day so many years ago when Bob and I had a very profound **tantric** experience, where we were physically connected, post-orgasm, **but the energetic impact of that connection was so strong, that we both were literally like electrocuted by a stream, a wave of ... I don't know what, just energetic surge.**

When Bob was so sick in 2018 we talked about that, he did recall it. I thought of offering to him to try some "magic" or "shamanic" techniques that I know ... but this would have implied that what we were already doing wouldn't help ... and I did not have the heart to openly express that it looked like Bob was dying.

Again, today I told Bob that I insist on evidential proof of his existence in the "afterlife".

I do.

February 18, 2019

Took the same path with Jacqui again today, forest, hills, down back to stream … and there I found myself facing a **poster** (children's book sale) of **November 4, 2018**. Covered with red spray paint, that date. Bob's death date. How odd.

(It does say "4. November 2018, with the "4" barely visible on the photo, though.)

I saw **a lemon-yellow butterfly** today. It's way too warm for February 18. Right after the lemon butterfly, a few meters further, there was a second, **brown butterfly.**

I feel very detached from … the world. Life. (…) I don't have … anything.

Only my dog. My mind. And at least my father's wife wrote to me from them both that they want to see me and my dog again and that I should come visit. Well.

*(**Note** Jan. 2024: And one of my biggest regrets was that I never did visit them in those days, as I was so hurt by them; They had written to me a very nasty email before, because I had not congratulated them to their birthday in December; When I wrote back that Bob had died, and I had told them that ... they suddenly were all "Oh, come visit, you are welcome." Yeah, right. I wasn't really. But it would take still a while until I was to find out.)*

February 19, 2019

I had a horrible **dream** of loss of Jacqui today … *left him with my uncle and aunt* (with whom I haven't had contact for a long time), on a large meadow close to the ocean, with dangerous roads crossing, and suddenly he was gone, and I couldn't find him …

Also, I realized that the **song**, that Bob sang to me when we first met, with the refrain "**You're the sun and I'm the moon, ... play me!**" and that *keeps appearing in my mind on and on and on*, may actually asks me to *try communication with a Ouija board!* There is a **sun** and a **moon** on it, and it's for playing, and I've read so much about it in all the books, and online, and I know about all the theories of how it works ...

Today, when I sat on "Red Mountain" thinking of Bob and how to connect with him, the song came to my mind, again, and I saw to exactly **parallel plane stripes** ahead of me, so I thought "*Okay, so we are living in parallel universes, and you are right here with me?"* And a tiny **windhose** (**mini-tornado**) started right behind my back (I was sitting on the ground on a hill), and ***it swirled leaves in a circle right next to me***, just a few feet to my right and by Jacqui, and it dissolved! *No wind anywhere else!*

So ... well. I looked online how to find a suiting *ouija board* ... I'm on it. It gives me hope.

THE SEVEN PURPOSES

purposes of progress and building and the purposes of disintegration. It goes on in your life, and it goes on less bitterly in ours. Help me build, as we began, toward the great unity.... All of us here are working against those forces of disintegration so rife in your life now, and every bit of retention of unity that is for upbuilding helps us and helps the great purpose for which we work.... You and I began working for that long ago, and each of us will always continue to work for it. But we shall be happier if we do it consciously together.... Don't think of me as far away.... We will welcome to our unity anything or anybody who strengthens the purpose, but let us always hold fast to each other."

Here was the first actual statement, however brief and incomplete, of that theory of life which seems—to us who received it first, at least—so rational, and so full of inspiration and hope.

Referring to her phrase, "all of us here," he asked: "Is 'here' a place, or a state, or both?"

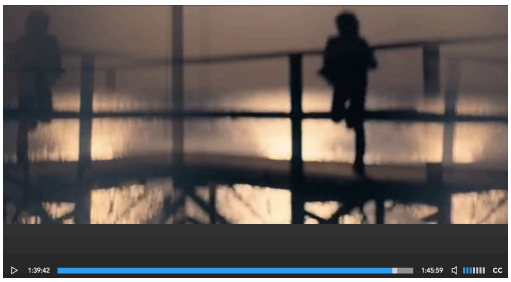
"Both," she answered, quickly. "It is the beginning of eternal life." After a moment, she added: "The state is fluid; the place is ephemeral."

"It is the beginning of eternal life." – "The state is fluid; the place is ephemera."

February 19, 2019 – **The Book Passages Reflected in Movie Scenes & Doctor Bob**

It's **full moon** and "supermoon" tonight …

At Ghaly's callshop I watched the **movie** "**Serenity**" tonight. *(**Note**: I had no TV and no suiting internet at home in Vienna back then, and I went to watch movies for years at those small call-shops mostly run by Egyptians in Vienna.)* Felt drawn to that movie with Matthew McConaughey … just because I like the actor, and because of the title, know nothing about the story – and it was so worth it. Fit right into my research with Stewart E. White and the survival of consciousness … *nothing is what it seems*, and it's all a game.



(***Note**: It was the first incident in terms of me being surprised about how contents of a **random movie** could speak that clearly to me, so distinctly relating to my situation, and pretty much I picked it because Bob once gave me a **bracelet** with "**Serenity**" written on it's pendant … There were baffling things to come!)*

It is a game, yes, what we as humans are going through. Only in "Our Unseen Guest" I've read so many truths, that I feel like suffocating, because I can't share it with anyone. The only one to share it with, is dead. But wait – there is – YOU, reading it right now.

In that **movie**, there was also a "**Doctor Bob**" who never appeared, was only spoken about, *and the ending scene is* a dead man embracing his mortal son *who imagined the scene "for real" as a scene in a computer game.* Just fucking great that fucking shit piece of a movie. Fit my fucking mood.

Next to me (*Note: at the internet café call-shop*) was a young Chechen guy, looked so very dangerous … trying to connect via skype, but the other side couldn't hear him. At some point I looked over to him, because I felt sorry for him … and I saw in that scrawny face and that dangerous attitude those soft and childlike eyes, it melted my icecold heart a bit. Behind me was a black guy talking via skype, and the way his voice broke sometimes when he repeated himself, touched me too.

I've been experiencing very uncanny kinds of *emotional flashes* in the heart area, like some "strange" flashes, as if something additional was there, not just my own emotional world … and it happens just now, as I'm writing it. Although I wasn't at all emotionally upset or excited … it's like a sudden impact of *something*.

I've been having it in thought-relations with connecting with Bob, but not some kind of longing or grief or other emotions, if feels like something is ***flowing into my chest,*** just the chest, the heart area and bumping against what's there, somehow, when that happens. Just odd.

Yes, there was a call to "being good" and to "heal with love that which is evil" in "Our Unseen Guest", but I shrugged it off. I think I'm not a bad or hateful person. *(**Note**: Wow, time synchronicity – this content is truly relevant now, 5 years later.)*

February 20, 2019

Dream! Hawaii! **Covered with loads of snow!** Me and someone like Bob, but probably someone else, felt like an old school-colleague, Harald (?) on a shoot, and it was a weird Xmas-Santa-kind-of-setting, with skipping angels and wolves and reindeers. I tried to use my camera steadily, but it was snow and wind, and I had to shoot upwards, and zoom in, and the shot wasn't steady, up a huge house in a pink kind of lighting, like sunrise … in a city. And there was my father, who I was visiting,

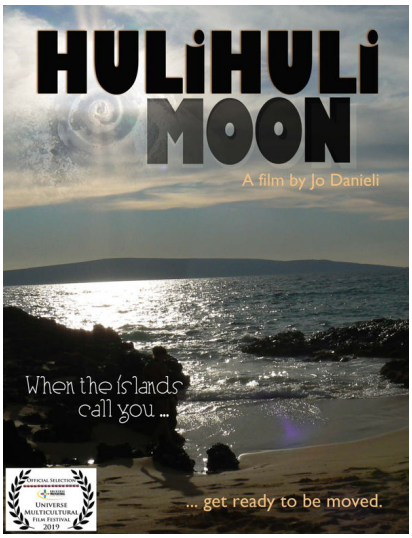
with his wife, who was like my mother, but wasn't her. And they had a nice place there in Hawaii, and I was again on my way back away from Hawaii again, I knew I had to catch a bus and a plane … and nobody would help me, and I was so stressed out because I knew I would barely make it in time or not at all.

My "mother" had a huge load of snow on her black hair, and she was busy on the phone while I had to get going … and so I left trying to catch the bus … and a blue bus tail just drove by, but I knew it was the wrong time, in 15 minutes, another bus would come … I shared my despair of not wanting to miss the bus with my father, and he offered to drive me to the bus station around the corner with his car … but the snow was so high and getting higher … and I thought, wow, Hawaii so much covered in snow.

I woke up, with a really shitty feeling, and I thought it was like a "Leichentuch" (cloth over dead person) for Bob … and I recalled that the day after my brother Peter had died the first snow of the year had fallen during the night (of October 21 to 22, 1993)…

I can't believe, today, that Bob is dead. It's so surreal.

Found an ad of a ***woman selling an Ouija board***, and she wrote back that she was moving abroad ... and I felt jealous. (Note: I met with her, what a lovely person, too bad she was moving away; Got her board now.)



(... "moving away" was my only wish ... and I ended up on Maui..)

February 22, 2019

Friday. I got my **"Switchboard"** from Birgit, who moves to Spain. I love that piece. It's beautiful. I cleaned it a bit. It's in German. Celtic design, handmade. Birgit, an older woman like me, gray hair, a very lovely person, we'd have been great friends if she wouldn't migrate to Spain to her son and family, told me, that the board had never been used, but was only decoration. It smells strongly of smoke. And the planchette has a used spot.

February 23, 2019

Came back from a long hike. Very angry today, at Bob. Told him my frustration very strongly while walking. Found a *heart-shaped dog-plaquette* on a meadow, saw a huge **shark-teeth-cloud** and a literal hole in a cloud, a Pukalani. Tears came. Often.

Back home, I tried the **switchboard** (only came up with the name today, but used it for yesterday's entry, which I wrote today), and I felt that Bob was chuckling about it … "That's great, Dani." He'd say that. Anyway. I tried it just to "make it mine" a bit, and (*Note: I did what I had read about it, placed my fingers on the planchette* …) the planchette **moved right away.** Just everysoslightly. But my fingers were on it in a way and so lightly, that I can't possibly have shoved it. I tried it that way, to shove it. But I do realize that *for just a moment* I was in a state of mind, where I was "out" and yet "here", and that's when it moved. Just a bit. And then I said thank you, I know it **could** work and put it aside to read more of "The Betty Book".

I'm just now in the section where the pre-requisites for meaningful connection into the spirit world are explained. Make total sense. I'm working on "Ke Aka" (*Note: the new version of "We Creators of the World"*), as I'm excerpting parts of the book as quotes. Assuming that people who won't ever read the entire book, might benefit from my summary. *(Note: Stopped working on it right after that, never even thought about it again until reading this today, January 27, 2024.)*

Then … who the fuck am I doing this for?

In the *forest* today I totally realized what a failure I am in terms of relationships. Bob was the one to talk with, to rely on … what an idiot was I! He didn't want me. Maybe he had to leave the way he did because he so much wanted out of certain relationships … with me, too. But I kept holding on and clinging. And yes, eventually he **did** tell me he wanted me around and couldn't wait for us to work and be together … but his development spoke a different language. He got deadsick and passed on. That's what he did. *Does that look like wanting to live with me?* Well, at least not in "my" realm.

Yet, **I need him to keep his promise** and work with me on our projects, on making films.
Fuck you, Stoneman.

February 28, 2019 – **The Day the Sun Came Up … literally.**

Okay, a few horrible days. Disbelief about Bob's death, ever again I catch myself looking forward to visiting him on Maui, finally, the feeling is exactly the same like in the previous years, when I was yearning to get back to Maui and never made it … Hell knows why. It wasn't that I didn't try. But Bob wouldn't communicate with me when he should have … I had to beg for responses … anyway. I've kept reading "The Betty Book", getting excerpts to use in this book. *I really would like to believe that the departed are still here, in a different dimension, it makes so much sense.*

I keep hearing the song **"Play Me" by Neil Diamond and sung by Bob** … because he sang it to me in the first days after we had met in 2002. That song doesn't leave my mind, and as soon as I realized that I had manifested part of it in the board I bought from the woman who moved to Spain, Birgit, because the so-called ***"Ouija Board" has a sun and a moon on it,*** and the refrain of that song goes **"You're the sun, and I'm the moon - play me!"** … I keep thinking that the fact that I got that board and given the song's lyrics … I'm going to "play" that board … it has been an ancient way of talking to those in spirit …

(Note: Here it comes, something really spookily unbelievable:)

So today, I walked up "Red Mountain" again with Jacqui, *crying*, desperate. It's early spring, and the sunshine hurts me.

I got to know a rather nice woman yesterday … I do have contacts with people.

I went to check out a dog pension for the case that I'll travel to the US … but the idea of traveling there and *not* seeing Bob, seems to fuck up my mind. Can't think that way. It makes no sense. *(Note: But I will have to travel, eventually, to get my stuff from Bob's family, as J. had everything transported to Anza.)*

So today I began to think, if I was to travel to the US, why not *with* Jacqui? It wouldn't be more expensive than me paying for a pension, especially for a longer time! By ship! (*Note: Bob and I had talked about the freighter-trip, anyway, for the dog and me.*) Maybe I find a travel companion! Whatever. Just thinking. What should I do there, right?

So today on "Red Mountain", I again talked to Bob about that kind of stuff, and *I was so sad and asked him to distinctly fucking* ***connect*** *with me and tell me what to do …*

Anyway … so get this:

I have that song on my mind, actually *singing* along **"You're the sun and I'm the moon"** … and I walk towards the top of the hill, which I normally don't do … and there is: **a sun**. An actual sun. Like the one on my board. A freaking **wooden painted sun** that looks *exactly* like the one on the board, only made of wood and *stuck between branches of a tree!*

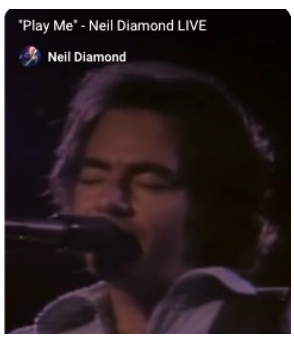
She was morning
And I was nighttime
I one day woke up
To find her lying beside my bed
I softly said, "Come take me"

For I was lonely
In need of someone
As though I'd done someone wrong somewhere
But I don't know where
I don't know where
Come lately

You are the sun, I am the moon
You are the words, I am the tune
Play me

I kind of slinked over there, sort of imagining that I was dreaming. Who in the world would put a sun in a tree right where I would go with my dog so often, when I had been thinking all the time, over the past days, that Bob had called me "his sun" in that song, right at the beginning of our relationship in 2002!?

I was like … whoa. Okay, Bob. I start kind of … believing. Good thing I take pictures of everything. I can illustrate, and people would be baffled**. It's not like you find a sun on a tree often, do you? While you are singing that song, the board in mind, where a certain sun is and which serves to communicate with a dead person, and right then, a sun shows up** in the branches of a freakin' tree!!???



I left it there, of course. And when I returned, the next day, it was gone.

"You are the sun, I am the moon, ... play me ..." was on my mind always ...

(Note, 2024: Only later I would realize that there was another – important – line in between. Back then, I did not have it in me to even look up the artist or the lyrics; I was so heartbroken, that I could barely breathe.)

March 1, 2019

It's March already. March without Bob.

I took the "**switchboard**" today and was so so so inspired to get in contact, and as I sat down with it, I realized that I can't empty my mind. I resorted to my old mantra from Transcental Meditation of many years back, and it helped a bit, but there are just moments when I "drift" off, like described in those books, where you are aware and here and yet in a kind of trance.

And only when you "return" you realize that you were "off" … my fingers tingled mightily … and I got very still, at some point …

And nothing happened, except that my dog came and looked at me, baffled, like I was so strange. But then he lay down and dozed.

At some point a sudden **drizzle of rain** hit my window. I thanked "everyone" and put the board away … Because of "Ua", "the blessing from heaven":

And only later I realized that exactly that **drizzle** (it was all dry outside, must have been a drizzle exactly on my window, and the drops were still there) *may have been the contact.* Because Bob and I have the **"ua"-thing** … the rain shower *as a greeting from heaven.* That was something we'd talk about a lot and mention a lot … maybe it's him, using this. Once I had told him of this ancient Hawaiian way to connect with the "Aumakua", the High Spirits of the deceased, he would also notice the sudden showers of "Ua", a strange kind of drizzle out of nowhere, and he would say *"This is Ua, the blessing from heaven."*

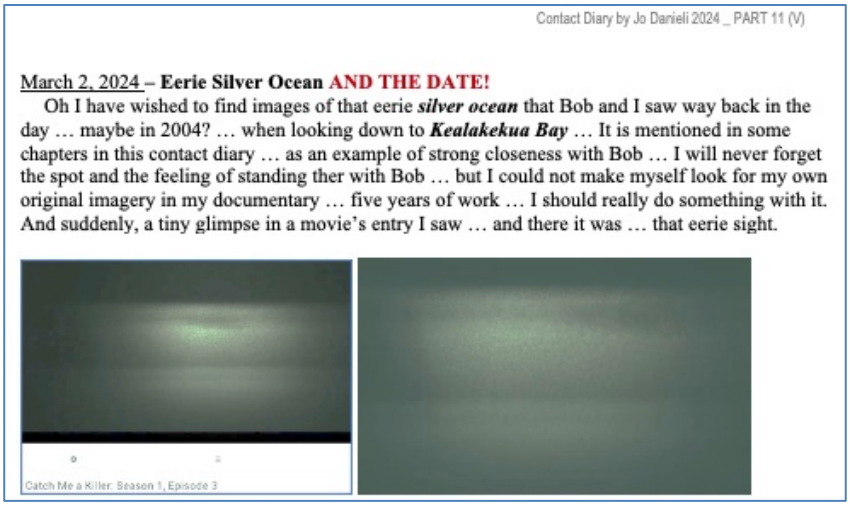
(*Note: While researching for my Hawaii-documentary film I came across "Ua" as being seen as a special blessing from the "Aumakua", a special drizzling that occurs for a short time on a certain spot and not in the wide area around, and it was seen, in the ancient days of Hawaii, as a definite greeting from "Po", the realm of the dead, the invisible realm.)*

March 2, 2019 **– More Crystals on My Way & A FUTURE Synchronicity!**

Weird that I keep finding those things, close to where I live. Found another diamond shaped fake **crystal** today.

Today I meditated a little, when I lay down to rest and got tired … I kind of drifted off, but then an image "entered" my mind so clearly, and it's so strange, what image … from my film "Native of Owhyhee", a very special **spot on Big Island**, where we looked out over the **silver ocean**, towards Kealakekua Bay (where Captain Cook had found his demise), weirdly silver, never before had I seen the ocean like that. And I tried to think back what was the special thing about it … and yes, Bob was there. But I remember standing there, back then, looking at that eerie scenario, and I did ask myself if it had some kind of special meaning. *(**Note** January 2024: Even so many years later, I remember the moment exactly … and it is like I was standing "next to myself" there, observing me in the surroundings, with a feeling of desolation and distance from Bob, who was right there, behind me.)*

*(These are not the original images, I cannot make myself watch my own documentary to find it …. The second one I came across on **March 2, 2024**, in the intro of a crime series … and it is very close to the original. And be aware: It is the same date, **March 2, only five years in the future!)***


Contact Diary by Jo Danieli 2024 _ PART 11 (V)
March 2, 2024 – Eerie Silver Ocean AND THE DATE!
Oh I have wished to find images of that eerie silver ocean that Bob and I saw way back in the day … maybe in 2004? … when looking down to Kealakekua Bay … It is mentioned in some chapters in this contact diary … as an example of strong closeness with Bob … I will never forget the spot and the feeling of standing ther with Bob … but I could not make myself look for my own original imagery in my documentary … five years of work … I should really do something with it. And suddenly, a tiny glimpse in a movie's entry I saw … and there it was … that eerie sight.
Catch Me a Killer: Season 1, Episode 3

The feeling was similarly intense like at that special place on Oahu, **Ulupo heiau** … and the memory of it also had suddenly entered my mind. It was strange – I was suddenly there, and I was

baffled once again by that amazing eerie view down to the **silver ocean**, a milky beige kind of silver, with wide areas spotted with patterns ... as the waves were moving way out there ... *(Note 2024: Thinking about it, I must have been exactly 20 years ago ... unbelieveable.)*

There was no closeness with Bob, thought, it was closeness to the situation that we were in ... he had turned away from me already and only reluctantly was working on my documentary "Native of Owhyhee" with me, having been a real asshole about it ... which he would admit during my last visit in 2018 and apologize for it all.

And it makes sense, seeing exactly that image of the silver ocean ... because lately I've been talking to Bob how I was rejected by him constantly, but I wouldn't leave … and I did think many times that he'd be happier without me, and I totally supported for him finding a better suited partner; but he didn't find one, even though he did meet women he liked (after our relationship hit rock bottom in 2009), and I kept returning to Maui to be with him, and we always had a wonderful time in those months, always …

And today I ate some dried fruits, and promptly a **tooth broke**, must go to the dentist soon. Weirdly, it connects me with Bob, because one of his *front teeth* also **broke** in the last months of his life, before I had arrived. Have been crying lots in the last days … I'm so sad for Bob how much he suffered, so alone … and when I look back, how angry I was at him that he didn't respond to my emails … today I know that he was so sick already, then. He must have been deadscared. And didn't tell. Played it down. Was with his family several times in his sickness, and nobody asked him what was going on … and he didn't share.

And all the people on Maui, who called themselves "his friends" when they heard of his death, didn't they see that Bob was deadsick? It must have been obvious at least for a year! Especially that producer, who had caused him to waste so many years on a never-ending film project? He spent so much time with Bob in his last year, didn't he *see*? I so wish I had superpowers, I so want to punish …

I keep reading "The Betty Book" in more detail, and it's at the same time comforting and fascinating. I do start to believe that the consciousness lives on and that what they describe is all true. It makes sense. The writings do not claim something to be true – they only present experiences and want the readers to get to their own conclusions.

It helps me – reading all this. But also thinking about how they experienced it all and what effort it took to write it all down! Then I keep realizing that I'm in my mid-50s now. Thank God, I'm not young.

I keep thinking over and over how Bob watched his wonderful body literally perish … without a clue, why. That's what he said. But then he also said that he saw that little wart (!) grow and grow … and he lost more and more weight, and then, he said, he doesn't remember, and one day, under the shower, he discovered that he had a huge tumor … He said to me that *"I don't remember how that happened, it's like I was in a trance".* And when I think about it today … how odd that his brilliant mind, in a way, kept him from realizing his situation and from doing something meaningful to save his life! It caused the contrary, the fatal choice: ***denial***, until it was too late. So did that mean, that he was supposed to pass on? Was my influence only meant to give us some more time together, as both mortals?

And there is the question, why I so often wanted to ask him for a picture of himself, and never did. Already in 2017 I meant to ask for a picture ... in winter of 2017/2018 he did tell me that he was not well. But he did not say explicitly what was wrong ... I knew about his troubles sleeping and about his despair about the project that was killing him ... And then he said that he had begun a diet, my heart kind of sank ... because Bob had been obsessed with his physical health for a long time ...

When I did ask for a photograph, he sent me one of an event, a film screening, I think ... and he looked very thin, in 2017 already. And very old. He was only 63 then. But then, when he told me that he had severe "health challenges" and did mention that it's something "concrete", not "just" insomnia, sinus infection or headache, like he had so often, I also wanted to ask for a photograph of it, ... especially later, when he talked about "a swelling" ... but I never did!

Something kept me from asking, and that something also supported his death.

It's called "cancer cachexia", what happened to Bob and what he watched and got to fight. He started that "Ketogenic diet" when he first felt that he was ill, and he must have had that growing wart already, that later turned into a huge tumor. That kind of diet already gets one to lose weight, but when he stopped it, he kept losing weight even faster … and by that time, his tumor must have been big.

We talked on the phone often in that time, and he didn't share that he had that grave a problem. He did ask me in February to "hug a tree" for him as he felt sick … and I still had no clue that he had such a huge health problem. I think today, Bob never allowed himself to really research his condition … I did it, on the first day that I was with him, when he showed me the tumor and asked me, big-eyed, like a child "What do you think that is?"

I will never forget that moment. It was like imploding. Everything dropped inside myself. And it hasn't picked itself back up ever since. (And yes, I have photographs of Bob of that time and of the tumor, lots of them … you're welcome, for me ***not*** sharing them.)

He must have been so scared. He cried a lot, he said, and he tried everything to get rid of the thing, just short of cutting it off himself. But he had been in a constant state of distress for years, and that didn't help his condition in the first place … and that's what I'm most sorry about. That I was even hostile towards him for always putting that project, that cost him so many years of his life and that he had begun to hate other people, who didn't pay him well and took advantage of his skills and inability to say no, ... when at first, he had put them and their projects and wishes before anything he and I had planned, and I had to wait and wait … and at some point I couldn't stand it any longer. I thought, "Well, then it won't ever happen, he simply doesn't want it". And that's when I gave in. I should not have. Because Bob was in a state of mind-problems that he would have severe signs and symptoms of dementia – forgetting big parts of his life and past and existence, including me. I should have trusted my instinct more that yelled at me: "He isn't doing it on purpose, something is wrong."

Exactly at the time when I should have looked into his situation the most closely … I stepped back, emotionally exhausted and hurt beyond repair.

When we started talking again in 2018 and when Bob was so hopeful that finally we'd be together again and work on our projects (he even talked to people about it, and they told me later how excited he was), then I began to pick up my old trust in our relationship, and that we'd finally be together.

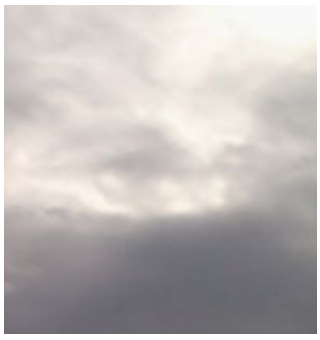
March 3, 2019 **– The Eye in the Clouds**

Working through TBB … I also wrote to Serge King asking him whether or not he knew the work … I'm a bit wary of his response.

I asked Bob for communication … but at the same time feeling a bit silly about it, because – if "the dead" could be just communicating that easily, there wouldn't be any "barrier" between the realms, would there?

As we were walking on Danube Island, Jacqui suddenly had an ear-ache suddenly, so I cut the trip short. I did make an antiseptic from fresh Spitzwegerich leaves (*Note: Ribwort Plantain, chewing it and squeezing the juice of the mush*), for his scratching marks in the ear that were bleeding … and it worked, he stopped scratching.

That plant is called "ribwort plantain", and I showed it to Bob, on our last Pukalani-field-walks … as he was drinking the tea from him, a very powerful healing agent …



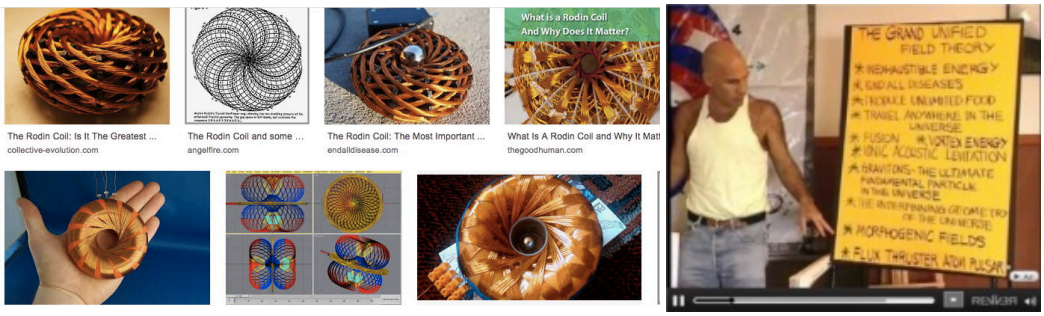
I'm always wondering if ***clouds*** *are actually so dramatic, visually, to attract our attention?* To evoke thoughts, to enable impressions that are messages and greetings from other people who are just like the hydrogen-fog that clouds consists of … ? So during our hike today, me asking "***Bob, can you see me? Are you with me right now?"*** – I looked up – and a **distinct eye** looked right back at me. *See they eye in the clouds?* This is the actual image – no photoshopping, of course! I was stunned.

(Later)

I kept reading "The Betty Book" … it's immensely precious. ***Why in the world didn't I find this earlier in life?*** *(Note March 2024: Oh it would become obvious, the answer to this question.)* Also, I suddenly felt compelled to dig out my old letters to Bob from 2006 … and as I read all the bitterness and despair in there … I realize, I had all but forgotten about it! Geez, I had so totally put this aside, how hard it began to be with Bob after only half a year ... he simply couldn't commit, and he buried himself in his work, going for a swim was a big deal, and I had fight for every minute of free time with him … I think Bob *wants* me to remember all the things that sucked so bad, maybe he wants to make things easier for me … But it is not working.

March 5, 2019

I'm reading up on the *Rodin coil*. How the hell did that happen? I thought of my friend Rebecca Avery, Nalu Rodin's grandma, and that's when I received an email from her! She is coming to Europe and wants to see me. She is a trained psychiatrist and psychologist, so it could be perfect.



Marko Rodin's research is about how the Universe works, and it can't be a coincidence that with all my current research I bounced back to Marko. I remember chatting with him on the phone in my early days with Bob (*Note: because Bob once shot and edited a workshop Marko held, the above image is from that video*), and it was easy, although I didn't understand much of what he said; yet, somehow we still had a conversation. Today I "got" the thing with his numbers for the first time, in principle.

So where Bob is, that's what Marko is dealing with.

So I ended up realizing that and looked up and asked Bob, while reading that paper, *"Do you copy, Bob?"* It would have really been the kind of conversation we'd be having, and he'd be cackling and me too, and so we smirked at each other, me on this plane, him on the other.

Today on "Red Mountain" (Roter Berg) I got the most amazing **penis clouds and pukas** … and even though I know that clouds will be clouds, I can't help, sometimes, to have the impression they are just there for me.

(*Note: for full disclosure, Bob's tumor was on his most precious male part, so "penis clouds" are, indeed, of meaning to me …*)

… and when I was about to enter the "biz" (*Note: a free access internet-computer space, adjacent to an unemployment institute*), where I use the computers regularly, a **shower of "Ua"** came right over me, just briefly, a few square meters around Jacqui and me, and as you know, "Ua" is a "sign from heaven" … a greeting from Bob?

Now, this cloud is just "too weird" for even a random observer; but here is the true story: I had asked Bob for a "**turtle**", to prove to me that he can handle clouds … and this thing appeared; it was an actual "turtle sculpture", but I didn't think of taking a picture, first, because I was so baffled, and when I did, it had started to change its form already.

Or maybe I am just seeing something that is not even there. But the cloud definitely "behaved" strangely.

I'm so glad that Serge King responded kindly and will read Stewart White's books that I sent to him as pdf … (*Note: If there is a person to appreciate the books, it's him; he has been my major teacher, ever, and his works prompted me to write "We Creators of the World".*)

I miss you Bob. So much. You have no idea. Okay, you do have an idea, because I keep telling you every day ... and also how you fucked up.

March 6, 2019

Today I went to an official "grief counseling" program, for a single session with a psychologist. I started to tell my story, but it's so dense with many interwoven stranges of drama, I didn't get anywhere close to the present in an hour. Then I had the feeling that the woman wouldn't possibly be able to relate. And I felt nothing, telling my story. We had to stop after an hour, I won't go back there. (*Note: I think I could tell that the counselor hasn't ever experienced a true loss herself, and the usual "it takes time", "grieving is an individual experience" yada yada won't do it for me.*)

March 7, 2019 **– Maui Right Next to Me**

Woke up with great sadness after yesterday's talk. Dog-park friend M. wrote me an email that she wants to hook me up with friend P., who she hadn't seen in 48 years, from Australia, twice divorced with 4 kids, looking for a "nice wife". Unfuckingbelievable to suggest this to me. Maybe meant well, but … I told her off, politely, but distinctly.

Then I had my dentist's appointment. Tooth had broken, I expected the doctor to take it out. But she insisted on fixing it and keep it as long as possible, I love her. She gave me an injection (sucked), and then three of them worked on me, like in a torture chamber, and in the middle I thought that Bob likely was there. *(Note 2024: Strangely, no recollection who that dentist was or which tooth; Strangely – in just two day's time I will have a severe dentist session ... odd, to get to this part of re-reading the C. D. now ...)* So I said to him, and imagined him standing at a little distance, **with my shopping bag** (which has it's own story!), watching, I said "Aren't you glad you don't have that kind of body anymore?"

And in his typical shy way he hesitated with a response, but "said", That's right, Dani, … so sorry that you have to go through this." Of course I "made it up" in my mind, but it felt "real", nonetheless.

(Last night I head read extensively about the technique of lucid dreaming in "Across The Unknown", and I was baffled how true it all rings, again.)

On my way to the dentist and to a store before that I *realized that for years I had been using a cotton shopping* back that says **"Maui Writers Conference".**

I was so touched. In the first year of our relationship, Bob had volunteered to film the Maui Writers Conference at the Grand Wailea, so that I could attend for free. And there it was, right in my hands. That old sack. I won't use it anymore but keep it as a *most precious keepsake*. The fact that I noticed it right before my dentist-ordeal was kind of interesting.

So yes, I do have the feeling that Bob was there with me. I do.

March 7, 2019

Realization when reading "Across The Unknown", Stewart's first experiences with the "Unknown", the white band of light in front of his closed eyes … I experience something similar too, remember how I described how that bright ligturned into a yellow wood wall like the Maui house, and from behind a heart shape began to press through as if it was a wet curtain, but not completely, because I opened my eyes, surprised; it was fascinating.

I was wondering what Chinese Zodiac year it is, without any clue, and a *pig* came to my mind. And it is the year of the **pig**! I also read, that for "Dragons" the year 2018 was tough … well, no shit.

March 8, 2019 **– The Sun and the Memories**

Took a hike to Hörndlwald with Jacqui today … and not only found I another **sun** … on a tree, but the **clouds** were … well, they were doing their penis-thing … and I could have sworn they "wanted me to look". See for yourself …

(The band reads ***"Please, let us soon be together again."***, Signed with an "S".)

Last night, I woke up with throbbing pain in my abdomen, that's the thing I've been having for years, sometimes I think it's in my bladder, sometimes in my ovaries, and I can sometime feel it (being some … thing). Could be a tumor. It was very painful, and I realize it has been acting up.

I found a **piece of paper** in the forest, today, with a date one it. It said **August 2021.** Whatever. (Strange, right, it is 2019 now.) *(**Note** January 2024: The August 2021 was going to be a month full of amazing experiences – and I rescued to cats, raised a bird, and my time in Griffen came to an end.)*

In my dinner-prep-conversation the thought came to me that after having done all that work about the missionaries (my documentary), maybe I'm a missionary of sorts. Or supposed to be one. Is Bob my "project" as of that? How perverted. I want him and need him to be my human partner.

I'm talking / writing nonsense. My abdomen (right side) is hurting right now.

(*Note: In those days there were several incidents where my spiritual "Rigani"-symbol stood clearly in the sky, not just "similar", but exact opposite structures, and every time I wasn't fast enough with my cell-phone to photograph them. A part of me wanted to just look at them and enjoy the outstanding experience, as I kept thinking: Who should I share this with, anyway?)*

March 9, 2019 **– Our Beloved COSTCO – in a BOOK about INTERREALM-COMMUNICATION!**

Touched to tears, currently … or I'm just losing my mind. Missing Bob.

Horrible **dream**, about R., my first boyfriend, dying. (*Note: But he is still among us mortals*.) At my maternal grandmother's place Kolonistenheim, where I partly grew up. It was intense, emotional, involved his dog (that had a strange gray kind of zip-coat-fur) and his girlfriend that he left behind. He pretty much died in my arms, it was so inevitable. Waking up I thought "all three my main men are now dead". I reminded myself that I knew that R. was still alive.

I've been talking to Bob about us never again going to shop at **COSTCO** Maui, Kahului, something I had loved so much.

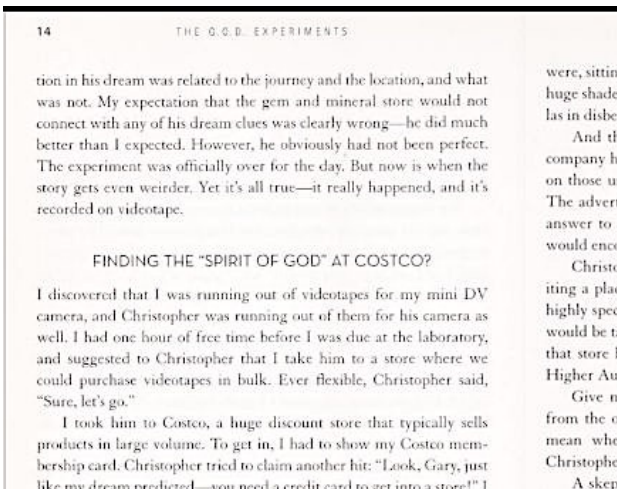
In summer 2018, dead-sick Bob had made sure that we went to Costco together, because I loved it that much, and although it was so hard for him, it was almost like "in the old days". However, I was horrified about how the other people looked at him, and yes, he was barely holding himself up, looking like a ghost, pulling faces with discomfort; I had to start asking him not to make such strange

grimaces (which became an issue, over the weeks), as it bewildered people. I thought back how often we had been here, and I had been so proud of being with him, I had always watched him move around that big store, and I thought how handsome he was and how I loved him. This time I was only worried he'd break down. I tried to keep my spirits up, fed him with some free samples which we both enjoyed. He didn't break down, but it broke my heart even more, seeing him so weak among all those healthy people. I thought "Why him? Why us? Why are all the others so healthy?" And he didn't even realize how people looked at him.

Today is a hard day, I realize spring is coming, and I can barely handle it …

I made up my mind to borrow the book "**The G.O.D. Experiments"** by *Gary E. Schwartz* at the internet archive … and as I started reading (and I felt really urged to do so, I mean, I've got lots of other stuff to read, yet … still …) one of the first stories is about **Costco!**

("*Finding the "spirit of god" at Costco?")* I'm sure Bob guided me there, to reading and to Costco … *What are the odds?* Not great, huh.



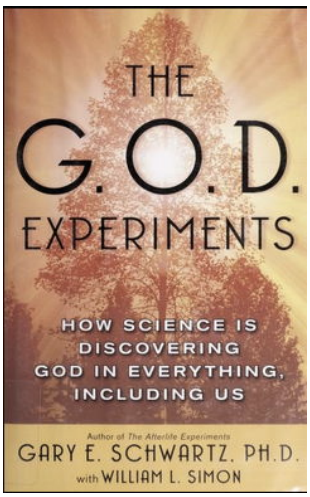
14 THE G.O.D. EXPERIMENTS

tion in his dream was related to the journey and the location, and what was not. My expectation that the gem and mineral store would not connect with any of his dream clues was clearly wrong—he did much better than I expected. However, he obviously had not been perfect. The experiment was officially over for the day. But now is when the story gets even weirder. Yet it's all true—it really happened, and it's recorded on videotape.

FINDING THE "SPIRIT OF GOD" AT COSTCO?

I discovered that I was running out of videotapes for my mini DV camera, and Christopher was running out of them for his camera as well. I had one hour of free time before I was due at the laboratory, and suggested to Christopher that I take him to a store where we could purchase videotapes in bulk. Ever flexible, Christopher said, "Sure, let's go."

I took him to Costco, a huge discount store that typically sells products in large volume. To get in, I had to show my Costco membership card. Christopher tried to claim another hit: "Look, Gary, just



Plus, the stories in the beginning of that book are so stunning … (just I don't "work" with dreams, in my case, as Bob knows and has always been baffled about) it's about finding things and experiencing things totally against all odds …

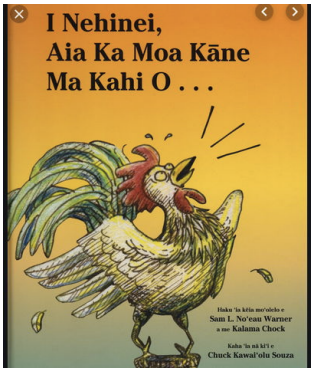
What are the odds? I'd ask Bob that, and he'd smirk and say "Knowing you, I'm not surprised" … or something like that. So I'm glad I started reading that book … *thank you, Bob, for the hint!* And I've started treating the growth/inflammation in my right abdomen (bladder?) with Spitzwegerich-extract, and I'm also doing Ingwer (ginger) and Cistus incanus tea.

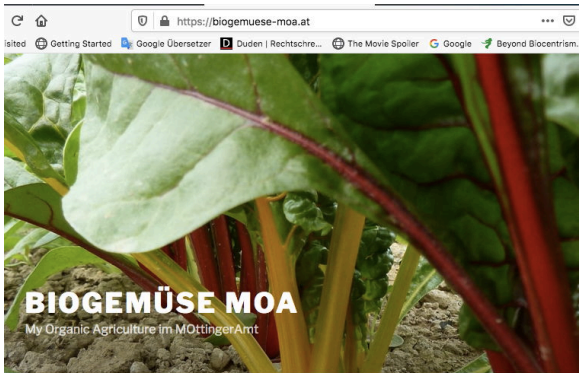
March 9, 2019 – **The Hawaii-Connection – the First Surprise**

I had booked myself and my dog into a room at an organics-farm, named "Schildorfer", in rural Upper Austria, I needed to get away from Vienna. Pretty much I had randomly looked for places I could afford somewhere in the foresty area close to some kind of water, for hiking and just resting.

Now, you should know that **"ka moa**" is the "chicken" in the Hawaiian language.

Papa Kepelino was the late husband of my friend Rebecca and a "lomi lomi" teacher and speaker in my Hawaii-documentary, and I had thought of him several times in the last days. His Hawaiian name was Kiliweliukamakaikialiipaakaula**kamoakamoa**.





To figure out my travel-schedule, I called up the website of my holiday spot for next week, "Biofarm" (organic farm) **Schildorfer**. As I checked out *links* (*note: I had already booked my stay at "Schildorfer's", but I had not studied their website and certainly had not followed any* ***links****!*) I found a place called "biogemuese-**moa**", … and because "moa" is a Hawaiian word, I was a bit shocked and intrigued, and I looked it up. Turns out it's the daughter of the house is running that organic veggies company, and her name by marriage is "Hahn", which means "rooster"!

But the "**moa**" in their company name has nothing to do with "rooster", it's short for "**m**y **o**rganic **a**griculture im **Mo**ttinger **A**mt", that's why twice the "**moa**" (Mottinger Amt is a term for a place along a river)! I was quite stunned and wondering whether or not they knew about their "Hawaiian" name.

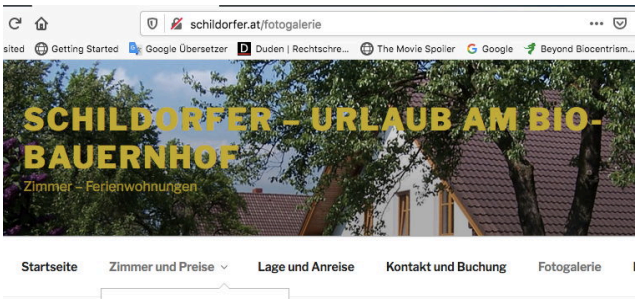
I thought … "Wow, I'm getting some Hawaiian greetings for my recovery trip to the wild deep Austrian countryside." I felt a bit fuzzy, because it was very strange. Really, I had wanted to get away from it all – including my grief over the loss of my Hawaiian home.

(As I had booked it without knowing more about it than were it was and how much it cost. I didn't' have the energy to care about anything else.)

This event certainly related to me reading that book by Gary E. Schwartz, as he describes how he asked the universe for another name for "G.O.D." (which means an intelligent "**g**uiding **o**rganizing **d**esigning" process that's going on everywhere always), and the name "Sam" shot into his mind. It means "Name of God" in Hebrew! And the man was stunned!

See, and while reading I had the urge to look up that Schildorf-site, then I ended up at the "moa" … it's communication. Thank you so much.

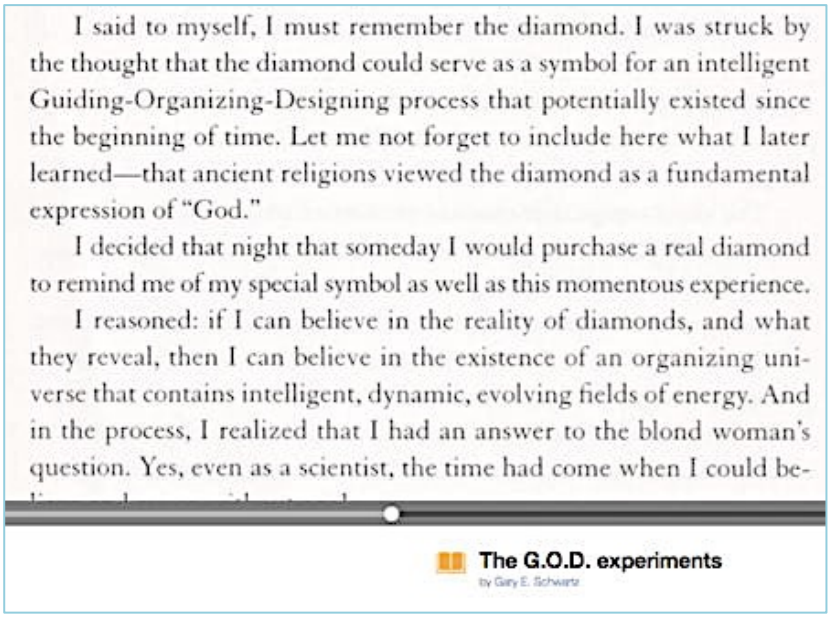
The farm has fresh organic vegetables … Bob had **told me** about how he had **ordered a farmer to bring** organics veggies to the house … and *wow*! The "moa"-website offers delivery of fresh vegetables to one's home. Nice.



(*Note: At Schildorfer's, my mind would be blown.)*

March 9, 2019 – **The Name White & the Diamond**

Just found out that the last name of a nice lady I met, as she is also a dog-owner (with her Weimaraner dogs "Charlize" and "Conan"), is, in Chechian language, *Bel*, which means *White* … (*Note: Alina suddenly disappeared in winter 2019, hopefully she is fine. But I'm more thinking fatal disease.*) Something amazing just happened again …



I said to myself, I must remember the diamond. I was struck by the thought that the diamond could serve as a symbol for an intelligent Guiding-Organizing-Designing process that potentially existed since the beginning of time. Let me not forget to include here what I later learned—that ancient religions viewed the diamond as a fundamental expression of "God."

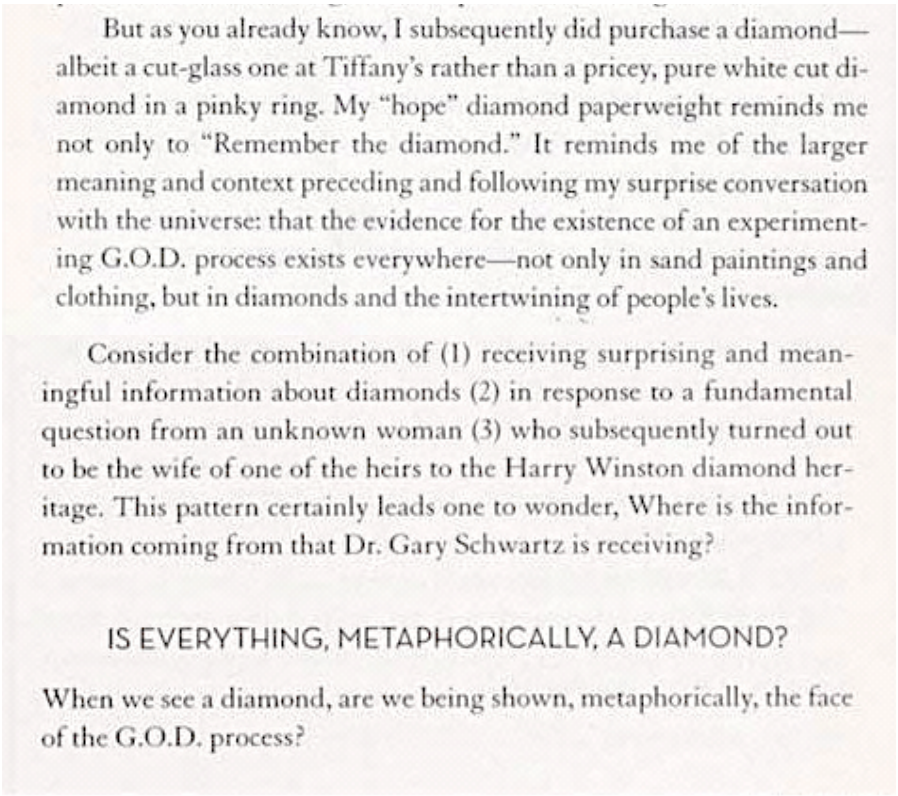
I decided that night that someday I would purchase a real diamond to remind me of my special symbol as well as this momentous experience.

I reasoned: if I can believe in the reality of diamonds, and what they reveal, then I can believe in the existence of an organizing universe that contains intelligent, dynamic, evolving fields of energy. And in the process, I realized that I had an answer to the blond woman's question. Yes, even as a scientist, the time had come when I could be-

The G.O.D. experiments
by Gary E. Schwartz

Schwartz's **diamonds-story** … and hey, I had just found **another fake diamond**, the first right after Bob's death, then I had found the rough "crystal" at my birthday … and today the diamond story … *there is a G.O.D. process*, but perhaps differently than Schwartz thinks. I'd like to know if he knows of Stewart E. White's work …

I'd really been wondering why I'd found the **diamond shaped crystals** … and Schwartz describes it so beautifully (quote) … I was *lead* to this:



But as you already know, I subsequently did purchase a diamond—albeit a cut-glass one at Tiffany's rather than a pricey, pure white cut diamond in a pinky ring. My "hope" diamond paperweight reminds me not only to "Remember the diamond." It reminds me of the larger meaning and context preceding and following my surprise conversation with the universe: that the evidence for the existence of an experimenting G.O.D. process exists everywhere—not only in sand paintings and clothing, but in diamonds and the intertwining of people's lives.

Consider the combination of (1) receiving surprising and meaningful information about diamonds (2) in response to a fundamental question from an unknown woman (3) who subsequently turned out to be the wife of one of the heirs to the Harry Winston diamond heritage. This pattern certainly leads one to wonder, Where is the information coming from that Dr. Gary Schwartz is receiving?

IS EVERYTHING, METAPHORICALLY, A DIAMOND?

When we see a diamond, are we being shown, metaphorically, the face of the G.O.D. process?

March 10, 2019

Before going to sleep last night I asked Bob distinctly to let me know whether or not *he missed me*, missed being with me, missed the future we thought we had, missed his mortal life … I was inspired by Schwartz's writing (and the book should be a must-read at schools, everywhere, and it makes one painfully aware of how degenerated and dumb humans are) …

So I had that **dream of Bob "being there for me"**!

And I do interpret it as an answer, yes, Bob misses me. Yes, he does remember his mortal time, and yes, he is with me. And yes – this is wishful thinking, and my dream was a product of my subconscious. But I still share it with you:

I dreamed that I was in kind of a **skiing resort**, and Bob and I were supposed to do a **video-shoot** (!), a production like we had done so many together (*"Those were the days, Dani, I miss them" …)* and we were supposed to interview people. At the same time *I was aware, suddenly, that Bob was dead*, and I was mourning and wondering how we should do the production. I was aware how wonderful the fulfilment of my longing to go back in time was ... and how devastating the realization that it was only a dream – and that Bob was dead. So I was dreaming and yet knowing it … and at the same time enjoying the experience and mourning the fact that it was going to be just a dream-memory soon.

There was also another woman, I don't know who it was, but she reminded me of someone, she was not the one to be interviewed, but she was around.

So in that mountain there were long roads and paths, and I knew I had to "get" Bob, to *find him*, so that we would do production. There were ever again phases where I thought, in my dream (!), that it was crazy to expect that this would work … but I kept on it. I wanted to "will" Bob into existence, because I knew it was helping him.

And suddenly **Bob was there, right next to me, with the equipment, standing, in a slightly fragile way** … and we were supposed to take a gondola up a mountain, where a young woman, who we were supposed to interview had gone. Somehow I was in and out of a house, too, with younger people, kind of acquaintances of my own real life younger years, and they all knew Bob was dead, and they all sort of pitied me.

But then … ***I saw Bob next to me****, and I didn't dare to look at him, being afraid that my closely looking would make him disappear again!*

I barely dared to glimpse over, and I realized that his face was barely manifesting, he was pale, and his nose was too sharp than his real life nose had been, but it was Bob, and *he was making an **effort** to be here*, and I was so happy and kind of breathless. The people around all seemed to accept that Bob was, in fact, there again, and I had the impression that they felt that simply the news of his death had been fake.

In my dream I observed that Bob was wearing his good old jeans shirt and looked just like "my Bob", physically. And as we were preparing our shoot (I don't remember what we talked, but it was simply about being together, and I was fully aware while dreaming that Bob was manifesting back from the dead!) … I began to turn towards Bob, slowly – and then there were those wonderful wonderful moments of fulfillment, when **I faced him, and he was really there!** I don't recall exactly, but I think we ***embraced***, and he gazed at me in a way ***expressing "see, it is possible",*** and I was wary that he'd disappear again … but he said something like "Let's do this, let's go" and it was just like in the old days.

Now that kind of dream seems to really answer my question. And, as I'm used to dreaming, have always been, intensely, that "dream" **felt** a little different than just a dream. I had dreamed of Bob before, after his death, but this dream, was "different".

So facing Bob and seeing and feeling him again and being with him again, was so comforting and satisfying. It seemed like I was aware, in my dream, that I was reading that book and that I had asked Bob to communicate with me. (Now that I'm awake and writing this, over breakfast, on a Sunday morning, I'm almost a bit dizzy, and I only wish that Bob can "hear" me and realize that I'm grateful and believe that he is alive and well, ... I hope.)

So to **continuing** the **dream** … Excitedly and touched and happy and wary I saw Bob move ahead in the gondola, up that mountain, over the snow fields, and I followed with that *woman* I mentioned earlier, just she and I in the gondola, as we were moving towards working with Bob … I tried to

explain to her what I had read in Gary Schwartz's book! ***(Yes, in my dream!)*** and how it relates to the books by Stewart E. White that I had just read … and somehow*, in my dream*, I was aware that in real life I was supposed to combine all my notes and experiences since Bob's passing to include in a book project, and that I should be working on it … but that I had trouble with inspiration, because the question "who" to write that for, is haunting me …

And then the gondola was on top of the mountain – but we couldn't get out! The gondola just turned around and went back into the valley, *without us getting out!* So I know ***Bob was on the top and I wasn't able to join him!*** It was clear and high up and sunny, but the woman and I went back down the mountain. In my dream I thought that it was kind of dangerous, because the gondola sped up, and we had to somehow get out at the bottom … it didn't occur to me to stay on the lift and get back up again …

I don't know what happened next, it feels like I even woke up, briefly, but I dreamed on … and I found *myself somewhere in between*, not down in the valley, but also not on the summit … and there (somewhere?) I found ***Bob's shirt on the ground***. I lifted it up, and it was like he had worn it in real life, with a T-shirt inside the shirt, ***but it was only those two pieces of cloth, and Bob was gone***. I picked them up and smelled at them and pressed them at my face … and people watched me …

So I somehow wasn't really sad, because **I knew now, that Bob was around** and there …

And when I woke up, I did have feeling that the dream had been a real ***effort by him*** and by me to actually live what I've been studying ever since his death.

And my studies aren't over. And neither is my wish to stay in contact with Bob and have that contact proven to me. I'm open to it.

I want to know what my "job" is, my kuleana, in this fucking life.

I'm still mortal, and I still miss Bob. No dream can change that.

(*Bob, 06/2014, I took this picture in a playful mood, little did I know that this would be the last month that I'd ever see Bob as a healthy man …)*

But this is only the *second time* I in my life *I've had a dream like that:* Many years ago, in the time when I had been contacted by "them", in my twenties, my friend **Viktor** Beer (or Bär?) had died by suicide, and I was inconsolable. (The story is in my old "We Creator" manuscript, I think.) And one day, ***in a dream, I reunited with him in an attic***, a cozy place, and I was aware while dreaming that

this wasn't a dream, it was an *actual* hugging and reuniting of us being in two different realms, but reuniting in the dream …

Wow.

So today … it's raining.

After what I've written and experienced yesterday, that dream is just … it's … just a continuation and a proof.

Yes, dreams are brain functions, somehow. Yes, the subconscious works and expresses itself through dreams. But also yes, the idea of the "subconscious" – and in some cultures of the "High Self" – is only a mortal's take on what we are "beyond" our mortal material existence. From what I've been studying in the past weeks and months, I'm really open and willing to … well, to connect.

I'll keep on it.

I look back and am grateful how I'm always again so so so so surprised about those amazing experiences of "*synchronicity*".

March 10, 2019

Okay, ***just opened my email*** and I **saw a picture of Bob**, gazing a me, in two versions, as Peter H. Rosen, a friend of ours, made a 3D-image of Bob.

It's Bob. Like he was in my dream. *(Note: I used that image on January 22, as you saw.)* That kind of hesitant expression, fragile already, handsome. It hit me hard, and I felt the "thing" in my abdomen flare up … but I could handle looking at his picture, for a few moments.

("Horsie", too.)

Then it hit me again that he is dead. And I'm still here.

Fuck it all.

March 10, 2019 **– The Numbers!**

Okay, it goes on. I asked Bob distinctly to be my *spirit lover* (yes, I know, a mind that's going nuts with grief, you're may be thinking …), as I don't want to be without him and love him, and that I want the question answered, what he thinks about that ordeal, everything that has happened, our connection, death and all.

So I felt drawn to look up **Kabbalah Numerology** today (had been thinking about that for a while, didn't think it was useful, but then I was inspired by Schwartz' book, so I keep thinking that *I'm "lead" to the literature* I then choose to look into!), and here we go:

I did the numerology on my and Bob's name … and I got to mention that my most important numbers, since my dog Kimba's horrible death were "7, 8, 2".

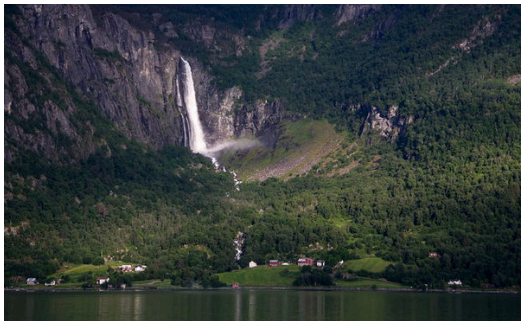
D A N I E L A J O H A N N A
4 1 5 9 5 3 1 1 6 8 1 5 5 1 = 55 : 9 = 54, remainder 1 + 1 = 2
(my full name:)
4 1 5 9 5 3 1 1 6 8 1 5 5 1 5 3 9 1 2 = 75 : 9 = 8, remainder 3 + 1 = 4

R O B E R T C U R T I S
9 6 2 5 9 2 3 3 9 2 9 1 = 60 : 9 = 6, remainder 6 + 1 = 7
R O B E R T C U R T I S S T O N E
9 6 2 5 9 2 3 3 9 2 9 1 1 2 6 5 5 = 79 : 9 = 8, remainder 7 + 1 = 8

Big surprise! I had always thought 7 and 8 were **my special numbers**, together with 2 … since my dog Kimba died on August 7, 2001. But they signify Bob's name! Consider this: I returned to Bob after 4 years on August 7, 2018, and he died on November 4, 2019, so 11 = 2 (and here we are again with the 2 and the 4) "42" was a very significant number back in the days when I first got in contact with shamanic matters ...

(Note: These numbers were to come up again – in just a few days! You'll be stunned!)

The story of **Kimba** is: I had already started my Hawaii-travels, and Kimba had spent those months with friend or with my father and his wife. (Only years later did I learn what horrible "adventures" he had …) I had the feeling that he didn't have the best possible life with me, as I just felt so drawn to *Hawaii* (after having researched healing methods for my cancer-stricken brother, who did, but I got hooked on the spiritual traditions of Hawaii and started to work on my book "We Creators" which lead me to travel to Hawaii frequently … where I had the most amazing adventures between 1994 and 2001 so that I knew I had to go there again, and I was looking for a new place for Kimba.



(*This is Kimba at Bratislava/Slovakia, next to a big stone and a "mo'o" (a salamander or dragon) … both of which would get utmost importance, years later, for me, a "dragon" by Chinese astrology and closely based on Hawaiian mysticism and my getting to know Bob Stone … And his resting place below Feigumfossen waterfall in Norway. We'll meet again, Kimba.*)

Even in the days before his death, the weirdest things happened, that complete strangers talked to me about my dog, and I tried to give him away five times. Just two hours before his death, a woman, who we met along the road, mentioned what a wonderful animal he was and that she'd wish for one just like him …

After he was fatally run over by a speeding car at the age of 6,5 years on a Fjord-road in Norway (I believe he died instantly, because he was looking back to me, and the car hit him from behind), and it was entirely my fault, my friend H., who I had met on Kauai two years earlier, came from Maui to Norway, picked me up there, and brought me to Maui in September 2001, where I met Bob, eight months later. The story of Kimba is way more complex than this, and I described it in "We Creators" … had Kimba not died, I'd probably have fallen victim to a man who I considered as a partner and who turned out to be mentally ill and thought I was a dangerous "alien" …

H. always said that *Kimba's death was his last great gift to me*. And this will forever be stuck in my mind: That man and I took a bike-tour that afternoon, with Kimba, and at some point I looked down

at Kimba as he happily ran next to me, alongside my bike, and my heart was so full with the greatest love for him and I said to myself (literally) "Ich werde dich nie weggeben, du bist mein bester Freund, dann gehe ich eben nicht nach Hawaii oder ich finde einen Weg, dich mitzunehmen. Wir werden uns nie trennen, du und ich." ("I will never give you away, you are my best friend, so I won't go to Hawaii, and if, I'll find a way to take you with me. We will never separate, you and I.") *And I meant it, I totally meant it,* to the point that my heart seemed to jump out of my chest with this great love for my dog.

Just days before I had treated Kimba impatiently and in some instances even rudely, cruelly, scaring and maybe hurting him (and I will never forgive myself for it), but that was because that man didn't want him around, and I felt deeply bothered by Kimba's constantly insisting on being close to me; he must have felt that there was danger coming from that man, and he wanted to protect me.

At every stop during that fatal last bike-trip on August 7, 2001 my dog tried to crawl between that man and me, even whining, that's how urgently he wanted me to stay away from him. Only after his death, *a few hours later*, did that man, in the course of the next days, show is true face …

And I think my friend H. was right. Kimba opened the path for me to go to Hawaii … (and … well, look where I'm now). I buried him in the area below Feigumfossen, a big waterfall at the Lustrafjord.

And of course it's kind of "telling" that in 2014 I adopted "Jacqui", and it was the first time that I could bear looking at a picture of Kimba, when Jacqui was in my home … After Bob's death **Jacqui** is the only living creature on this planet that can uphold my spirit of mortal life.

(This is Jacqui on October 19, 2014, right when I had brought him home from the animal shelter … he was about a year old and had spent most of his life tied to a pole on a yard without shelter …)

Well, I found **24 hearts** (*Note: cutout from foils, like they are spread at birthday celebrations or other parties, and I'd find a few again, just a little later that year, we'll get to it*) on "Satzberg", during a hike with Jacqui before I left in summer 2018 to see Bob for the last time, I even told him about it.

It was strange, as I saw something shiny in the grass and squatted down – and there they were, a **few hearts.** I thought it was a lovely greeting and encouragement, and I kept finding single ones spread out in the area, and as I put them all together, they were 24 in number. I did have a very strange foreboding feeling about them, but at that time, I turned everything into a positive feeling.

When I then saw Bob so sick, I thought he'd live 24 more years, and that's what I told him. But it meant something entirely different! It meant his death day, maybe: 11/4 (2018)

Also: **D dalet = 4, B bet = 2**
Like "**Dani and Bob**". How cynical.

(***Note 1:*** *Some other aspect is attached to this, the word "dalet" rings in my mind being said by* ***Dr. Barbara Thiering****, the woman who deciphered the Bible in three decades worth of work …*

… and Bob and I meant to make a documentary about her … I made an entire promo-video about her work … which counts, actually, as a small kind of documentary film in itself, but this project never came about. It gives me great pleasure that she and Bob are now, likely, friends.)

*(**Note 2:** January 2024: It is the year of the wood dragon, 2024, and I am one such Wood Dragon.)*

On my way through Vienna I found the question "What is life about?" on a pole:

My answer: the individualization of the soul.

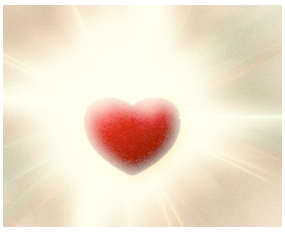
March 11, 2019
In the subway I was stricken by a very strong wave of sorrow, when I saw *a man that resembled Bob*, and I could barely keep from crying. I asked Bob to let me know that he was with me … and a minute later, a man made his way by me, and he wore a **bag**, whose *writing was just at my eye-level as he walked by*, large and white, and it read **"Soul Dasher"**. Well.
I got to say, though … it seems strange that whenever I express my really urgent wish to "see Bob", I then really see somebody who resembles Bob. I know "wishful thinking" and "selective perception" and all, but those are incidents that are different from those when I'm consciously looking around trying to see Bob in everyone. It does *not* work then. (!)

March 12, 2019 **– The Magical Park**
Today I received an email by John W. announcing a "celebration of Bob's life" on April 6, 2019, asking me for "recent" high-res photos (hahahaha, funny) and inviting me. Of course I can't be there, on Maui. But I had to sort through pictures of Bob, and I entered such a deep, trancelike state of "past" and I didn't even cry, wasn't even close to tears when I saw Bob's pictures. I was far from realizing that this was dead Bob I was communicating about. That said - I wrote a huge long letter to John, triggered by his mentioning of "Bob's friends" were putting on that celebration … well, I put things very mildly, but I hope John can read between the lines, and I cc'd all important people, also

those that I mentioned that should be talking about Bob, because they knew a thing or two. Also I wrote about how TC ruined our lives and that Bob was so glad being done and looking forward to finally benefit and for us to do our projects.

Then I was exhausted and dizzy and I took Jacqui on a **walk**, on a different path than usual … **asking Bob** on the way *if I had done good (in my being so outspoken toward John)*, and if that was okay.

And after just a few minutes of walking, I found a **heart**! A big red stamp-heart!



Remember the "red heart" that seemed to "push through" that white veil of light in that strange vision I had, on February 10? **That heart** was just like this one! *Even the "embossed" effect is there!* On the other side of that brick is also a heart, a drawing on white. So this time it really really felt Bob *hugging* me … in his way. I was really touched by the gesture. (Maybe it's not related at all, but I'd read about Celine Dion recently, and her husband having died of cancer, and mostly when I read such stories I realize that Bob was too young to die …)

I've been reading Deepak Chopra's "Life After Death" (archive.org) in the last two days, and I'm very intrigued and begin to think more and more that *anyone who does **not** believe that consciousness or mind goes on after death, is a fool* …

And then it went on, today, the "connection":

I decided to take Jacqui today to **Maxing Park**, a small hidden park close to the west-wall of Schönbrunn zoo. I just felt drawn to it, wanted to do something unusual …

The park is between a cemetery and a wall, and it's very peaceful there. Yesterday there was snow, in Vienna also, and in wide areas of Austria, and today there was supposed to be rain (and the week before we were past 15 degrees C) … and it was really cold. But at the park, the sun came out … and I watched the most extraordinary cloud formations. And then I saw it: a **heiau**!

(Oh, geez, I had visited so many Hawaiian "heiau", and when I saw this … circle of rocks, I could barely believe my eyes: A "heiau" in the middle of Vienna!)

Of course it was none, but it absolutely looked like an ancient Hawaiian temple site, a heiau … even with two "Kane"-stones. Kane is Hawaii's ancient main God and the male symbol or allegory or idol or what not, and an **erect stone** is the "Kane"-stone.

You must imagine … me, with my history in Hawaii, and being so heartbroken and longing for Hawaii … and then I stumble in a area in the middle of Vienna, that takes me right there! Into to sphere where I felt most alive and wanted … when I researched for my Hawaii documentary, where it's all about those ancient sites and traditions …

And Jacqui and I were alone in that park … it was so quiet, and it was so strange and mystical and … just intense.

(Kukaniloko heiau on Oahu, Hawaii and the "heiau" in Vienna.)

There are two distinct "Kane"-stones in the "heiau", and first, I was so baffled, that I stepped away … but I couldn't help it and then came closer. It had such a "sacred" and familiar feel to it … I was very touched.

But not enough of that, I felt drawn even *closer* to it.

And I remember ***saying out loud*** "*I wonder what I'm supposed to discover here*" … just rocks, different sizes, beautifully lit, Bob would have known that I loved that … always a fan of backlit scenarios and of light-shadow-combinations … very lovely. I thought that Bob was around, somehow … and then I went closer, and **between two rocks, a 500-Euro-bill** looked at me! At first I thought "can't be". Then I laughed, and I realized that it wasn't a real 500-Euro-bill, but a **container** with that bill as decoration printed on it! (*Poliahu heiau, third right – see, why I "saw" a heiau in Vienna?)*

And I grabbed it and looked at it, and it was a tin-type can, square (I took pics, of course), and as I opened it - there was a roll of 100-Euro-bills in it! And it also was not real, but it was a plastic-100-Euro-roll - and it was a cover for a piece of paper that explained that this was a **geo-cache entitled "Money Money Money**"!

I had discovered a **"geocaching"-site!** You should know that the first film I had made in Vienna, 2010, after returning from Maui, was "Geronia", about "geocaching"!

I mean … I had to laugh. Come on! What are the odds? The thing is that I've been *imagining* finding 100-Euro-bills in the last days, because I found a 5-Euro-bill recently. On a spot where I had found another 5-Euro-bill previously (months ago). So that was so uncanny! I thought maybe Bob wants me to play in the lottery? Then I asked him what I would do with money, it would only have made sense if he'd be the one to share it with and to do production with it. But immediately I corrected my thought – and I certainly felt triggered to do so – and I said to myself, of course I'd make *the Trilogy* with that money and fulfill my "kuleana". What if I have cancer, too? (But I don't feel the growth in my abdomen much, and the weird thing in the bladder that had been rubbing for years, has calmed down, too; and I can breathe normally again, at least, mostly; only another herpes-outbreak around my eyes, this time, I found last morning.)

Anyway … so I had really found that thing in that "heiau"! And I did return later and picked the **container** up again and *looked inside*, because there are *trading-items* in the container and I hadn't checked which ones … so they were a snail-house, a **lucky pig** with a **green clover** (*yep, I'd found one of those, too, just huge and plush*) and a small race car with a tiny red and **yellow dragon** printed on it).

Of course I'm interpreting this as having been directed there by … well, "Invisibles". Or one particular "Invisible". Or by my own subconscious "mind", my "Ku", my body-spirit. Or my Aumakua … In a way I can't wait to work on my book (the final version of "We Creators") … and then die!

But I've been distracting and sidetracking myself so much, and I first must go through the Stewart-White-books and finish my collection of excerpts.

And in Deepak Chopra's book I found amazing hints to other amazing books … if someone would have told me a year ago that I'd be dealing with that kind of stuff … I'd said you're mistaken.

But here I am.

Without Bob.

And yet with Bob.

I said to him, at the park, that I ***do want to believe*** what I've read recently, that "you guys have a much better and more intense live there that you've ever had here, and that you are more yourself and more developing and that it's much more interesting than it had been here" … and I did have a "sense" that it's true.

Of course I did my spiritual "Rigani"-**mudra** (that I had just seen when entering the park, and that "came to me" during a train ride in 2011, the last time that my mother and I had met … (*Note: well, that's another story, and I will pick it up in summer, because that's when something will happen that will again change everything for me*) Anyway.

So after all that excitement I held my mudra at the sky (it's also Bob's death-greeting from me, over the Danube river at the hour of his dying), and I swear two cloud formations "copied" it …

(Doing the "Rigani"-mudra I had to hold my hands up and couldn't photograph at the same time, so here are the remnants of the clouds "mimicking" my mirror-symbol by making another "mirror"-symbol …)

It didn't get so perfect like the one in Hörndlwald the other day (that was absolutely clear and like photoshopped into the sky) … but since Jacqui and I were alone there, on that hill, it was eerie and weirdly comforting.

March 12, 2019

There is a new *yoghurt*, made in Austria, called "**Aloha**", because it contains pineapple and coconut. I don't know, sometimes I think the Universe is fucking with me. And here I'd be quoting Bob, who often said (in the last years of his life), "*I think the Universe is fucking with me".*

I want to say to Bob … after reading more of "Life After Death" … that he was brilliant. *And that he **is brilliant**.* His feelings of inadequacy were results of influence that in his human form and with his familial predispositions (emotional problems) he wasn't able to handle. But on a spiritual level, I believe, he was mature.

So maybe I was "kept" from interfering (by ***Jacqui*** entering my life, and *I remember distinctly the strange feeling I had when I decided to adopt him,* and the circumstances of us getting to know were also very strange … like one of those thoughts just wandering into your mind, thoughts or images that feel "alien", like not homemade, like introduced, coming from somewhere, like seeping through the wall of the mind …) in Bob's decline … because *he was meant to deteriorate to be able to graduate, as a consciousness*. Maybe he was mature enough, internally, to have accomplished all that was possible for him in life, and he had to move on.

Maybe he was an incarnation of another consciousness that had chosen to "go to a certain point", that had some kind of "business" in this life, based on former lives, and so having success and being happy with me and moving back to the mainland to become settled wasn't in his plan. He just never was up for that. His fear of success may have been rooted in that kind of plan …

Maybe he and I were and are part of a project, a plan, and everything goes its right course?

Since I read (from Deepak Chopra) that there are beliefs (Vedanta) that in the afterlife *souls can choose what to do next*, be entirely free, wait for another soul to graduate or reincarnate to have another body and add that way to evolution … or other ways … well, ever since I've read that, I feel entirely sure that that's how it actually is: There is no either or ***… there are many many ways of what consciousness goes through or experiences or does after physical death***. For sure it does not just dissolve … there are millions of proofs for that. It doesn't shed it's personality, either, just the parts that relate directly to the human shell that once was …

Oh my.

I "see" all kind of things that connect me with Bob … and the "Vedanta" also states that what a person believes in and what her or his main ideas about life are, that's the pattern of how they'll exist in the afterlife and what they'll go through there. I'm confident that Bob is well. Because he was so much into being good and strive for the "greater good" and other positive aspects …

… and of course in those belief-systems and attitudes lie the keys to the question of how and if at all to communicate with "the dead": It depends as much on the dead themselves and what they were and are all about and whether or not they're struggling in the afterlife in relations to the openness to an actual afterlife of the survivors, that will determine whether or not someone can connect between dimension or not. Apart from the big differences between the dimensions and the limits of the mortal's consciousness to "reach" out of our realm … and the limits of the invisibles to reach back inside of ours in a way that we can actually perceive or understand it.

The subject is endless.

We live in both dimensions in our mortal lives, too. Of course we do. We only she the body eventually, and we are made that way from the moment the egg meets the sperm and they enter on a journey of creation and evolution …

I found this **rabbit-card** on March 12, but can tell only by the date, can't remember, where … and yet**,** it will have very big fat significance, in a little while (apart from the fact that "goof-master Bob" liked to make that kind of face for fun …)

March 12, 2019

How uncanny!

I'm **reading** in DC's "Life After Death", and on page 225 there is a line that mentions (*in relations to the special abilities of "**savants**")* the date **March 12, 2163**.

Now, today is March 12, 2019 _ and 2019 is not very far removed from 2163, because 6+3=9). On the next page is the example 12 x 12 … and it reminds me of the numbers 2 and 4, my Kabbalah numbers … so what's that about? Just a message about how "there is no time" where Bob is?

Yes, and Bob's beloved house had the address 222 Haulani Street, in Pukalani 96768.

March 13, 2019 – **The Hawaii-Connection: the Ultimate Surprise**

I finally made it to my holiday-location at Rastenfeld in the Waldviertel ("forest quarter") … and even though I'm so happy about being away from Vienna and out in the rural wilderness of deep Austria, the trip here was horrible.

A bus-ride along narrow curves, stuck between a crowd of school-kids, with Jacqui distraught crouching next to me, I thought I'd die and my dog with me … couldn't breathe, felt so nauseous and weak, ... I struggled to the point of being covered in cold sweat with needing to throw up, and only

because I couldn't bear the thought of my desperate dog if something happened to me, I held on. I had gotten Jacqui and myself on the *wrong bus* … On the map I had looked at the bus routes and decided that I needed to go straight north along the highway, not to the village road to Lichtenau, although I was somehow interested in Lichtenau. Well, the bus took us exactly through Lichtenau (!), and I was at the very edge of breaking down. Jacqui was a trooper, but he panted, and I don't know how he made it through the curves, as the driver absolutely didn't give a shit about throwing passengers around. Later, at a stop, I called out to the driver that I'd vomit if he didn't stop for a minute and let me recover, which he did. I couldn't even step out of the bus, as every motion would have caused me to break down.

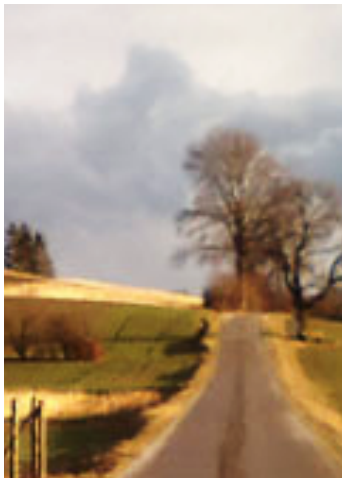
I realized my physical limits that day … and more than ever how very very very sick Bob must have been in the weeks with me, how weak he was, how much he just wanted to lie down and sleep, and *how I pushed him*, making him get up, even exercise, in his condition … going for walks, to the ocean, even into the ocean … he was the toughest man I'll ever know, maybe (maybe Jesus was as tough, too). At Ohukai beach he sat down in the sand, at a small cove between the beach shrubs … I will forever see him sit there … he was so hopeful, or maybe he just made it look like it for me. While I was in the water, he picked himself up and walked along the beach, with big striding steps, trying to be the man he once was … (*Note: I can barely stand being in this realm without him*.)

He later said that it took him all his strength, but he was so determined to get better. And he did get better. But his condition had been too advanced, and the hospital stint killed him.

Arrived **at Biobauernhof Schildorfer in Waldviertel** … after the landlady Martha picked had me up with her car at a bus-station in the nowhere, and it took me a while to catch my breath and feel strong enough to actually walk. I just wanted to lie down and faint. Not an option, though.

My holiday-retreat (looks nothing like on the website … but I don't care, it's nice for me, a lovely farm, wide views … wolves around as I heard and a rather grumpy dog named Luna. (*Note: Actually, Luna, the retriever, turned out to be a problem, as she tried to attack Jacqui at every opportunity, and she gave me quite a few scares and I had an actual physical fight with her to save Jacqui from being bitten …)*

The weather was cold and windy and dreary … but after my arrival and having settled into my lovely first-story room … I took **a walk late in the afternoon**, crying, feeling so weird and alone … <u>*and I asked Bob to let me know that he is with me*</u> … and just before I turned home, the **sun** came out, for the first time, as it was cold and dreary and windy, and I saw **this** on the horizon:



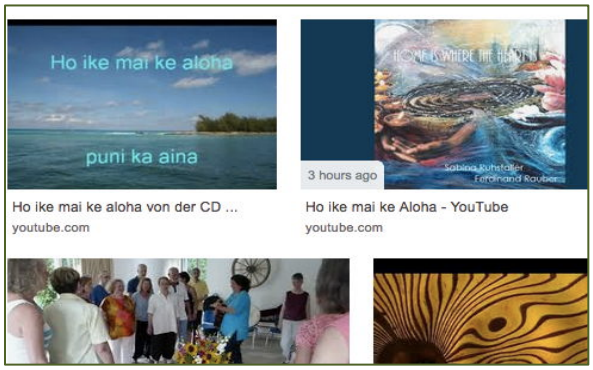
Is that a skyshark-shape or what? The sun didn't come out intermittently, it had not come out before, and it would not come out again after giving me this image in bright golden colors – and a shark fin right on top.

I had talked to Bob, already on the way back, and <u>just then I turned around</u> and saw this **shark-fin cloud**, in the bright sunlight, and it stayed there! I stood there, my mouth gaping, my heart pounding. And everything turned quiet around me and inside of me.

<u>March 14, 2019</u> **– The Hawaiian Farewell Song in Remote Austria**

And I thought yesterday was baffling: Today I experienced something that is kind of "impossible". Remember – I wanted to get away from my Hawaii-blues, the grief, the Vienna thoughts ...

So Jacqui and I spent our first night in the remote northern Austria forest area, and went to the kitchen for breakfast, being the only guests. The lady of the house was there, also her husband came to check on us ... and then *t*he daughter of the house– the one who runs the "bio moa" showed up with her small son Theodor (2). It turned out that her mother actually did a lot of the planting and gardening work in the greenhouse on the property (and I would receive lots of fresh greens for breakfast already and later to take home), and **she sang a song to me that she had just learned with a local cultural group: It was a <u>Hawaiian</u> song, yes, in the Hawaiian language** – that she had learned in her most recent lesson at the local choir, <u>just a day ago</u>, the **song "Ho'ike mai ke aloha, puni ka'aina" <u>... a funeral and farewell song!</u>**



Check out this picture on the wall of my Waldviertel getaway***, is that me in Hawaii or what?!***

I don't think I must even try to explain the impact that this had on me.

I was literally baffled shitless.

The young woman – whose the last name turned out to be "**<u>Hahn</u>**", on top of everything, and "ka **moa**" *(yes, the one from the organic vegetable delivery enterprise)* means "chicken" or "rooster" in Hawaiian, played the song to me on the iPad, it was surreal!

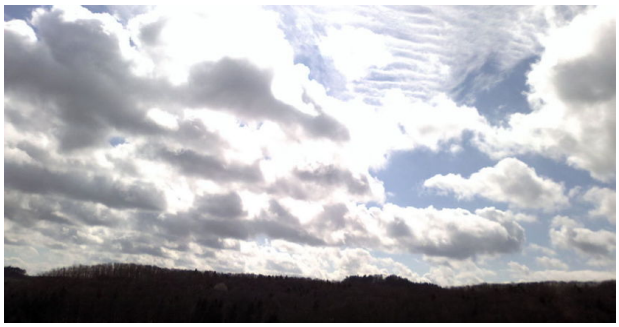
A Hawaiian farewell song in the middle of Waldviertel, to me, when I was hoping to escape "everything Hawaiian" **…** and … it ends with "***let your love fly like a bird***".

I'm struck, and I had to go out into the deep forest to process that.

Started to cry, of course … because **I, who couldn't bear hearing any music at all, had to listen to a Hawaiian** song first thing in my refuge.

Bob?

At some point in that kitchen, being serenaded with a Hawaiian song I did feel like time was standing still, and I wasn't sure whether or not I was breathing at all. I thought I'd die right there, on the spot, the pain was almost too much to bear, because the **memories of Bob broke down on me** like a stone avalanche … *(Note 2022: Still now, that I'm editing this section of the c. d., I could burst out crying in an instant; The experience of that day felt almost perverse, I don't have another word for it; It was like all the "Aumakua" including Bob were playing a big prank on me: I was trying to somehow feel stronger, and then came this song and* ***undid*** *me on my first day of my supposed "retreat" …* ***there couldn't have possibly been anything more painful than hearing a Hawaiian farewell song*** *… when I was yearning so much for my life with Bob in Hawaii, and the many times we had worked together on the edit of "hula"-shows, and I had heard so much Hawaiian music, and it had been haunting already then … and all the years we had worked on my Hawaii-documentary … the Hawaiian music had become part of my life … and there, in the deep rural Austria, I knew suddenly that there was no escaping for me.)*



On my first **hike** I found the **numbers 8, 2 and 4 together**. Crying hard I walked through a stormy forest and asked out loud what all that meant, that Hawaiian message. That I'm not done? That I'm done? Simply a hello? What the fuck?

(Jacqui, my hero.)

March 15, 2019

Had a **dream** of **Emme** Tomimbang (Hawaii, Filipino producer who worked with Bob last year and whose husband Jim died 2 years ago) … and she showed up to a shoot (and strangely Bob seemed to sit in a chair closeby listening in and watching), and I saw her from behind and hugged her, saying "How strange, we've just been emailing, and now we meet" … We have been in fact emailing about the "celebration of life for Bob" (on April 6, 2019, at the MACC, along with a screening of the film that cost Bob's life, "The Edge of Paradise", formerly "Taylor Camp") …

So I talked in my dream about real life events!

I'm finding out about the drama in this house where I'm staying (cancer in several family members and a rather desperate elderly lady of the house, conflicts with the daughter and son-in-law) … but I can't get involved, except for listening to stories …

I am receiving a wonderful tasty organic breakfast every day, that I of course can't finish at all, but I am allowed to put the remainders in the fridge, and I am eating it at night, and I really need nothing else for the whole day … Bob would have loved all of this. And I try to share with him.

Today, walking through the forest wilderness, *I could barely think of Bob* … I had to put my thoughts somewhere else, the surroundings, because I need to get stronger and not weaker. And then and later I realized, as I asked Bob to help me find some meaningful thoughts about what I should focus on … I need a purpose, if I'm supposed to live on … for another little while.

I've got free internet here, so have been watching a lot of movie-trailers. And I realize how close Bob and I were to really getting into the serious film business, but also how really Bob was the one to hold it all back, stall it and postpone and procrastinate. That's a fact.

I helped the lady of the house in the glasshouse today, then joined her feeding the animals … and there is a male goat who is in a tiny pen all the time! And seven other goats are also in a very small enclosure … must think of the poor goat-guy now … That's cruelty to animals. He has fathered most of the other goats, said the owner, and now he is kept alive, relating to a promise … but what a life …

Now that I write about it … very symbolic. (*Note: Yes, a miserable life, imprisoned, just waiting for death after having done his "job" … who wants that?)* Very sad. I fed him bread … I heard it's possible to take him for a walk … but the family has several children, why don't they? I'm very disappointed in that "natural way of living" fake situation. It's ice cold here, but fine with me.

March 16, 2019 **– My Dog Saw Something, and I Felt It**

Horrible strange night!

Rain! Noise from the army's shooting range at Allentsteig at 10 km air-distance! I thought it was thunder. Jacqui was irritated, so I slept only intermittently.

Then – a **dream** about a remote acquaintance (from Vienna, dog-owner, drug addict, R.), at least the woman was similar. She lead me to some kind of pub or guesthouse, where two men were sitting at a table, and around that area were many plants of which I knew they were drug-related. *R. had promised* that I'd meet Sigi (my drug-addict ex, died 2016 of liver-cancer) there, and my mother. I had the feeling that Sigi was really there and my mother as well, but not clearly. (*Note: Waking up I was scared, as my mother is supposedly alive!*) Instead, I felt "followed" or pursued by some bad guy the whole time, and in my dream I was aware that I was fleeing and was constantly afraid.

I got more afraid when I realized that the two men at the table were no good, and I gave way to the other side of the table … When I felt that from behind, someone put his arm or a scarf or something around my shoulder, and it was soft and warm on my left-side neck and my cheek … but then, in my dream I was startled with the thought "Shit, what's that?" (I spoke German, "Scheiße, was ist das?", and in my dream I thought about how I have been dealing with the connectedness of the invisible deceased people and us mortals, and that maybe that was something like that … because as I turner around, *nobody was behind me!*

And I woke up with the words "Scheiße, was ist das?" and I heard and felt myself gurgling. And my heart was *pounding*, and I sat up and switched on the flashlight next to my bed, and my dog was sitting up, too, entirely alert – and ***he looked at a certain spot of the room!*** An empty spot, and he "observed" that spot! He did not look at me (at times, yes), but ***he gazed at that empty spot in the room***, and I did have the feeling that I was not "alone" in the room … my left throat/neck and cheeks felt weirdly warm and I still had the sensation ***of something soft and smooth having brushed over it*** …

It was very strange.

I left the light on, dimmed (a small LCD-flashlight), and I woke up again feeling sick, even with a throat-ache! So I took cell salts (Ferrum Phosphoricum, Nr. 3) and colloidal silver …

In the morning at breakfast I had a long chat with the lady of the house, and then her husband joined us … (and I realized that the man was sick), and he began to share stories about his America-trip, being with Amish people, also trips to Australia … he wouldn't stop, and I had to get up and kind of interrupt, because he'd gone on for hours …

The **second dream** I had was with **Keanu Reeves**. *Strange how I've been dreaming about him so often in the past years.* And again, it was a dream about him being a star and being interested in connecting with me. We were at some kind of **lake**, and he was with agents and other staff, and I was around, something related to a train, and I had something important to do there at that lake short, and he saw me and came up to me and talked to me and made an appointment with me, to the surprise of everyone else there.

This is a repeated dream, always a different setting, but always same outcome: Keanu and me befriending each other. Oh how I wish that was true!

March 17, 2019 **– My Intuition & My Dog's Lifesaving Luck**

My urine smells horrible – again, and it smells exactly like Bob's leaking tumor had smelled. So I must have something similar in my bladder. I had it last year, almost the entire year … and it went away briefly, then returned a few days ago. Strange, because I'm taking Spitzwegerich, Melissa and Kurkuma, and I've started with Colloidal Silver. The bladder problem started after wild sex with M. in 2010. Ever since I'd been feeling some "scratching" or some kind of something inside my vagina and bladder … never cared much.

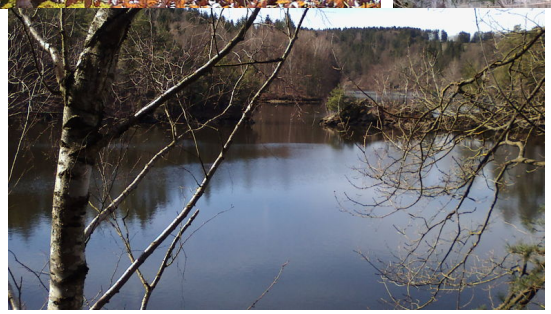
Tonight I had a **dream** about having a **tumor**, not sure, maybe on the liver or elsewhere in that area, and my **mother** (!) was with me at a **hospital**. *It was a cheap overcrowded hospital, and I didn't*

want to be left there. But I was … yet I never got to see a doctor, it was simply a chaos all around. I was walking through the hospital, felt so lost and knew that there was no use.

I'll do more of my own "meds" and will see what happens. *(Note January 2024: It worked out fine; never went to a doctor; But I still know that "things" are in my body, that I am keeping in check, and I'm quite healthy.)*

Today I took a **6 hours hike** from Mottinger Amt to Josefinenhütte, Dobrastausee, Burg Dobra and back through the woods. I got lost in the forest, and Jacqui and I had to walk much further than we had intended, and I had to seriously consider the position of the sun to figure out where to go in the middle of the forest, in a dreary weather ...

... but before that Jacqui and I came across a **magical place with old moss-covered stones,** and a **butterfly** ("Day-Peacock-Eye") **followed us for kilometers!** It flew several times right into my sight when I talked to Bob, and especially at the magical stones, that looked like a dismantled *"heiau", the butterfly flew onto the stones, too!*



Then we arrived at a reservoir "lake" that really is part of a river. And there was a **dam structure**, and the road lead across and over it. And there, it happened. Getting nauseous only thinking about it.

Jacqui has learned to jump onto low walls, as part of his "personal agility" program that I have taught him, so that he'd be able to be safe in the wilderness with me and be smart and efficient at dealing with rocks and tree trunks … and he is very good at climbing and finding the proper path in the wilderness thanks to that.

I had left him walk free off leash for hours, but I just before reaching that wall, I had put him on the leash, not sure why … and I was fascinated by the "Dobra" castle that was visible and took photographs … So we walked by this wall, and suddenly **Jacqui took a turn ready to jump onto the wall of the dam!** The straight-down drop is at least fifty meters, and it ends in rocks, not water!

All of it took place in a kind of slow-motion … **Jacqui jumped up onto that rim of the dam wall, and I pulled on his leash and literally pulled him back towards me mid-air!** *Had he jumped onto the rim of that wall and slipped, he had fallen into the abyss.*

Wow, my heart pounds even thinking about it. I couldn't believe what had just happened – and how lucky we had been that I had given in to my intuition and put Jacqui on the leash just before reaching that section of the road that lead to the dam. I had been in thoughts, but my subconscious obviously is much smarter than my "conscious mind".

It was a big **big learning in terms of "be in the here and now"** … and about how important Jacqui is to me, and how he trusts me. He wanted to be a good dog and show how well he already can jump and climb ... and that nearly ended fatally. I would have jumped right afterhim.

(The ruins of Dobra Castle)

March 18, 2019 **– The Movie Contact & Bob's Death Date & Our Numbers**

Talk about serendipity …

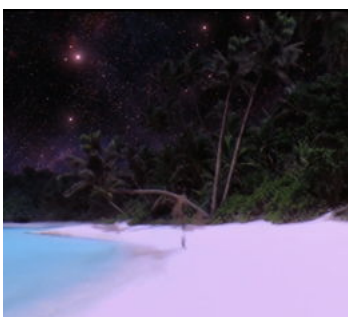
I stepped outside, at night, today, at Mottinger Amt, **almost a full moon**.

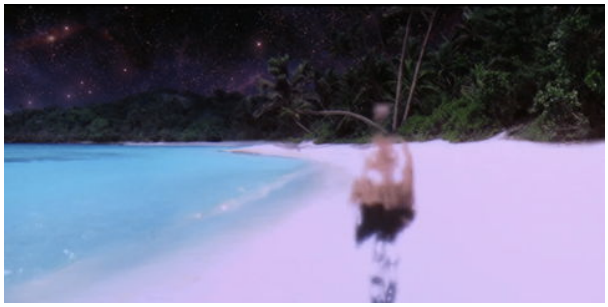
Seeing the Big Bear, Orion, the Pleiades and Cassiopeia made me flash back to time on Maui … and all my seeming being-pulled-together collapsed, Bob was right there, on my mind, living, and then the crushing memory of what had happened …

But I'm very much trying to do what's written in "Across The Unknown" and focus on practicing my acceptance of continuing life … and in a way I'm anxious to work on my book and make that distillation of White's writings …

So I cried, in the dark, but it was so bright, with the moon full out, on a clear sky, and it felt so unrealistic that Bob was still alive somehow and yet I kind of thought myself surrounded by the "substance" that "people" who have passed on now consist of … and I wished for a sign, again. But all that happened was that I felt the urge to watch the movie "**Contact**" (with Jodie Foster being a scientist intending to travel to outer space when in reality she "traveled" into the beyond) …

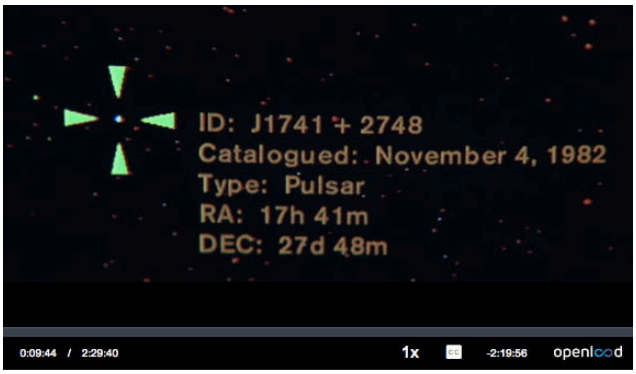
Now, I haven't even thought of that movie in decades ... it suddenly came to my mind. And I know why ... I did not even watch the whole movie, only skipped through it, to end up here:





I have never realized that the "aliens" that the movie-character "Dr. Arroway" meets in her "trip" as the strange machine actually got her physical being **through a barrier of frequencies**, were actually "discarnates"! So the "aliens" we've always been looking for, are actually just "dead" mortals and thus immortal people with consciousness and personality developed in their Earth life?!

At some point in the movie, Dr. Arroway thinks she's discovered some "alien noise" … only to realize that it's an already catalogued planet or celestial body … BUT: That registration in the movie has all of Bob's and my numbers in it! And that celestial body was discovered on **November 4, 1982**. Now, **November 4**, 2018 is Bob's death day. I took screenshots of those incredible numbers; The star's ID is J1741 + 2748.



It's a Pulsar, actually, and the other notes there are: RA: 17h 41m and DEC: **27d 48m**

I mean! **4 and 2 and 7 and 8 are Bob's and my numbers!** *I had come across them – after going into some brief Kabbalah-research, on March 10 –remember?*

March 10, 2019

Okay, it goes on. I asked Bob distinctly to be my *spirit lover* (yes, I know, a mind that's going nuts with grief, you're may be thinking …), as I don't want to be without him and love him, and that I want the question answered, what he thinks about that ordeal, everything that has happened, our connection, death and all.

So I felt drawn to look up **Kabbalah Numerology** today (had been thinking about that for a while, didn't think it was useful, but then I was inspired by Schwartz' book, so I keep thinking that *I'm "lead" to the literature* I then choose to look into!), and here we go:

I did the numerology on my and Bob's name … and I got to mention that my most important numbers, since my dog Kimba's horrible death were "7, 8, 2".

D A N I E L A J O H A N N A
4 1 5 9 5 3 1 1 6 8 1 5 5 1 = 55 : 9 = 54, remainder 1 + 1 = 2
(my full name:)
4 1 5 9 5 3 1 1 6 8 1 5 5 1 5 3 9 1 2 = 75 : 9 = 8, remainder 3 + 1 = 4

R O B E R T C U R T I S
9 6 2 5 9 2 3 3 9 2 9 1 = 60 : 9 = 6, remainder 6 + 1 = 7
R O B E R T C U R T I S S T O N E
9 6 2 5 9 2 3 3 9 2 9 1 1 2 6 5 5 = 79 : 9 = 8, remainder 7 + 1 = 8

Big surprise! I had always thought 7 and 8 were **my special numbers**, together with 2 … since my dog Kimba died on August 7, 2001. But they signify Bob's name! Consider this: I returned to Bob after 4 years on August 7, 2018, and he died on November 4, 2019, so 11 = 2 (and here we are again with the 2 and the 4) "42" was a very significant number back in the days when I first got in contact with shamanic matters …

I don't even dare look deeper into it … but I have seen the film mentioned in someone's writings (that I've read in the past months) … and I do see it as a greeting ...

When we were standing there in the **moonshine**, Jacqui started **woofing** at something … maybe at somebody … but he just sat down and gazed into a direction. *I didn't see anything or anyone there*, but Jacqui kept looking, totally *not* nervous, just sitting and gazing there … Of course, there are wolves around. So ...

I thought that I didn't want to be overwhelmed by memories again … as I had been when stepping out, because I could so imagine being on the veranda of our beloved "housie" and the loss of it is so direct and prominent and real right now.

I got a message from a friend, M., whose friend's friend had been a hypochondriac, and she thought to be mortally ill and jumped off a mountain cliff.

Wow. Huh.

That friend whose friend it was, is currently in **Angkor Wat** of all places, where Bob and Tom had their f*king filmfestival … (that cost Bob so much time and nerves … but I'm glad that he got to see Cambodia, at least …)

Well, the thing is that I had sent to that friend M. a link to a website about "How to deal with people who are mourning" just yesterday …

And she did write that she didn't look at the link given the title, *because she has enough of hearing about death cases* in her closer acquaintances area, five, recently … Oh fuck her. I think that this is exactly the point for her to deal with that kind of stuff, because instead of looking away and saying she doesn't like it, she should consciously deal with it.

(*Note: In the course of the next months, I got very disappointed by her angry, dismissive attitude that I should "get over" the death of Bob already*. *She turned out to be a very selfish and cold-hearted and maybe emotionally very damaged person, given all that she imposed on me in the following months, and I had to cut contact for good.*)

March 18, 2019

The weirdest **dream**! I met my **uncle Karli** (dead for decades, since the late 1980s, he was found in his car in a reservoir lake, *... oh, just now I **see a connection to the dam** that we saw yesterday and off whose wall I kept Jacqui in the last moment!*

... and he and I were sort of romantically interested in each other, and I even cradled his (my uncle's!) head, but he did look different than in real life, but didn't resemble anyone. His two real life children J. and R. were also there, somehow. Still, it was in a landscape that resembled the Waldviertel, where I'm now, and I was on the way somewhere, needed to find something, and it had to do with clothes …

*And in my **dream** my uncle Karli wanted to **move to Hawaii**,* and he asked me about it, since I had been there for so long …

And at that point in my dream I got kind of lucid again, as I ***realized as my dream-persona*** that I talked about my real life! And so I told my dream-uncle about Hawaii and how the islands are all different, and I felt such a deep longing for the islands.

I can't remember exactly how that ended, but my uncle and me got separated somehow.

In the morning, I stepped outside, and there was the *most amazing cloud formation* … long clouds, stretching across the *entire* sky from north to south … yeah, everything is indeed connected", I guess.

I did remember to remind myself of the exercises I intend to do now for the rest of my life … "knowing" that I'm part of the big one and that my subconscious is part of the realm of the afterlife all the time.

So I have a somewhat strange feeling of "***retro***" today, *I remember myself, somehow, and how I was before I met Bob.* I must mention that I was a real forest-girl in my youth, always enjoying being in the wilderness, and I took a lot of travels, backpacking all by myself … And later I was all into Hawaii, in my "retro"-sessions today. Longing. Oh, in the years without closeness with Bob being in Austria I had several recurring dreams about Hawaii, with always the same locations … and I always tried to find Bob, knew he was lost but also knew that I had to leave to be able to come back. (*Note: as mentioned before*)

All that makes so much sense today.

The scenes from the movie "Contact" that I watched last night sort of help a lot to grasp what I've been reading.

I also feel the urge to assert myself … responding to people clearly and honestly, not holding back, being entirely open and honest and direct and insist on my truths …

I noticed this **sculpture** on a field at some distance from my holiday-location … and the last time I had seen big wooden sculptures was in Hawaii … It was not possible to get closer, but I snuck across the fields as much as I could … It seems to be a **bear**.

March 19, 2019 **– A Pukalani Farewell**

Back in Vienna. I have the feeling that I was supposed to "get" something big during my retreat … and I don't know if I did, but my feeling is "all of this is far from over". And that means everything "Hawaiian".

Like back from a different world. Reminds me so much of returning from Maui … knowing that I'd get back there again. But no more. I feel so lost and belonging nowhere. No idea what to do.

My urine stinks like hell. (*Note: In a way, that was more comfort than scare, as it reminded me of Bob's stinking tumor named "Bobo", and that liquid oozing thing stank … I'm burning to put a photo of it in here, but don't worry, I won't.)* But then I have suddenly a bad bad cold … which is strange, I never have colds, really. Maybe my immune-system is fucked up.

Also I got another cold sore. Seems I haven't been without them since I got back from Maui in September 2018. (*Note: Bob obviously had a HPV-infection, and I had touched his tumor a lot … and since Bob's death I know: You don't wish death upon your worst enemy, you wish him/her a long life and a lot of suffering until the final realization of his/her responsibilities.)*

And the pains that I had in Vienna *in the back* – and of which I felt nearly nothing in the countryside, *are back*. Within hours, pain in abdomen, in the back … coughing.

Very strange.

(The last evening in my Waldviertel-retreat … talk about a "pukalani", "door to heaven".)

March 20, 2019 **(NOT EDITED FOR CONTENT FROM HERE ON – but ORIGINAL VERSION!)**

Very **intense dream of Bob** … and again, *I was **aware** in my dream that he was dead* and somehow, *that I was dreaming*, and *that all was lost, – but he **contradicted**!*

It was like a scenic dream …

Bob and I were on a **ship**, flat, like a transporter on the Danube, but it also appeared to be on an ocean, and while we were there, moving towards some kind of harbor in a bay that looked between a mix of Rijeka and Captain Cook's Kealakekua Bay (wow, I remember it just like that) …

At some point I stood next to Bob and said "Too bad, that we'll never get to plan our days and time together in Hawaii again", like we did in our last weeks together, "and it's all just a fake" … but he looked at me, in his usual dry and critical way and shook his head, he even said ***"No, that's not true",*** and he turned away, but in a promising secretive kind of way.

I stayed behind, struck and stunned and full of a weird kind of hope, but *aware that I was dreaming* …

Also a **woman** was around, she resembled Noella (*Note: A friend of Bob and me and one of the scripted speakers in my Hawaii-documentary*) … and there were many animals we were transporting, and upon a shore-stop, I let two dog or pig pups on board and an adult, and Bob came walking along the board of the ship looking critical, someone said "Another Mama", but the dog-pig turned on his side to be patted, and it was a male, and I called out "No, it's a daddy!" And Bob and the others smiled and repeated that.

That woman was there, too, she reminds me actually of "someone plus Noella", with thick hair, but a haircut that didn't suit her. In the dream, the scenario changed to me being with her on land …

(Me, Bob, Noella, 2008)

But first, right after the male pig-dog was on board, another **man** showed up, some toxic-masculine guy, and he said something about a women having to be "fucked into obedience or similar" … I was worried as he seemed dangerous, but Bob ignored him.

He walked along the board of the ship, and I joined him …

… and *that's* when the *talk* happened about us not being able to plan being together in Hawaii again, and I felt so heartbroken … Bob reacted in a way that expressed ***"We'll see about that",*** and the ocean looked kind of surreal, but there were **big waves,** just not near the *hillside shore* where we were … there it was calm, but I knew if we were to leave those calm waters, we'd get in serious trouble …

Then I must have woken up for a short moment, because I remember changing my position in bed, but ***then I dreamed on …***

Two more scenarios came …

… one with the same woman, who was, like me, in some kind of game or race or something, and she had trouble with moving around and with her hair, somehow, and I tried to convince her to cut it, but she didn't get it and didn't say yes, and I was angry …

Bob was in the background … the toxic male also was around, somehow … we all were on land now, in some kind of **forest** area … and there were a lot of buildings and structures, and people were hanging out there and waiting …. and some of them were hard to reach, they were kind of *perched* somewhere, like on trees and steep hillsides and in metal structures like cages or compounds (*Note: it felt like some stage-scenario like for the opera "Nabucco", when they sing "Va pensiero", but the people were between refugees and prisoners, somehow*) …

I was free to walk around there, but I belonged to some other "crowd", somehow … Like guards? I was fearless too. I realized those, gathered on that hill or slope, overgrown and of brown soil, were emigrants or refugees, criminals and very poor folks, and they stretched their hands out to me (but they were neither locked in nor tied up or chained). There was some kind of a vegetable shop, with veggies in crates, and I climbed up, held on and said I was there to buy some stuff, but I had to get back to get money … the vendor (don't remember his face) called after me that, no, I wasn't going to come back … but I said yes I will (and I was looking forward to proving him wrong) …

Somehow meanwhile **Bob** in the background interacted with someone who appeared like our old friend **Bud** the birdman or *a mix of Bud and Willie K,* and he ended up **wrestling** with him … and Bud was so brutal with Bob, that he cried out … (*Note: In real life, Bud was a problem-friend for Bob, very often just taking advantage of Bob, but at other times really caring, and Willie K is a Hawaiian musician whose sudden cancer-diagnosis in February 2018 Bob filmed for producer Emme T., who also appeared in my dreams, while Bob himself was already dead-sick; Willie K has recovered so far …)*

I noticed it, and I was with that strange woman again, discussing her hair … at the same time I knew myself in some kind of competition or race … so strange … so I struggled to get together with Bob, and he *said "… so sad, that Bud hasn't respected my cancer and had treated me so rudely."* And I responded somehow that it will all be good, and that he had to assert himself and ask for better treatment … and Bob was silent and turned away … (Oh how typical!) But at that point I had some

kind of hope, because while dreaming I realized that **I was actually with Bob in a way and that made me happy and hopeful** …

Then somehow I was in a conversation with that toxic male (blond, stocky, late 40s), and *I said to him that if Bob would die of that cancer, I'd be dead within two days, as I would definitely follow him …* ***and I smiled and felt so happy about that option*** … The male said "No you wouldn't …" I said yes I would too, because I was going to make myself get cancer.

Then I was suddenly back on my way to those perched refugees, and I climbed up, and it was dark and scary, like a movie-set of captives or prisoners, the men were also soiled with dirt or oil … and the seller of the vegetables was surprised that I came back, and I was triumphant … and I bought a bag of tiny *onions* … somehow, though, I seem to not have gotten what I wanted as of vegetables …

And then it was over and I woke up …

And I thought that it maybe was an **encounter**, that dream, *and I struggled to get my laptop and write this down.*

("Birdman" Bud and Bob 2014, at Bud's bird sanctuary in Waiehu; I put those images in more than two years after I wrote the diary entry, could not look at any images of Bob for a long time.)

I didn't have to get out of bed, because it was closeby, because I have now a habit of reading Stewart White before bed and then just close the laptop and put it on the table within reach.

I have a bad, bad cold, my nose is running (*Note: in old Hawaiian spiritual lore it's said that if you don't allow yourself to show sorrow, you'll get your running nose through an infection* …)

March 20, 2019 **– The Sky of Stones**

We are – as mankind – the aliens we've been looking for, and the gods, angels and demons at the same time.

I start to understand the religious leaders and ideas of mankind better. Actually, I think it's the first time I really understand what it's all about.

It's, in fact, not about "all are the same", because they distinctly ***are not***, but it is indeed about ***categorizing*** people into "this kind" and "that kind", entirely independently of race or religion or culture, *only according to their* ***attitude towards their spiritual identity*** *and their ability and willingness to* ***realize that consciousness*** *is the actual essence of our being and that life on Earth as humans in a mortal body is only a phase in the development of the kinds of creatures we really are.*

We have substance after death. We have bodies.

We live on. We retain all our memories and experiences and personality traits that we acquired during our mortal phase.

There is a portal between our mortal lifetime and the next stage of our existence. And mortal life is all about making our real "body" ready for the next stage.

That's what life on Earth is all about:

The individualization of the "soul" is the meaning of life.

There.

I pondered upon losing all my films and materials and stuff, last night, and I realized that whatever happens, doesn't matter. It's all a kind of game or situation that serves the development of us, as

Cosmic entities. In the beyond, **what is "in" you, counts. That's who you are, that makes your energetic persona.** That's what lives on after physical death. So the old saying that "The inside counts in human being, not the superficial attributes." has quite literal meaning.

With what we call "consciousness" as a glimpse of who we really are beyond the mortal body. The Universe is only what we perceive as being mortals. The stars. The trees. The droplets of water and specks of dust. Where we live our mortal lives, is our playground.

We are mighty and great and mysterious. And after graduation, which is death, we enter the next stage. (*Note: I sounded very convinced back then, but I realize that anyone reading this will also think about how this was my only way to deal with devastating grief; today, that I'm editing this, early January 2020, a year later, I have the exact same conviction, but my mortal existence seems now to entirely depend on my connectedness to dead Bob; if that wouldn't be the case, that I feel connected, my mortal life wouldn't mean anything to me, at all; I feel that there are levels of "life-support", and they are tightly related to how well I can handle my memories and longings.*

Note: Editing this in January 2024, another four years later, I know the scenario like describe above for sure.)

That's my conviction. And all I've written and researched and done and experienced so far, leads me to the insight, that it is, indeed (like somehow predicted to me in my twenties) my "job" in this lifetime to … help others to advance. So … I must write a book? Will the Contact Diary suffice?

The thought struck me: What if nobody reads that book or the Contact Diary?

And I realized: Even if only one person should read what I'll be putting together from what I've gathered as of knowledge, insights and experiences, exactly that person may be the next one on this mortal plane to help us advace – as species advance.

Bob is already further than I am. At least, I hope so. Because *dying doesn't automatically make a creature wise or energetically healthy.* The baggage you die with, will need to be cleared in the next existence, anyway. It won't be called "emotional trauma" or such, there, it will just be a whole bunch of energetic influences that will hinder your advancement as creature of a kind that's invisible to us right now. Due to frequency. And you will have to fix it, or to clear it, or simply **to deal with it there – as the person you will be then, with the "body" and the "senses" you will have then.**

I hope, that Bob is indeed an advanced being right now. Or that he is advancing fast. Still, I can't wait to see him again.

Today I saw a **sticker** – and I realize, that everything that we are aware of, is meant to advance the development of the energetic capacities that we have to benefit our life in the next phase of existence - that read "**Move on baby, anonymous living is over**". I kid you not. I think I understand.

I realize, from reading Stewart White's books, that it is possible to be *influenced from "the other side",* once one has achieved a certain "openness" and "habit" of being aware of one's true nature and of dealing with it and living it all the time (the "Invisibles" in the book call this "make it so").

I wish Bob hadn't suffered. I know it doesn't matter to him anymore now, likely, but it does to me. Because I loved the mortal he was, and knowing his horror and pain and fear … that makes my heart sink very deep, often. Like when I realize that he is dead. My Bob. And I'm so "sure", in my deep core, that he is here and with me … but then, again, my mortal human memories come up and the feelings and the sadness … and the mortal me misses the mortal him.

One of the first "comforting words" I have received – I think from Bob's niece – was "So now he is always with you in spirit", and I thought "What the fuck?" I don't need him "in spirit", dammit! As a mortal I need my mortal partner and not the pain of having to wrap my mind around the fact that I'll never spend mortal time in this fucking mortal world anymore with him*!*

Yesterday, sitting in a car (on the way back from Waldviertel) driven by the host, of whom I knew that he was very sick (related to cancer), I was aware that at the time we were talking his body was ravaged by cells that will kill him if no miracle happens, and *he drove us very very fast on the highway along big trucks* … and ***I told him to slow down*** because I was "***afraid***" … I also asked myself at the same time, what I was afraid of? Basically of ***causing pain to my dog*** and being injured myself badly, but not of dying. That was the fear. It wasn't a fear of death.

Well, the dream that I had in the following night sort of dealt with all that, didn't it?

28 DAS WIEN KULT

Anstöße
von Dompfarrer Toni Faber

Sky of stones

Der Künstler Peter Baldinger hat sich von der namensgebenden Person unseres Domes und deren Schicksal für seine Installation Sky of stones (Himmel aus Steinen) inspirieren lassen: Der heilige Stephanus ist der erste christliche Zeuge, der gesteinigt wurde. Seit Aschermittwoch schwebt in rund sieben Meter Höhe über den Besuchern des Domes ein violett angestrahlter Himmel aus 1.332 Steinen. Deren Anzahl geht zurück auf die Proportionen, die in der Gotik die Grundlage für die Maße der Kirchen, also auch des Stephansdoms, bildeten. Addiert man die heilige Zahl 3 (Symbol für die göttliche Dimension) mit der 4 (für die irdische) erhält man die für die Fülle stehende Zahl 7. Die Gesamtmaße des Domes sind jeweils mit 3x37=111 Fuß umschreibbar. So breit ist der Dom. Seine Länge beträgt 3x111 Fuß, 4x111 Fuß ist der Südturm hoch. 3x4x111 ergibt 1.332, also auch die Zahl der Steine.

Now, look what I found at a newspaper … an exhibition of **stones** (literally) hovering suspended from "heaven" … I kid you not. (*Note: In summer I'll happen to actually end up at that place*.) Interestingly, this article also gives some "numerology". There are 1332 stones, and the "4" is mentioned for "all things mortal" and the "7" for "abundance": "When you add the sacred number 3 – symbol of the divine dimension – to the number 4 – the material dimension, you get the number 7 that stands for abundance."

Oh well.

March 21, 2019

Full moon. Bob is my moon. Walking my dog I asked Bob to talk to me, to keep communicating … and as I walk around the corner, there is a car's license plate with "**BN 847 JO**".

I mean. Me, the 4, protected and flanked by Bob, the 7 and 8. And me, that's Jo. And B that's Bob, and the N stands for "new" (I've decided). That's how I choose to see it right now. Maybe I am meant to. Maybe not. I had a very intense dream again, but can't recall. Also had trouble breathing.

Today on "Red Mountain" I had to defend Jacqui from a dog that attacked him out of nowhere. That's a dog owner's worst nightmare … it was a young Magyar Viszla dog who tried to hump Jacqui, who gnarled at him, and the dog double of Jacqui's size immediately went for an attack trying to bite him. He wrested him to the ground, and Jacqui had already submitted and was whining, but the dog viciously went for him with his teeth … so I kicked the dog with all my might. And I did it so hard, that I hit some bone of his with my chinbone, hurt like hell, is blue and swollen now. A weird experience. The dog immediately let go of Jacqui, and I swear I would have fucking killed that beast hadn't he taken off. And the owner? Some blonde young woman simply strolled by, completely uncaring and aloof. (*Note: In such moments I must admit I always feel that I am not a nice or loving person, I'm all into revenge, and I would love to have powers to apply the proper punishment it right on the spot where it's needed.)*

March 22, 2019 **– The Yellow Butterfly with the "S"**

Extreme **dream**!

I somehow **flew way out over the ocean**, in some kind of storm … only to be dropped or fall, but it was pleasant, and I tried to do the "flying" by "willing" myself to fly, and ***while*** I was doing that in my dream, ***I was aware (!) in my dream that I was relating to other dreams where that "willing***

myself into flying" had worked, and in the dream I noticed that it didn't work, this time, and that I was simply dropping like a stone … and I gave in and simply plunged into the ocean …

But it was not scary … and above me was someone (who, see below) in some kind of flying vehicle … and I suddenly found the handles of *water-ski rope* in front of me. And I grabbed them and was excited about being able to cross the ocean using waterskis, and at first I grabbed them wrong, but then I got a good grip … but then I woke up.

Before that, though, I somehow met *Sabine Sch.*, a girl I knew at school for many years, and who was my rival at the HAK (commercial academy, but in the end, I beat her and was better than her for finals) … and somehow there was her *father* (who in real life I had not known, and also, *in my dream I recognized that* and said to myself, why in the world was I dreaming about that man?) … and I was kind of interested in him, he looked a little bit of a young Bob, and we were, in the dream, sort of meant to be romantically involved … but it never came to that. *In my dream I thought to myself* that in real life he had been a bank director (not sure if that's true, but he worked in a bank), and I was wondering what that had to do with me …

So the dream had several plotlines and levels … it left a very strange feeling of … I don't know, adventure, danger … *but so strange, to "think" in a dream while dreaming about the fact that I'm dreaming and comparing what I know from real life to what I'm experiencing in the dream! This has been happening a lot, lately, as in most of those intense dreams I know while dreaming that I'm dreaming.*

But:

Last night, before going to bed, I was very intent on communicating with Bob and the "Invisibles" to ask them to connect in my sleep … **but** I was so tired when I lay down, that I immediately dozed off.

This morning I'm entirely sure that I must move away from here … it's dragging and heavy …

Also I received such a selfish and stupid email from a "friend", that this time I didn't hold back and told her my opinion of her way of dealing with me (in terms of "grief"); I'm not interesting and entertaining enough for her, because I'm not "giddy" or happy. Geez unfuckingbelievable. Her biggest interest is refurnishing her bathroom next year … so there is no way to really relate, between her and me … geez. I'm so tired of careless people.

(*Note: I got to say that of all (!) people I know not one (!) has ever from their side asked me about how I was doing after Bob's death, not one has actively reached out in that regard with really wanting to know. Some "How are you"s at random accidental meetings, yes … but no one person was there who'd really have cared. Not one. One friend kept calling me, but she never really listens and only wants to tell her stories, and only calls when she has absolutely nothing better to do; at least, she has been connecting.)*

(Later)

Evening walk with my dog … thinking of Bob, halfheartedly fighting a very dark feeling of being lost, remembering last moments with him … my film, how he helped me finish it, but then it turned out, he got much of the digitizing work wrong, and there was no time left to fix it …

I felt so desperate, just unreal … then I saw a huge **yellow butterfly image on a car, and a big "S" on one of it's wings**, a logo for some kind of house-maintenance company … and somehow I felt it was a message, again. "S" for my beloved Stoneman, and the butterfly for "transition".

At the callshop I watched a **private movie of a man dying, old man** (*yes, I looked for a "person is dying"-video, I did*!), emaciated like Bob was, looked a little like Bob, from the side, head back, mouth open, death rattle … we could only tell by the movements of his Adam's apple and their cessation when he actually passed away. It was weirdly comforting and fulfilling to watch it. The son of the deceased, who had filmed his father's dying, writes in his notes with the video how many many people had watched it and sent him incredibly nice comments.

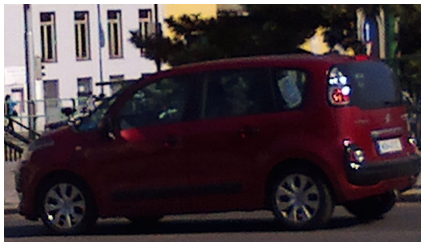
March 23, 2019 **– Aloha, the Veil-Dance, Wood & Stone**

Sad Saturday. Woke up with pain in my chest, the lung, not the heart this time. The heart hurt in the past days. But then, it's a crazy mix of weather extremes. Today: 18 degrees Celsius. A few days ago: 6. My mood and feeling of despair turned into *anger*, and I was violent to my dog. I had to totally focus to not let my frustration out on him and kick or beat him. I hissed and yelled at him and told him how he pissed me off by his fearful behavior. (What an asshole am I.) He reacted accordingly, didn't dare to pee on our morning walk, which pissed me off even more … I walk outside just for him, and then he didn't even pee? So yes, I really really disciplined myself. Then, later, I was really really sorry. Poor guy, he is nothing but sweet, and I must fight the urge to hurt him. But it passed, and I can't imagine it will come back. *Of course I didn't do anything to him,* and he did pee and take his poop during the end of our walk. In the elevator he gave me that horrified and stunned doggie-look of a creature knowing that the one other creature they depend on is potentially dangerous. So I pulled myself together.

My plan was to visit a new area in Vienna, the **Perchtoldsdorfer Heide** (a large meadow) and the Parapluie mountain (adjacent). For that we had to take a 30-min.-tramway ride, and standing at the station I had just come out of seriously telling Bob that he needed to communicate with me.

I tried to remember tonight's dream, I can't. I only know it was very very strange and intense.

So I stood at the **station**, waiting for the cable car, thinking of Bob, fretting with my lost paradise, when a red car stops at the traffic light in front of me, and a license plate is stuck inside the car *on the back-seat*, towards the window, and it's **a "Hawaiian" license plate.** It's not a real one, because there is no actual combination of numbers and letters, but it has the rainbow, and it reads (I kid you not) "**Aloha**". (*It cannot be seen in the picture, because I just made it to pull my camera out right when the car drove off at the traffic light … too bad, but it was one like this:)*



Okay. I actually said that out loud, with a smirk **"Oh! Okay Bob!"** I was truly stunned. I mean, fucking stunned. It's the one thing I needed and that's entirely unlikely to happen or appear in Hietzing, Vienna, on a Saturday morning, but there it was.

Then, soon after, I walked by a simple sign that read "**videoproduktion**" … and I've spent a lot of time thinking about how and whether I should ever do video production again … geez.

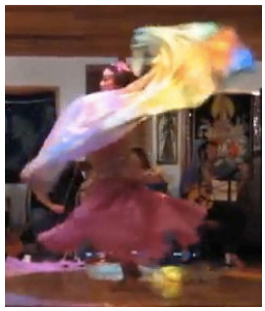
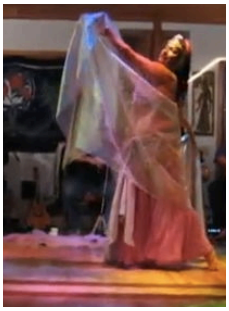
So then … we found that "**Heide**" (prairie). A beautiful wonderful sweet place, wide and quiet, beautiful early flowers …

… and the hike was strenuous, but we did enjoy our time. Especially when, while I was talking with Bob again, **a black dog** ran around at a distance, and the owner called him "**Bob**". Well, that was sweet …

Hiking, forest, sweating … and those **clouds**! Like someone tried to "**write**" in the sky or to reach out …

On the way back we took a seat in the meadow, high above Vienna, with a breathtaking view … and I tried to "*connect*". I mean, it was such a stunningly spiritual place …

And as I looked over, I saw: **A woman was doing a "veil dance"** on a hill! But I didn't get close enough to take a good picture, and another woman was actually filming her! <u>One of the regular jobs that Bob had, in our first year together, was shooting videos of **"Miraya", a veil-dancer on Maui!**</u> I hadn't thought of her in so long! And here was a woman doing the veil dance … I had only ever seen that on Bob's computer! I actually did find one of Bob's videos online! Oh fuck it all.

And on the way home, just after leaving the "Heide", I had a very strong impression of some **wooden structure**, and I thought "*Well, it's just wood, not stone"*, and at that moment, I look up, and there is a signage of a steakhouse, and it read **"wood & stone".**

So I really gasped and said "wow". Remember, this is still Vienna, *German language* Vienna, and I was there for the first time ever, and walked under a sign that read **"wood & stone",** just *when I had finished thinking "too bad wood, not stone".*

And then, as I walked on, back to the tramway station, along a creek, I realized that the street's name was "Schillerpromenade". And that's Sigi's name. Schiller. And I had such a strong impression of Sigi, who died in 2016 or cancer.

My boobs are hurting. Getting big. Hormonal. But why? I'm past menopause. The last menstruation I had when I was with Bob. We shared pads.

March 23, 2019

"Ka makau", the fishhook, in old Hawaii a symbol for "*always saying the right things*" … today about fishhooks-bracelets popped up several times until I looked more closely and remembered … Reminds me of the "makau" I gave Bob as a gift, maybe in 2012? And it broke apart.

March 24, 2019 **– The Stones Have Eyes & the Marble**

So today I woke up with so severe chest pain, that I got certain about a lung infection, although I don't have to cough, just pain, or an inflammation of a vessel or some blood clot, what the fuck ever … so I took colloidal silver and told me to relax.

I took Jacqui for a walk in the Küniglberg forest, to get some herbs for my salad (Bärlauch, Löwenzahn, Brennessel) … and to tell Bob again, that I need communication.

I did restart writing my book in the morning, I was madly inspired by more reading from "ATU", also did last night, before falling asleep. Had a crazy dream, can't remember. But sitting and writing I

knew that I'm on the right path. My question, though, has been and is: *"Bob, are you with me, are you seeing me?"*

Yesterday, actually, I had finally picked up **that round thing on the street**, *that I've been seeing for a while, I thought it to be candy*. But it's a "**marble**", for playing!

And it looks like an **eyeball** … but the latter fact I only realized today, after I found – g*uess what?* A **tiny image of a pile of stones with a small green lizard on them, and the stones have eyes.** Mind you – I found this on the street! Of course, I'm walking around all the time, with my dog, that's what I do … so naturally that's the area where "messages" can be put into my path!

Have you ever found a cutout picture of ***"stones with eyes and a lizard crawling on them"***? And I'd like to mention, that there were no other pictures of any kind around, on that forest path, only that one, with two sides; no garbage around, nothing.

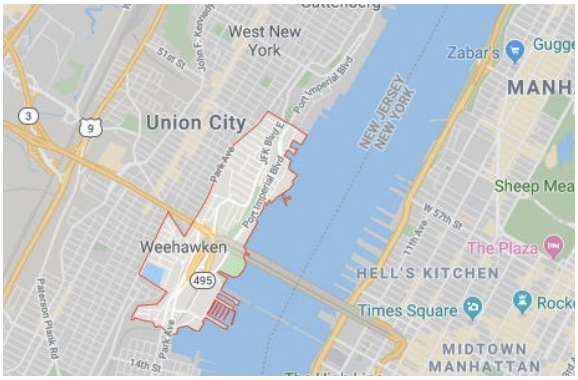
Well, *talk about an* ***answer to my question whether or not Bob is watching me!*** As you know, Bob's name is "Stone". I saw the tiny little cardboard cutout lie on the street, on the way out of the forest. And I only saw brown color and **eyes**. So my first thought was that it was a "message" from the "kupuna", the "Aumakua", those, who are dead but watching. *I walked by, but then I walked back and picked it up* – and I was stunned shitless when I saw the tiny **green "mo'o", a lizard, salamander or dragon!** And that's **me**! And Bob knows it, it used to be a big subject in our time in Hawaii together! The "mo'o" were all over our house, all the time, making their noises ... and they were in the rocks everywhere on Maui. And in ancient Hawaiian traditional tales, the "mo'o" are everpresent. And **I, the "mo'o" – "dragon" – on sand stones that have eyes!**

He is watching, he is here, he made me find that! That's my impression.

(Note: This find will have amazing meaning just ... soon! Wait for it!

And as I walked around a corner, a **white haired lady** talked to me – in American English! She asked for the way to Hietzinger Hauptstraße **22,** and I did tell her … and it turns out she is close to being 70 years old and touring Europe and has been walking for hours, deliberately, and she comes from exactly **that on place in New York** (actually, New Jersey) that has remained on my mind all those years! I was in New York with H. in 2001, around September 21, and she took me to that spot on the Hudson River where you can look over to that special settlement called *Weehawken*, and I remember it through all those years!

It was because my dog Kimba had died weeks ago and H. had picked me up from Norway that I'd come with her to New York, to stay a few days with her family in Manhattan, and during that time she took me to that spot … *and today I met <u>a woman from that spot on the other side of the river!</u>*



Get it? **From the other side?** From a time so significant to me, because after that H. took me to Maui where I met Bob (in spring 2002)! Geez! So I was entirely aware of al that, while I was speaking with that lovely woman! What are the odds of the two of us meeting?

Well, I have the feeling that something is going on.

<u>March 24, 2019</u> **– The Marble in the Book!**

Oh my, the **marble** I mentioned, that I finally picked up … I just came across **a section with a "marble" in "Across the Unknown"**, it's about whether or not the invisibles can see us, the mortal humans! Betty explains to Stewart ("SEW" in the quote) that she can "see" a marbel on the floor, but not see like with eyes, but she "knows" that the marble is rolling on the floor!

BETTY: Here we are, Joe and I, standing looking at you, and neither of us can explain how we do it!

JOE: How does a strong emotion come to you? Is it, or isn't it, reality? What does it look like? What's the shape of it? How do you know it is there?

Well then, how do I know YOU'RE there?

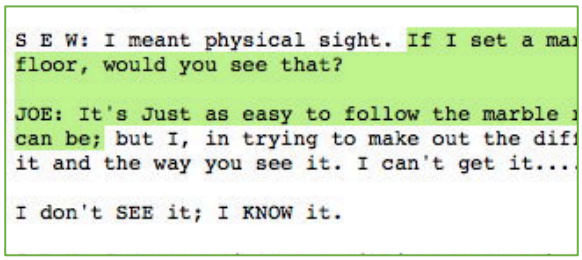
S E W: I meant physical sight. If I set a marble rolling across the floor, would you see that?

JOE: It's Just as easy to follow the marble rolling across the floor as can be; but I, in trying to make out the difference between the way I see it and the way you see it. I can't get it....

I don't SEE it; I KNOW it.

Isn't that amazing, that I found a marble just when I had read about a marble? <u>It's not that I find marbles all the time, actually never!</u>

*(**<u>Note January 28, 2024:</u>** Editing this today, I suddenly realize that because the "**seeing**" of the marble is mentioned in the text, that is rather a "knowing", I had found the "**stones with the eyes**" before – to make the synchronicity even clearer, because <u>the marble would come up with Betty explaining that their "seeing" is more like a "knowing"!</u> And the question whether and how Bob can "see" everything is today as relevant as back then, almost five years ago!*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WOW! Time synchronicity!)

I keep experiencing *memories*, even flashbacks, *into my time before I had even met Bob*. And strangely, there is no separation from him … it feels like I had always "known" Bob and had always been "with" him, even before meeting him.

So now, that he is "gone", he isn't really "gone", of course not. It's just my mortal human habit of assessing existence makes me suffer and mourn and experience "loss". But it gets less. I think I'm beginning to really grasp what I'm reading. And "Across the Unknown" is a book that's just the wisest ever. But then, if you haven't knowledge of the kind I have, especially due to having studied the so-called "Huna"-philosophy … I doubt you'd be able to "get" it completely, just how precious and true and useful it is.

What a circle. What the fuck am I supposed to accomplish?

March 25, 2019

Horrible **dream** … my (dead) grandmother (Maria) and me were on a dry meadow that stretched over hills, with two dogs on the leash. In a way, they were cats, but still, one of them was Jacqui.

Suddenly, a **fire** broke out, and my grandmother let go of the leashes, and the two animals ran away, while I tried to figure out a way to extinguish the fire … and I was dead-scared that I wouldn't find the animals again and tried to look for them, while my grandmother somehow was just there and didn't really do anything …

The fire extinguished itself, somehow, and I saw the burning track – only from one bush to another, with a distance of maybe 15 meters between them. It was very strange, but I turned around and tried to find the animals, but calling them I called "Julia!", which is the name of my real-life niece … and in my dream I thought wow, I should call "Iwan", because that was the name of one of my beloved cats, or "Jacqui" … and Jacqui somehow reappeared, but then I woke up.

And I had **another dream** … it was some kind of large **event** in a very fancy **hotel** or resort, but at the same time also across a huge beach. I was there twice, I was supposed to interview someone and for that get dressed and prepared or something … I was among those super-pretty very superficial and dumb young beauty-queens … but somehow I was honored and accepted, I just don't recall what I was supposed to pick up or prepare there, I think it was some kind of paper.

One of the young women gave me something … all that always surrounded by many people, like at a hotel lobby or at a musical event …

At some point I drove a car into an area (again, like a airport duty free area) where it's impossible to drive a car, and I struggled hard to get out of there again, before I'd be caught and punished … and everyone looked at me, and I felt ashamed and proud at the same time …

Somehow two of the young women suddenly were familiar, … and in another scene we were all hanging out on some sort of dune, waiting for some event to start, and I managed to deal with someone, a man, this time, giving him something or taking a picture of him … it was all slipping away while I was dreaming, …

… *and in the dream I thought*, wow, how dark and fussy everything is … I seemed to get nowhere, but on the other hand I did have some kind of impression of success …

I woke up with a very very dreary *feeling of having lost everything,*

(…)

I got an email from M., who I had written a very harsh response … and I only read the first line ("You are very unfair …") … and I deleted it. I do not need to explain myself to people who have no interest in the path I'm taking and the things I'm knowing … at all. I need connection with people of my level. Whoever that may be.

March 26, 2019 **– A Video-Crew Filming Grave Stones on My Path**

Dream of **race across a snow piste,** up or down, no way to brake … (it was so clear white, whiter than white … can it relate to my wish that the Whites would communicate with me, as I'm working with their work?) … so I realized I should have made sure to have learned how to take off, since I didn't know where the piste would end, and I was so fast and was getting faster that any attempt to brake with my feet, would have ended in total demise and fall. *So I tried to "will" myself into slowing down, and it began to work*, when I awoke … by the movement of my dog wandering about the apartment …

The dream started with me and two or three people, one resembling Bob, one a woman, maybe Betty White, on some kind of mountain site or top … and I had some time to spend and decided to show off my "slalom"-skills but without skies. I do have those skills on icy hills, can slide like skiing without skies …

So as soon as I started that, I got so fast, that I was close to taking off and flying … I was kind of safe and stable enough to keep going that fast, I could handle the overview and the piste and all … but I didn't trust myself. Also I thought that I was getting too far away from the others, and I'd have to make all that way back, again … and I was a little spooked about how damn fast I was going, which was a great wonderful skill, I just wasn't prepared, and I did have the impulse to just go with it and get even faster, but I didn't trust myself and tried to brake, somehow … I never slowed down completely, but the braking did work a little …

In hindsight, what a waste of potential (*Note: of what Bob and I could have accomplished, together*).

So, right, what is this saying to me? The Whites telling me that I have to brace myself and be aware of what I'm dealing with and what it will "bring" me? Then, see, I have thoughts of my death every day … I can't imagine ever being able to not being desperate about my own memories of Bob and the impossible task of "getting" that he isn't a mortal living person anymore. I need him as a mortal living person. He was a walking promise. His promise to me. His face, his voice, his body … it was all coming for us.

Well, I might have received an answer.

Today, *walking along Wienfluss (river Wien)* with Jacqui, and again, telling Bob that I needed some definite clear messages, but what could it be, like after distinct clouds, Hawaiian song, aloha, writings on poles and such …

… and sure enough, at the river Wien shore, right in front of me – was a **video production crew**! I kid you not, I was so baffled, I almost didn't dare to look! And when you look at the photograph, you'll immediately see, what happened: Some fog inside the camera made the imagery blurry, so that it looks surreal! Of course I couldn't just go there and photograph those folks, I did it secretly … but the "air" of that photograph … it seems as if Bob wants to tell me "***We can still do production together, just maybe through that veil that separates us***" …

They were just three people, just like Bob and I had been, with a soundman, at times, the cameraman was squatting and filming something on the ground, the soundman next to him and the lady producer who called the shots, looking out … *I walked by them and I couldn't help but telling Bob that I do appreciate the effort.* And what are the odds? I had been walking in deep thoughts **about whether or not to even try and do video/film anymore!** *I kid you not:* That was my topic walking along that river that day!

Last night I halfheartedly had emailed a few companies asking who was using Media100 (the editing system that Bob and I had worked with) and could help me with **videoproduction** (just one response, out of four, very disappointing, I hope I will get more responses) … and then I got an email from Emme Tomimbang, encouraging me … and I had shared with her the Hawaiian-song-in-Waldviertel-event, and she really responded to it and told me that I had had an "island moment". Her show is called "Island Moments", and that's how we know each other, Bob and I worked for and with her, many years back, and one of Bob's last jobs was filming Willie K for her …

Emme is still mourning the loss of her husband, who died a few years back … and she keeps writing about it. But Jim almost was 80 years old when he died and had had cancer for 6 years, and Bob was barely 64 … and I did not have the chance to try and help him properly …

So … that ***video crew*** today*, in my path* …? Is it telling me that I must or should or will go on, like it or not? But Bob was my partner, I was "his writer", and …

Emme wrote to me that I'm obligated to *not* just move on, but to move ***forward***.

"Imua", as I wrote myself in my book draft. "Onward". That was Bob's and my motto.

And what did the video crew film? Get this: **stones**. They literally filmed the **stone** ground of the river shore. Seriously. So, there. Message. Right? (*Note: I noticed a while later, when I walked there again, actually gazing at the ground, that some of the stones used to plaster that path along the river, are actually* ***graveyard stones****, head stones, some even with inscriptions intact!*)

March 26, 2019 **– The White Page**

Call me crazy … but I've been thinking of the Whites and how I'd love to "hear from them". So today, after coming back from a short evening walk with Jacqui, I opened a word-document – and *only a white page came. And then the computer froze*. And with white page I do not mean simply an empty World-page, like a template document, with the menu bar and all … no. No menu bar. Nothing. *Only a white page* that would not move.

I must say that I'd really started working selecting paragraphs from "Across the Unknown" to quote a bit earlier … so maybe they were greeting me? Sounds crazy to you, I know. Sometimes even to me. But why not think that way? What's the harm? And what if it really makes sense?

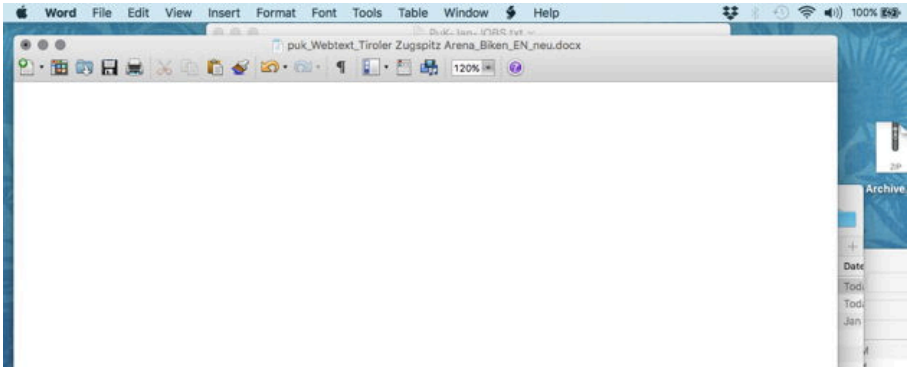
I also realize how fucked up it all is … Bob's siblings coming to his "celebration of his life", which will only be a short note, pretty much, after the screening of the film Bob worked on so long, and the big ass producer, who ruined Bob's life, will be there and all famous and shit, ... his family will be there, but they never would visit Bob on Maui, while he was still alive! And now they suddenly can come to stare of images of him?

Motherfucking shit. I couldn't eat as much as I'd like to throw up. And I really really can't fucking believe, right now, that Bob is dead. I mean dead. Took everything down, all his skills, all that he built, his home … (*Note: The more I think of it, the more it was obvious spiritual suicide.*) and I wasn't with him in the past years to catch those signs and help him. But didn't I adopt a dog to keep myself away from Bob?

(…) My chest is hurting so much, I can't lie on my right side. I don't feel anything when I am breathing, though, just at times I must cough, and it seems like I can't even really cough … Maybe my heart? I remember in 2014 I was at the point of barely getting enough breath … and Bob helped me with some kind of soluble cleaning spray … and I inhaled it, and it did help. Emphysema, I am thinking, it was back then.

Asking myself if the **white page** was a message from the Whites, or that **bright white slope** I was racing along **in my dream** … I suddenly realized that, well, of course. I'm working with their work! Working to further their work. <u>They are discarnates, and they know that I do it.</u> Haven't I learned anything from the events just a few days ago – the ***"stones have eyes" and then the quote from "Across the Unknown"?*** They probably watch me read and think the words they've created long ago (on my time). Where else would they be, than around here, while I'm dealing with all of it they had put out there for the right people to pick it up!?

I think I must get actual copies of their books, because there are sketches in them that are missing in the online-pdf. *(**<u>Note update:</u>** Today, January 7, 2020, just as I had read through the above paragraphs about the "white page", this happened:*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*Yes, another **white page**, out of nowhere; I was editing a job-text, when at one normal letter-key-stroke, everything went blank; No key-combination, nothing. Couldn't be clicked away, obviously Word had crashed, but it had not done that before except as described above. Just saying.)*

As mentioned my phone started to make blurry photographs – again today (*Note: The next day, the phone made normal photos again, and it never before that or after that made blurry pictures, and I've been all over the place with the phone, and neither did it drop nor was there any other "steam"-condition.*) I ended up at a **tree of <u>white</u> magnolia blossoms**, and I photographed them … it's looks eerie. (Yup, "white", again … in a spooky setting with a "**veil**" between me and the white blossoms!)

I also encountered a wall painting of a **squid** (octopus) … and this is amazing in itself, because: I was always fascinated with Hawaiian sayings and with the sugar cane fields on Maui, and I used to talk with Bob about this one: "Pua ke ko, ku mai ka he'e," "*When the Ko (sugarcane) tassles, comes the squid out.*" It means, then it's squid-fishing season. (It's in November. When Bob died.)

I read up on lung cancer. Some people take 25 years to die of it. What I went through in the years 2013 and 2014 … I did think I'd suffocated, but without having a cold, just that cough, dry and never satisfying, not going away … since then it has come and gone, but rarely ever had I had a clear breathing … on Maui last year, when I swam at Paia beach, that was the first time in a long time that I felt I could breathe … but basically, while swimming I did often feel cramping in the chest … over the years, even last year. And the back chest pain all the time, in the past months … right now, after a bout of a cold and a tiny little bit coughing, I have that chest pain, but no cough, and I can breathe quite freely.

Well, since I've got work to do, I'm treating myself, with Colloidal Silver, Pilka thyme extract, Cistus incanus tea, cell salts (3, 4, 5, 8, 9, 11, Aurum) and extracts of ginger, melissa and ribwort plantain … This is what did Bob so much good. Until …

March 27, 2019

I feel awful, mostly, so desperate and desolate. But as soon as I sit with "Across the Unknown" and I have now begun to extract excerpts, I feel better and stronger and motivated.

I forced myself to lie on my right side today, although I can feel pain and "something" in my chest, somewhere in the middle … but I don't want to accept it. I ignored the pain, and I did manage to sleep on that side. It's my favorite side!

And the **dream**!

I was in a **refugee camp**, but a visitor of a lady who ran it; I didn't know her, older than me, blond, pudgy … and I was very sick, deadsick, I knew it. I had made myself some nice bed, like a nest, in a ground floor room, but crude foreigners kept entering the house and occupying everything … taking my blankets. J.-O. showed up! The Norwegian, who was in involved in the process that got me to Maui in 2001! Who was there when my dog Kimba was killed … in my dream I realized that he was just the same insane jerk … I had somehow hoped he'd help me and associate with me … but he hooked up with a blond young woman, who also pretended to care about me, and they dressed up to go out while I was slinking around in my nightgown, so sick, waiting for them to bring me help …

So I just let them go, with the big insight, while dreaming, that J.-O. was just J.-O., nothing to expect to have changed …

But the dream showed me that I'm alone with everything and that I *must* be true to my feelings and urges … so if I feel repelled by someone, I have to stay away. I don't have to do anyone a favor.

Also not to the Stones … it makes me sick thinking that they'll run around on Maui, all nostalgic, for the "celebration of Bob's life", but didn't get their asses to visit him in all those years before … (***Note****: and they saw him in his dead-sick state and didn't say anything, while I had to postpone my visit in early summer, because he wanted to go meet with his son for father's day ... but his son had something*

better to do and never met Bob ... and had just one of them spoken to him about his awful state, he might have shared, and that could have saved him ... Fuck no, I won't get over this shit.)

Right now I'm trying to visit a forest with Jacqui, as often as possible, also the presence of fir trees enhances the count of T-cells, the killer cells, and I'm aware that I am in fact sick and must do something against it. For Jacqui and the book project. That's at the same time "me".

March 27, 2019 **– The Dolphin in the Sky**

In the date field of the laptop that Bob gave me last year and that he named "Dani", and on the second level there will always be "Bob" … shows "Wed 2:22 PM", and I'm back into devastation. "Haulani 222" was our address … my beloved home, my sanctuary, Bob and I used to call it "House of laughter" … and now it's all gone. And Bob is, too. And I'm here.

Just came back from the forest … my lungs started to feel better, but there is a distinct damage in my chest, maybe just an inflammation … it makes me think of how life has stayed back while I seem to move … I don't know anymore, what my life is. I don't even dare to call up memories.

When I arrived on Satzberg mountain today, I reminded myself that the "Invisibles" aren't just memories, because they ***are*** all around … so I'd never have to put up any kind of "shrine", or altar for Bob, because that would give his defunct body-cremains more value than they have.

And I need him alive … and so I held up my spiritual "Rigani"-Mudra and told Bob "**Play me!**", which is our code … and sure enough, a "**puka**" appeared *between the dense clouds,* in the form of *a* **tiny shark or a dolphin**.

Not just "like" it, no – in that form. Clearly. Distinctly. Bob and I always watched clouds and talked about what we saw … I think it was him, giving me one of the "skysharks" that we used to talk about on our "lanai" … Mind you, there were not other holes in those clouds around.

(*Note: I'm aware of how that can sound to readers, like a mind crazy with grief "reading" things into clouds or holes into them, and I was aware of that then, too. But it's a difference between seeing something "by accident" or being in a place of awareness and kind of "spaced out" and then realizing that something so distinct has just appeared that it defies any impressions of "coincidence" … of course, there is always the chance that my own spirit is able to "handle clouds", too … I've had that impression many years ago. But then … whatever it is,* ***consciousness rules****!)*

Thinking that I might be very sick isn't a bad thought at all – only when I look at my dog, then it is. I have no contact with my mother, she just wrote that letter to me that I should stay away, she wants no contact, without ever having explained to me, why. Maybe she is drinking heavily and went crazy.

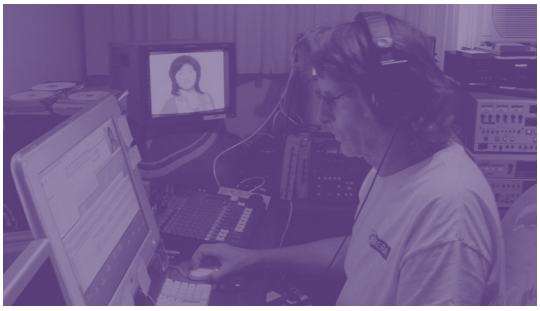
(Note January 2024: Oh I had no idea what was waiting for me in that regard ... for years, in the future.)

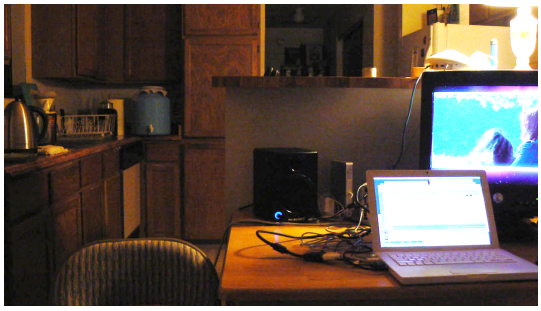
So, okay, I'm trying to heal myself. Maybe it's only a lung inflammation. My urine stopped stinking, and the pain in my abdomen and the cutting, rubbing feeling there is gone right now.

I'm gonna do a lot of more Spitzwegerich (ribwort plantain) and Brennessel (stinging nettle), because they are growing fresh now. (*Note: And no, it would never occur to me to go to a doctor, thank you very much*.) Brought herbs from the walk, to eat them with cooked potatoes. Bärlauch. Löwenzahn. Spitzwegerich.

March 27, 2019

I took a nap, amidst trying to gain excerpts from "Across The Unknown", and I had a sort of **dream** of the house in Pukalani … (*Note: "sort of" because it may have been just fantasizing* …) and it was empty, and the wind was blowing through the hallway and the rooms … where Bob and I had been … and I ran through it, it felt so real, I touched everything, I kissed (!) the walls, I hugged the doors … I saw myself standing there, talking to Bob, who was sitting in his office …





*(**Note**: Obviously, I put these images in at least two years after having written the entry, in 2019 there was no way for me to look at an image of Bob.)*

Even though I try to find solace and strength in writing this Contact Diary, I feel so devastated that I could die on the spot, and I wouldn't mind … The memories undo me, like right now, as I started crying only writing this …

I see myself and Bob in that house, and we had such great hopes, and there was so much still to do … and now we are both gone from there … It will be a haunted house, maybe. We loved it so much. I wish it would burn down. I experienced so much love and heartbreak in there …

And Bob would come a million times, from his edit room, into the kitchen adjacent to my working area, asking ***"What can I get you?"*** or ***"Can I get you something?"*** He'd always say that.

Well, Bob, you can get me – *yourself*. Or get me out of here.

But my lungs aren't hurting anymore. I can breathe. I slept on my right side tonight.

March 28, 2019 **– The Dreams In the Dreams**

I had wild wild **dreams**, and I remembered them for the longest time …

Okay, remember now, late at night:

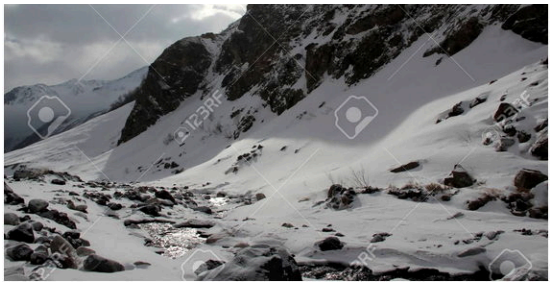
My niece **Julia** and my nephew **Patrick** (about 12 years old) and I and my dog **Kimba** used to visit the forest around my grandmother Maria's house in Klein St. Veit, and there we'd venture out into the forest … to a certain rock formation …

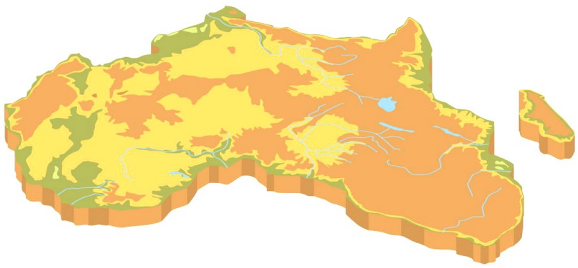
In my **dream**, we were there … and we were heading for that special area of the forest, it was kind of a struggle, somehow, as if my mother was there too and wouldn't let us move the way we wanted to. My dog had run away and the kids after them, and I had to transport something somewhere or get something … and there were adversaries, strangers, and suddenly more dogs were there, long legged, like Greyhounds, and they would run across the street (but the area was entirely unknown to me) and I was so worried about the cars, but it all went well.

Then the kids and I did finally head for the forest … and it so weird, because the area that we were visiting*, was a setting from other dreams, of years ago – and I was aware of that, while dreaming* … and it was some kind of puddle area between the rocks on some **prairie** in the forest (but in the real forest), and the puddles can fill up to real lakes or streams, and I had several dreams of them …

And yes: In my dream, *as part of the dream, I thought about how often I actually return to the same locations in my dreams!*

For example, there is some kind of high mountain slope, like a **ravine**, and also a place where I've been in diverse dreams, and if I made it across a ridge and further away …





… and this ties into other dreams, where the setting is suddenly in an **ocean-side country** with wide wide beaches and stretches of land and roads … and somehow it can turn to **Africa**, and there were many dreams where I tried to get deep into East-Africa to a sort of animal sanctuary where I was supposed to work, and I traveled literally along a huge map … but it was always so difficult, while I was surprised how close it actually was, my **destination**, not much of a mileage, although I had to literally **travel across an actual map**, *as if I was traveling across the globe* and could look down on the scenic map, being so much bigger than that globe … and everytime I noticed (in the dream) that the geography didn't actually match the real-life Earth! But it would be always the same "non-Earth" landscape of which I thought it was Earth's Africa.

So that one place, **behind a ridge**, is some hidden place, like a tourist attraction with huge round boulders … and **inside is some kind of historical mystical spot** … and in various dreams I was trying to get people there … and I was excited if they agreed to try and make it walking that far … I had been there many times …

When I write about it, it does feel like I had really been there, in those spots …

So last night I dreamed of **Julia and Patrick and me heading for those puddles** in the light green and rocky open landscape at the edge of a forest … and from there is actually, now that I think about it, *another path into another forest area from other dreams*!

(That's us with Kimba)

I do remember very many dreams, like real memories … and it's very strange how many there are with places where I return to …

Like there is some kind of ocean beach village with flat white painted buildings where Bob and I used to live together … and many times I had the feeling that those were real places and that we had really been there … but those were just dreams. And many times I returned there, in dreams, always looking for Bob … but that was in years when I still was with Bob and also when we were separated for months, but I would return to Maui often …

And there is another area of "Hawaii" in my dreams, with a very narrow passage way between houses, like in a Mediterranian setting, where I passed often …

I saw a *woman on the street*, yesterday, she held her face low, and I saw that she was crying. Yes, I know, that's our human fucking ordeal, that we are facing death … and we aren't prepared …

I also realized today *how much Stewart White and me really have in common* … the writing, the Africa experiences, the travels … he lived for 7 years after his wife Betty's death.

March 29, 2019 **– Meeting Bob While My Body Regenerates**

After working on "Across the Unknown", *I asked Bob distinctly to connect with me*, in a **dream**. Because that's something like a common ground. I lay down and put myself into position to do some meditation, like described in the book, but I immediately feel leaden tired, and fell asleep.

And then I did **dream of Bob**, and it had a very strange feeling to it. I know my dreams, I know how different they are. This dream was not lucid, I was not aware that I was dreaming.

So I found *myself looking for Bob (again*), and I met him in some kind of *long stretched village, feels like some "Western" village*, with a long dusty road, but it was also near a river, and there seems to be as slope up a mountain on the south exit of the village. Other people where there, and I knew they were *"like" Bob*, and in the dream I knew they had something to do with his life, they knew him, or they were working in video production. Like the lovely Michael Clarke, who died many years ago, a frequent cameraman crew member when Bob and I worked on Maui, or Mike Knowles … one of the people there reminded me of my mother's dead great love, Sebastian, short and with blond, reddish curly hair.

And they kind of knew who I was and *how special it was that I had found Bob and met him.* And Bob was … like ***Bob****, but he was also a bit distant, tall and slender, looking at me with some kind of* ***wonder****.* And I had the feeling like I've always had, *that he was keeping stuff from me,* like not wanting me into his life, or not being able to, not aware of his distantness …

So I knew in that dream that *Bob was missing a* ***tooth***, it was the one on his right side, behind the "fang", and there was some kind of bloody ruin of it. In *real life*, Bob had lost his second left side upper **incisor**, when I met him last year, and he was very desperate about it, and the missing tooth made his look even more miserable, and he said that it kind of startled people.

So in that dream, I thought, well, the first good thing I'm going to do for him now that I've found him, is to help him with that *tooth*. So I went to a dentist's office, that somehow just was there and discussed with an assistant Bob's problem. I did have the feeling that she wasn't really listening (she was a Sarah Silverman type), and I was a bit worried, but she assured me that she understood and that Bob was to come to get treated. And I got Bob over there. So when he left the dentist office, he was quite distraught, and he – without directly looking at me - told me that he had had his tooth fixed, already, before my intervention, it was a preparation for an implant … so, horrified, I realized that they, at the dentist's, must have made it worse and hurt Bob?

I was devastated, and I tried to apologize, but at the same time I was wondering why Bob *had let them do it.* And it felt like Bob had let them do their thing *because he somehow didn't want to contradict me or make my intervention look wrong.* So he did not speak up for himself, but just let them do stuff, even though he knew it was wrong.

(That is so so so so realistic! I'm baffled now, that I think about that dream's implications!)

And so he stood there, in front of me, trying to look at me, but not looking at me directly, because there was some kind of **energetic "barrier"** between us, as if he simply couldn't gaze at me … (*Note: I'm not making this up right now, it was like that in my dream and I was aware of it as part of the dream!*) … **and I loved him so much**, and I kind of knew that he loved me too and didn't want to do anything to hurt me.

So I reached up and embraced him … and we stood embraced. And then, in my dream, I had a small glitch of thought where I remembered (as part of the dream!) that in real life it had been Bob who had reached out, that one time, in August 2018, and had embraced me, from behind, saying how sorry he was about the lost time … and we both cried. But then I was sure that we'd both live a happy life together, finally.

So in the dream, I reached out, from the front, and we hugged … a very satisfying feeling.

Did I meet Bob really? Using the dream state?

I woke up with that feeling that I had really "*gone*" somewhere, and when I tried to do the awareness exercise about "being" the "expanded consciousness", there was an immediate thought that said

"*You just got back from there, you got to be in your realm now*". And I allowed myself to really wake up.

The dream sort of went on very briefly … with Bob and I remaining in that place, and somehow I suddenly knew that the thing with the tooth was going to be alright, and Bob himself seemed to relax. All the time ***during the dream*** (!) though, I had the feeling that he was some kind of "surreal" existence, not really fleshy and solid, and fragile, in a way.

(*Note: I'm aware that because of my dealing with those subjects, like "entering the beyond in a trance state" and "Betty shares what she goes through when leaving her body and being with the Invisibles", my subconscious has plenty of materials to make up stories in order to deal with those topics … but still, I can't determine for sure what that experience really was.)*

So I'm thinking now, that where he his now, he certainly is in a state of evolution, of learning. And I will think about that dream today, more.

It does "use" tidbits of his and my experiences together, but it does contain a message, definitely. He plays on stuff to let me know it's him, but it's not possible to convey a clear message, because of the obstructions in my subconscious. ***So when I woke up,*** I found myself walking down "Haulani Street", in Pukalani, Maui, where we've walked a thousand times, towards the house … it was very real, I was watching the street and the grass next to the neighbor's house, as if I was walking there, it was the perspective from me, actually. A clear memory? Yes, but also … it *was like Bob was next to me, but I did not see him*, I only recalled how often we had walked there … and how often I had longed to take his hand (and never have, because he didn't like that in public). I reminded myself, or maybe he reminded me of how distant he had been to me, so often …

It's strange that I walked down the street when I was already awake, or so I thought …

Tonight's dream may want to tell me that – and this is my gut having come up with it right away when I asked – Bob isn't "ready" yet. He is struggling, where he is. I could help him, but I must be careful to do it right. That's the tooth-thing: My good intentions. Or he wanted to play on the facts of his dying … me trying to keep him, when things were already "done" … so that I could interfere, but I couldn't really change things that he had already put in motion. That may be it.

Dani over and out for now.

March 29, 2019 **– The Ring to Rule Them All!**

So – **now** it happened. I'm convinced. I think. I went for a walk with Jacqui, after writing about my dream and "meeting Bob", and **then I found a ring**. *The* ring. *It's a ring that's from Bob. How do I know?* It's our eternal-connection-ring. Because **it shows the symbol that I held up in the sky in the hour of Bob's death**, a symbol that "came to me" in 2011 during a train ride, and that really symbolizes "***Rigani***" for me, the Celtic female spirit of the universe. It's my perfect mirror-mudra, "As above so below"!

I picked up the ring *from the dirt* on a path where I *barely ever walk*, next (!) to the dog's path along Schanzstraße, near the ÖAMTC (like tripple A) facility … *and I was so baffled, that my world seemed to really "warp" suddenly.* First I thought it was just a piece of reflecting foil. It's very dirty there, including dog's poop … and as I picked up this ring, I stood there and kind of watched myself from next to myself, it was like a small "out of body"-experience … (*Note: One doesn't have to die for that, many people would say they know situations when they really felt "beside themselves" …*)

The ring reflects the perfect "reverse" image of a symbol … just like, in it's most simple form, it can be made with a human's hands, the "Rigani"-mudra that "came to me" during a train ride from Velden to Vienna … I was reading in a book ("Göttin im Federkleid" / "Goddess in Plumage" by Luisa Francia) about "Rigani" or "Morgan / Morgaine", the female Celtic goddess, when I just had to put the book down, and *my hands went up to the window and my fingers formed that symbol against the snowy landscape* … and it was like I was watching my hands do that, without knowing what they were up to. (*Just put the inside of your middle and ring finger on top of each other, and the symbol forms itself.)*

It's a man's ring, and it has the colors of the **rainbow**, like a shell that contains a pearl, like and pearl itself, it's made that way, from a metal (*I think its steel*) that features the colors from tile to violet, it's beautiful. And the symbol is shown three times on the ring, outside, and it says **"as above so below", as a reverse symbol, a left-right reflected image.**

When I walked in the forest a little later, looking at the ring and having it in my pocket, I suddenly found it so much ***easier to "know" myself as an eternal consciousness***, and I had a lot of insights …

The song "Ho'ike Mai Ke Aloha", for example, that was sung to me in Waldviertel just a few days earlier, actually features what I'm reading in "Across the Unknown", that "love" isn't just a lovely idea, it's a quality of the spiritual substance that we are "growing", developing as mortal humans. It means **"Bring the Knowledge of Love here!"** And when you think of the factual energetic properties of what science now knows as "heart energy", "love" in terms of "aloha" has much different meaning, doesn't it? And besides:

"Aloha" does not mean "love", it can mean "with the power of my conscious thinking" ("ha" – "innate energetic power", "lo" – directing conscious mind"), interpreted often as "sharing the breath of life", which, of course, is a rather flowery and esoteric interpretation that tends towards a religious tinge. In reality, "aloha" is a word that reflects kind of "hard core" energetics. But it would go too far to deal with this here, and I've already written hundreds and hundreds of pages about this, in my book "We Creators of the World".

The Invisibles conveyed through Betty that we must "let life flow through you" and *just use everything and anything to build your spiritual body*. That's what human life is about: building a spiritual body within the shell of the mortal body. The ring seems to say just that.

There is so much to say about the human ability to "move" or "direct" or "project" energetic charges at any time of their existence, and whether they are aware of it or not … it's the biggest shame of human existence that so few people are aware of it.

I just said to Bob "Oh, my dear, you're such an expert" … and I'm talking about the past, the present and the future at the same time.

March 30, 2019

After asking Bob or "anyone" to communicate, I woke up in the middle of the night (it was still dark) totally awake, like "alerted" by something. I was lying there, listening, my heart pounding. I felt a **presence of "something",** and immediately the **window crackled** and the floor crunched, but my dog was lying perfectly still. I switched the light on, and the feeling didn't go away. I wasn't scared, but close to it. I said to myself that since I didn't know "who" was here, I might as well be scared.

So I even hesitated switching the light off, but I did then, watching the dawn slowly come up. My heart wouldn't stop pounding, in the air was something that was exciting and a bit worrisome.

I had asked Bob or "anyone" last night ***to just not scare my dog***, ever. Or me. And Jacqui was awake, but calm. So I calmed down, too. And I fell into a very deep sleep, with a very intense **dream** – that only recalled after an extended walk through the Prater forest …

I was moving (running?) towards a **flying object**, like a **plane**, that I was supposed to board, and I was *naked* and was on my way through some wet, greet traditionally rural area, a village, not exotic, rather Austrian or American, and *I was hiding out in forests, sheds, houses and gardens* … hiding from someone, but I only know that I was chased … and at some point I met a local guy to whom I sort of offered sex so that he'd let me pass (but no sex happened) … I did get clothes, somehow, maybe from a shed? … but for some reason I decided to turn around and head back. But I still had to do all the hiding … On the way back I met that guy again, but hid out, and I met the same spots again, but now I knew them already and was moving more easily. I think I met someone else who was like me hiding out and trying to advance … and there was something about food, some kind of "breakfast" I was supposed to get … and now I just recalled that the guy mentioned above gave me that breakfast, or I stole it, or I offered sex for it, again? Something like that … but I had to get to a *helicopter* or what that was …

I remember years ago I kept dreaming of being chased or being actively pursuing something under life-danger all the time … I was in so much danger in my dreams, always … that waking up was a huge relief everytime … Bob would ask me every morning: "*That* kind of dream again?" Yup.

In today's dream I wasn't aware that I was dreaming, but I was aware that I was again somehow being chased. Some woman was in the game, too, who I knew, an older one, and I think she did spot me, as I was running from hiding place to hiding place, but she did give me away. How weird. But I think I dreamed that *after* I had woken up from that startling sensation … that "someone" was in my room …

(*Note: It's important that you know about me that I do not invite any kinds of "apparitions", like "ghosts" … but that said, I would ask Bob to show himself … wait for it, what happened …)*

March 31, 2019

Who is really celebrating a dead person's life? The one who holds a meeting with friends, looks at pictures, tells stories about the deceased, cries, has a priest read a mass and then go home and "move on without" the dead person, or the one who accepts that the loved lives on in the dimension where he or she has always lived in the subtle realm, as "consciousness", "spiritbody", "energetic entity"?

Only realizing and accepting that creating that spirit-body was life's aim all along, really honors the "life" of a person. Or being. Or entity of a kind that we can't really fathom or understand, yet. Maybe it's my "kuleana" (spiritual plight) to spread this information among mankind?

Two dreams tonight:

In an outdoors rural kind of "**school**"-setting, several people, including me, were given a task to solve a mathematical problem, including geometry and kind of a story with it, like the long "mathematical equations" that are to be derived from real-life circumstances, like building a house or something. I kind of was hiding out from people, and it was as if I had "stolen" that task, that school-job, and I was hiding behind something, which I want to say was a boat, that was sort of "leaning" on his side. On the other side I was actually living, but I also began to work on that equation task. I

strangely didn't really get all the way through – as there wasn't only one riddle or task, but there were several, like at a "final exam" ("Matura" in Austria). And I kept dealing with the first, big one, which I did solve, but somehow I wouldn't let go of it. It was like when one's legs are entangled while sleeping, one can't run in a dream … it was like that with my mind.

Then came the time when the **teacher** (similar to my mother's dead boyfriend Sebastian, who died of a car accident in about 1991, pudgy, short, blond-reddish curly hair, *Note: actually, now that I think about it, he has been showing up regularly*) showed up and asked to see our work. Somehow there were people from my HAK-class (commercial academy), like *Sabine Sch.* (weirdly, she also keeps occurring in dreams), but not clearly, and I sort of hesitated with the presentation.

(Christine, me, Sabine Sch., Anita, 1983)

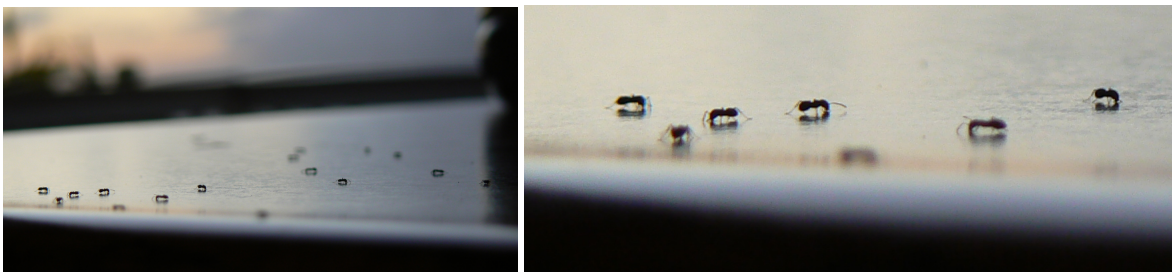
When it was my turn, I had to climb up into some kind of attic, and I had to bring the two heavy heavy "tool-boxes", one resembling a heavy suitcase, up onto that very fragile wooden "threshing floor" (similar to the one at my grandmother's place, where my brother and I were, as kids, always warned to not step on to not break through, as the planks were lose). And I could move the entire wall of it, like some flower-stack-wall, and yet I still climbed up. Strangely, the teacher seemed to be below … and somehow he got to take a look at my paper. I meant to explain things to him, but somehow I couldn't, there was no way to express myself … and I had to pee urgently (in my dream).

And then I woke up, it was very unsatisfying. But I had to pee so urgently, and I went to pee *and I dreamed on*.

And now **Bob** (!!!) was there. He was in a room, working on some kind of "painting", but on a big round concrete slab, like a huge donut (reminds me of Marko Rodin's coil, but as a solid thing; I've been dealing with Marko a few weeks ago, because my friend Rebecca had contacted me, who is Marko's son Nalu's grandmother, via Nalu's mom Chrissy, Rebecca's daughter) …

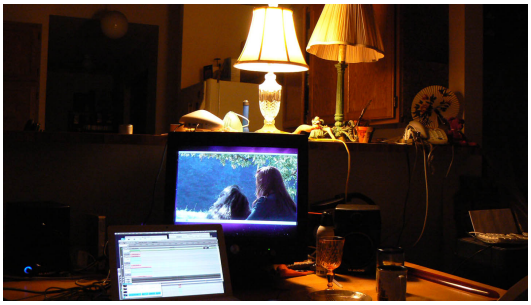
So Bob began to paint that huge donut, in whose center he was standing, like the iris of an eye, all around him. Exactly above him was a hole with some kind of white paper-lampshade hanging over him, and I knew, in the dream, there were **ants** (!) up there. Bob would receive messages (I don't know how) from John (W.) who demanded that Bob make the colors less bright, and Bob grumpily painted over them, just on the ridge, making them less bright. (*Note: John W. is the producer who caused Bob to waste years of his life on a film that was meant to take half a year to make, and it was barely finished at Bob's death, 12 years later.)*

I watched him in the dream, and he saw me being there, but he didn't look at me, he did grumble about how he'd "of course" (sarcasm) paint it less bright, with less saturation (which is a term from video production), and I watched and was worried and also disappointed. *But I didn't say anything, and it was very much like in real life with Bob, where I had stopped saying things after a few years, because Bob wouldn't take anything well and attack me instead of the people who caused him harm.*



In the dream, he turned away, at some point, and I saw that the "ants" (I didn't see them) began to pull up that *white lamp-shade* (in the shape of a funnel), inside into that hole in the ceiling, and I told Bob … and he looked up and said that it was fine with him, even better if they did that. But I told him that it wasn't okay to lose that lampshade, and I pulled it back down in it's proper position, and *told the ants to back off.*

Somehow … that's when I woke up.



*(The ants-pic is from our Pukalani house, and this is my POV from my favorite work-spot at home, I'm working on the edit of my film "Geronia", … see the "**white lamp shade**"? Weirdly, just today, January 7, 2020, as I'm editing this section of the c. d. I dug out this photo, somehow … didn't even know I had it. This has been happening, and I just follow my guts right now … Note: Sometimes I put images that I find into earlier sections of this contact diary, for illustration, but I will note the day I actually found them.)*

And as I was lying there, half awake I had the *most amazing violet and purple color spectacle in front of my eyes*. I also was right "there", again, in the house in Pukalani, when Bob and I were having **breakfast** … which was something we loved loved loved to do … and I let my mind play it out, with all the smells and sounds, and the blinds flying in the wind, and the wind chime and the sound of the toaster and the sliding door, and Bob pushing the chairs into position …

It really felt like Bob was right there, in my mind, this morning … after that dream of him right in my memories …

(…) I looked at **the ring** and saw Bob's colors in it, just tile, purple and gold, and the pattern of "as above so below" … and it's sort of all clear.

March 31, 2019

I tried to share some of my amazing "encounters with Bob" today, during a walk with my dog, when I met three women who are acquaintances, dog-owners, who I meet frequently. It wasn't possible. I don't get any spark of real interest, when I mention, which I did, that I found that ring … interest in a sense of "Tell me more, this sounds very cool, I never find rings like that, so what's the story?" There never is a "what's the story?", by anyone. And this is one reason why I miss Bob even more.

I have come to believe that all our experiences, every little thing we see, smell, feel, taste, hear and actively do, forms immediately a little speck of spiritual substance and gets integrated into the creature that we are, as an "Invisible". Later, when our body is gone, we are "discarnate", but before that, we are "incarnate", but already "Invisibles in the works".

Sounds crazy? Well, not crazier than the idea that we "are" our bodies.

That's just silly. The Gods that we've always been worshiping, we are, actually, ourselves, as an energetic species with a core that's invisible during our stint as incarnate entities, meaning: We are energetic creatures with a material shell for a time.

April 1, 2019

I had a dream about **traveling** inside America, and I had a very **heavy weapon-like thing** with me, like some machine gun. I had a partner, but it wasn't clear who it was, not Bob, but Bob-like, he also had some machinegun like that … I didn't really know it's functions …

And there was something about the hotel where I was staying, where my mother also was, and I had to take care of things and at the same time flee from that hotel, and at the same time I was supposed to do some protection or attack kind of activity …

My mother was sort of elusive … and there was a scene on a street, like New York, with a strange view over a **pink ocean to a Hawaii-skyline in black**, like cut out … reminds me of the artwork and cutouts I made on Maui (*Note: and sometime around 2012 I gave all of them away to a guy at a yardsale at Bob's house*) …

It was so sad, because, again, I had to leave Hawaii … and I was longing for it so much, in my dream. It was as if the *big building* where I had stayed with that guy, was about to break down or something … and we had to get out of it, because we had to catch a flight out of there …

For some reason I had left my weapon-thing behind, and as I went back to retrieve it, there was some kind of *soldier* (actually, there was a group of soldiers, two of them were there, definitely soldiers with their own guns, guarding that building) … and he handled my machine gun, so that I finally saw what kind of functions it had. There were *switches*, like they are in the back of like printers or other devices, and a switch for water spouting out in the front …

The soldier tried it out and said that he wanted to see how much water was still in there, but I was worried he'd use it all up, but I didn't dare to say anything.

There was *something about water*, generally, … some kind of danger … and I needed to get a hold of my gun …

But suddenly I was with my *mother* in a room and I had to pack up to leave for traveling, but I just couldn't get done or leave, I hesitated, and somehow things didn't add up or get done. There was something about a swimming pool or a basin or something … where I wanted to swim in or did swim in, but when I got out there was a problem of assembling myself, or my stuff … altogether it was a very *diffuse dream, fragmentary* and not satisfying …

But still, in a way, that large big weapon was something very powerful, and it belonged to me. *I thought to myself that instead of the soldier playing around and showing me how it functions, I should have figured that out myself* … so I made a promise to myself to be more attentive and self-relying myself.

My dear Bob, yes, "we're doing this together".

April 1, 2019 **– The Pea Pod in My Hand & In The Sky**

The events went on today … just when I thought to myself, "well, what other ways should there be for Bob to communicate, after the **song**, the **ring**, everything?"

I found a new **Banksy-type "print"** along the river Wien, **signed "S."**, and it shows a person in a kind of "victory pose", or a pose that expresses confidence or success, at least.

Thinking about it later (including the literal "victory" I was about to find), I realized that the final communications between Bob and me were via text, when I had insisted that he inform me about having accomplish injecting himself with the medicine, and he'd **text** to me "**Success at …"** and the time of day and an emoji, a thumbs-up or a heart. I so miss him right now, I'm so tired of living, of thinking of living without him. So this picture reminded me of the "success"-messages of his last weeks … and I hope and pray that he is absolutely fine now.

(*Note: It would still take months until I'd discover the many reports of people with near-death-experiences that gave me glimpses of what Bob experienced at his passing, and it would get me close to him.)*

So, this afternoon … little later, on the "Red Mountain", I found a **pea pod**. Yep. A green pea thingie, closed, with the peas inside.

… thought to myself, well, what's that? How in the freakin' world did *this one **pea** pod get here*? And then, as I walked on, I heard *Bob say to me* (a real memory, he really said it) last summer, when he was so weak and almost dissolved with tumor-cachexia, "**I'm like the princess on the pea, so sensitive to every pressure**" … Okay! I was a bit … well, baffled. And I walked on. Because I thought … "*well, it does remind me, but can it be some kind of message?*" And I dismissed it, thought. I mean … even though a pea pod on a dog meadow (where no peas grow anywhere!) is kind of unusual, how should it …?

Also, I thought, "*well, a message doesn't always have to be something spectacular, like the sun, but it has to be something meaningful to me! Personally! That relates to Bob, right?"* And maybe it's a test for my awareness and ability or willingness to actually accept "communications", I thought … And I did have that kind of "quiet" feeling inside, that comes with some insight …

So, I looked at the sky, and there was no cloud, nothing. But: A few minutes later, a **wedge-shaped cloud** formation had formed, *just that one, nothing else in the sky* … and I said "Now, what's that supposed to mean?" I look at my feet, and there is a **wedge-shaped green hand-colored (a child's work) piece of paper of the size of the pea pod**, and written on it is "*Viktoria*". Yep. I kid you not! And as I held it at the sky, it fit exactly into the wedge of clouds.

Mind you – <u>that all happened within half an hour on the same day!</u>

Pretty baffled I went on, towards the tramway station, sort of uplifted, pondering … and it was entirely still, no wind today, at all. *Except right above my head, the tree began to move and wind blew in my face. A gust*. A real **wind gust** – and it came around the corner, where I was just walking! **Yes, it was one of the gusts that Bob and I had often joked about** … a "gust" that "follows you or waits for you and the attacks you". So Bob would say something like "and the gust waited around the corner for me to come out of the house and then just blow all the sand into my face!"

So does Bob communicate with me? Shit yes, he does.

But I realized how much is lost of Bob, really. All his websites. The many many videos he made … all the references to his great knowledge and skills … and they include my work over so many years. Once the websites shut down … what's left?

You fucked up, Stoneman, I want to scream at him. You fucking fucked up so bad. You destroyed everything. It was a long time coming, wasn't it? It's like your own fucked up power against my influence … so that I wouldn't "win". Geez, what an emotionally fucked up mess you must have been. Sometimes I did think that something wasn't right about you … in all the good times and all your genius. What you did with yourself, in the end, says it all. You ruined yourself and everything. You didn't mean to. But you fucking did it, anyway.

April 2, 2019

Today I had an amazing **dream**. The last thing I read before falling asleep was about the afterlife, "LIFE BEYOND DEATH WITH EVIDENCE by The Rev. CHARLES DRAYTON THOMAS [1867]" … and I've noticed something. When I lie down and read this kind of subject or work on my book, *I don't "get tired",* it's like I literally *"**fall** asleep",* and have barely time to put away my laptop and am immediately "gone".

I may not dream right away, then, but my dreams have been amazing in the last days, and I can remember them all.

Today, I met - yes **met** - **Sigi**. My former partner who died of cancer in 2016, and with whom I have a ton of unfinished business.

It felt like we consciously met in my dream, me knowing that I was dreaming, him knowing that he wasn't alive anymore but that we met on a subconscious-dream-level and that I'd interpret it like that once I'd wake up.

Before falling asleep I had, again, severe breathing problems, I had to cough, no pain, but nothing came up. This morning I did wake up with chest pain again, on the right side again. As I got up, I took some colloidal silver and cell salts, and it has subsided since. But I realize that *my dream was about – **air***. Here I must also share that Sigi once almost died while paragliding, high on drugs, in winter, and he fell into the Ossiacher See, a lake below the Gerlitzen mountain in Carinthia, where we both are from, and he was only saved from the icy water in the last second by a friend who happened to be in a closeby pub and who ran outside, found a boat, shattered the chain and rowed out to save Sigi. That friend is also dead already (not sure what happened to him, supposedly he was killed abroad, related to a drug crime …)

So in my dream, I found myself in a **paragliding** and **parachute center**! The boss was a *famous young man*, and I can't recall his name right now, it was a name for a prominent sportsman, and later, when I saw him, he isn't anyone I know, but blond and handsome and nice athlete …

So there was a flat *club building* facing a large area with huge trees and, I think, some body of water and mountains. Strangely, the *flying took place from off the ground*, or the people with parachutes and paragliders (hanggliders) came from somewhere to land just in front of that house. The house was also sort of a restaurant, and I strolled around a bit, and I realized that **Sigi** was there. I was stunned, but I kept away from the room where he was, and later he also was landing with a paraglider, and he was (like in real life) sort of the big star. I realized that he must have seen me, so he knew I was there, but I ignored him and kept walking out of his way and sight. I didn't want him to think I was there because of him, or that I was stalking him or that he was important … but I did try to catch a glimpse.

It was *Sigi, the handsome, strong man I had known* (in real life, apart from his heroin addiction). So I sat down at a **table** along the wall of the house (that may have been painted yellow) next to the door that lead to a corridor that lead inside some kind of court in the house’s interior. At the table was already a **woman**, in her thirties, who looked like she was *mentally ill*, and she had a weird bunch of hair right between her eyes, over her nose, that made her look even more mentally challenged.

She was served (by some waiter-impression) a *big plate of meat*, with bones of chicken and pig and lamb sticking out under a complete cover of “panier”, breading. I was still thinking about what I should order …

In the meantime, a **small boy** landed with a paraglider - right in a tree, and he was sort of suspended from the branches and in danger of dropping, so I walked over and grabbed his feet in shoes and placed them on a thin and bendy long branch of the tree, to give him some hold and “footing”, until the experts of that flying center came to help. *I realized that Sigi was watching me*, and I behaved in the most “cool” and casual way possible and if I was a total expert, too.

I returned to the table with that woman, and she had meanwhile flung the weird hair bunch back, so I could see that she wasn’t really mentally challenged, she only had a strange face, with the light blue-green eyes wide apart, a strange forehead and a pudgy face that looked like the one of a person with Down-syndrome … and she looked stern and didn’t smile, but she was still friendly. She grabbed a piece of meat and ate it and pushed all the rest away. I was shocked, because there was so much food left … so when the waitress came to take the plate, I asked the woman if it was okay that I took the food and that I would pay for it. In my dream-mind I thought it would cost more than 100 Euro, and when the woman said yes, I was worried of not having enough money … and I asked the waitress how much it was, and she said “16 Euro”. I was so relieved, and I found two 2-Euro-coins and change in my pockets and (I think) paid …

Suddenly Sigi came walking through the corridor … and this time I couldn’t give way or hide out … *and he opened his arms and greeted me with the biggest and friendliest smile … and he said “Hallo!”*

Now that I think about it … he was so close to death and was barely saved at his paragliding accident, so does this “dream” have something to do with my own state? I’ve been feeling strangely sick for weeks, and my right breast is hurting very much. (*Note: It all was probably menopausal stuff.*) My left, too, a little, but I wouldn’t ever “tap” for lumps. Also the thing with my breathing, and this morning I noticed that my urine is stinking again, that strange foul smell that I only know from Bob’s tumor … and from my own period of foul smelling urine *before* Bob had his tumor … Gross, I know. But in a perverted sense I take comfort in being sick, and I know that I am.

So **Sigi and I greeted each other happily** … it was *a meeting after a long time, but with genuine happiness*, but we did *not* embrace … I simply was happy to see him, and when I think about it right now, awake, I still have to smile about it.

I’ve been thinking that with all my dealing with this subject … and realizing that not only Bob is “out there”, maybe Sigi, who I’ve been addressing, too, is trying to connect. After all, the “victorious man” graffiti (fresh!) that I found yesterday was signed “S.”, and that could mean “Sigi”, too. *And Sigi was that kind of guy to do that kind of **gesture** (photo), not Bob.* (!)

Also, before I fell asleep I read a section in that book where it was about one discarnate person not being able to communicate with the living because he was still in some kind of adjustment or development state …

So does all that make real sense? Also, today is the reverse of Bob's death, in a way, 2. 4. … he died on 4.11., but the "11" to me equals "2" …

I've actually, now that I think about it, gotten clues from Sigi, too, in the past weeks. *And it's not the first time I saw him in a dream.* But tonight, when he walked up to me straight … *I saw it from "inside myself"*, I didn't watch it like a "movie" with me in it, **he really looked into my eyes**, now that I think about it just as much as it was in the dream … and his smile, his open genuine joy of meeting me … Anything is possible.

Also, I came across a "ghost"-graffiti, and even if it sounds ridiculous, it felt significant. Along with special clouds … connecting from two different directions.

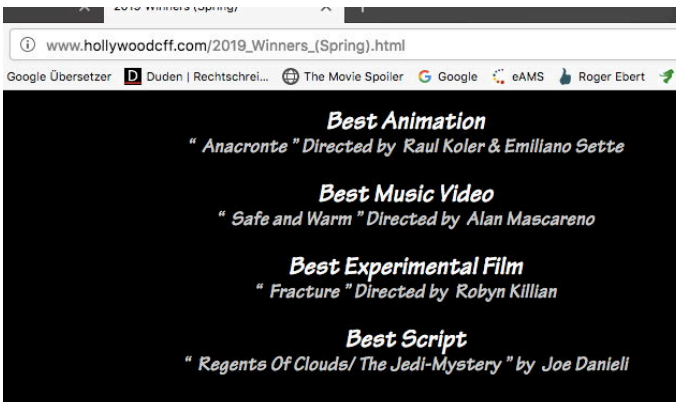
April 3, 2019

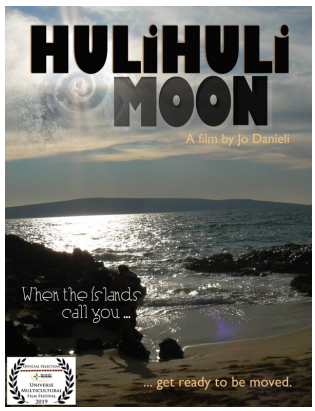
I'm feeling very mortal these days. My chest pain is back, stinging, on the right side, can't lie on my belly turned right, but that's my favorite position. Left breast swollen and painful, at motions and to the touch. Stinging in ovary-area, sometimes heart pain. Well … I feel like weakening, saw myself in a pharmacy mirror, and I think I look aged.

Wild dream, again, can't think about it today.

April 4, 2019 **– Best Script Win With Sci-Fi-Franchise!**

I just got informed, that at a US-script-competition (to which I submitted in kind of a haze a few months ago, after Bob's death) **won "best script" for "The Jedi-Mystery"**, the first installment of my Sci-Fi-franchise "Regents of Clouds" that's set in Hawaii (at the 10th Annual Los Angeles Cinema Festival of Hollywood). That story is based on my decade long research and all that's in "We Creators of the World".

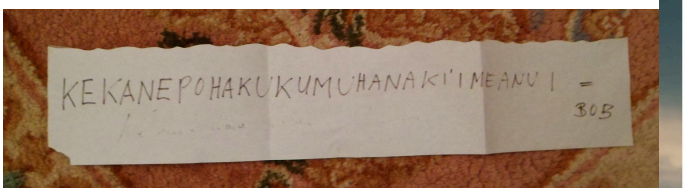


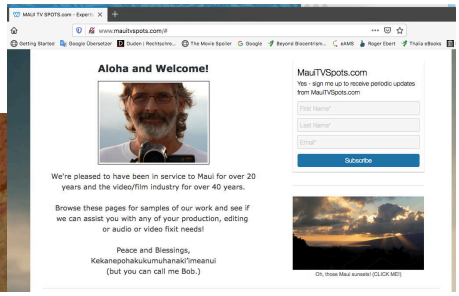


And my **"Hulihuli Moon" script**, set on Maui, is a **finalist** at the 16th Annual Universe Multicultural Film Festival ...

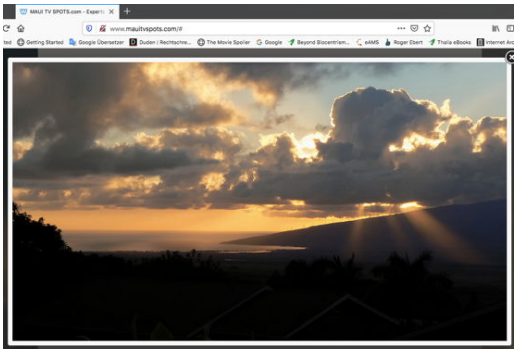
How strange … as “The Jedi-Mystery” is actually about “the force” I’ve been dealing with recently, the one force that connects us all, the spirit energy that everything consist of … Uncanny, that this 327 pages long script ***won***. I mean, won. There are no runners-up.

Oh well, all I can do is cry, actually. Bob was such a fan of those stories. He loved the spot in "The Jedi-Mystery" where a Hawaiian introduced himself with a loooong name and then said "but you can call me Jim". So I wrote a long name for Bob, “Kekanepohakukumuhanaki’imeanui” (the man of stone master of making important films”), and he got a kick out of saying "... but you can call me Bob". *It’s the line that Bob’s memorial celebration* will start with … how uncanny. I didn’t even know he cared about that name … (until I discovered it on his website!) that had been sticking to his office door ever since I put it there, in 2013, I think. And when I arrived in 2018, it was still there. (*Note: And Joyce had sent it to me, with the deck that Bob had purchased, and it nearly broke my heart … **and**: This word will be immensely significant in a few weeks!)*




Aloha and Welcome!
MauiTVSpots.com
Subscribe
We're pleased to have been in service to Maui for over 20 years and the video/film industry for over 40 years.
Browse these pages for samples of our work and see if we can assist you with any of your production, editing or audio or video fixit needs!
Peace and Blessings,
Kekanepohakukumuhanaki'imeanui
(but you can call me Bob.)

I'm just so confused and sad now. Can't even think of that premiere and celebration and that it's *about* Bob and not *with* him ... Bob was very proud of me. And we were going to work on several of those projects together. Now I feel like dead … probably more than he does.)



Anyway. Life is ... I don't know where. Here is the **sunset** picture that Bob made (from his website’s screenshot above) … so that you also can see Maui through his eyes.

See, I told you, clouds were always important to him. That’s why they are important to me, now, as I can learn to feel connected to him through them, but not in a nostalgic way, but in terms of communicating through them.

April 5, 2019 **– Hawaii Right Next to Me**

I saw a **cloud-skyshark** today – and right after that a small “**imu**”, a model of a **Hawaiian earth oven**!

And that *amidst thoughts of Hawaii* and of ongoing improving communication with Bob! The "imu" was an assembly of twigs and Bärlauch leaves, like the Ti-leaves would be in an imu, and Earth was on top of them, and stones were around it!

April 5, 2019

A **dead man** was found at a spot where the day before I and a dog acquaintance had looked over from the **dogpark,** and we had seen clothes and some kind of camp and had wondered if someone was there … We almost went over there … it would have been "great" if we had found that corpse who was supposedly a very emaciated homeless man …

About the winning script "The Jedi-Mystery", the first part of my Sci-Fi-franchise "Regents of Clouds" … I actually asked Bob in my despair in January, when I entered that script into the competition, without much hope, because it's 327 pages long, and there are hundreds and thousands of scripts entered … to help it to win to *prove* to me that "*we are still working together*". There. Is that proof? It was so unlikely that it could even be a finalist, but then it won. It tells me that I must try everything possible at all to get that franchise made.

Just realized, working on Rev. Dayton Thomas' book for excerpts, how immensely immensely important it is to bring his and the White's and the Finley's work into the open in this day and age.

April 6, 2019

Uncanny weird **dream** about my *mother, me and Jacqui traveling to Hawaii*, but also using the Vienna tramway Nr. 5, with my grandmother Maria (dead), to visit my nephew Patrick who has a family, and in whose house we used to live. In the dream, we all three knew that we had been in the

house before, but my nephew and his new wife, and they had a *baby*, had entirely changed it. They weren't at home, when we arrived at the house, and we looked around, barely dared to … it was very low ceiling, *incredibly cluttered* … and I felt so sad about the change, not sure why.

At the same time I had a problem finding my mother and getting her on the tramway Nr. 5 to bring her to that house, she was drunk (and she behaved like she had behaved so many times in real life), but not admitting that she was drunk, slurring her speech and dragging herself … and I was so upset in my dream, that *I started slapping her face*, hard, very hard, repeatedly … she kept smiling at me and denying that she had planned what she had planned (which I didn't know what it was, I only knew that something was going on) … somehow I got her to Patrick's house, and she kind of normalized …

I've been thinking about her often and how horrible it is that she doesn't want to see me, since 2011 (*Note: … but I saw her briefly in 2017, and after we had an actually nice chat, me being shocked how thin and feeble she had become, she treated me the next day with the same cold indifference and rejection as usual; It turned out that it was a big mistake that I withdrew then, and that's a story so similar to the one of Bob and me, because I always suspected that there was something wrong with my mother's mind … and in a few months this suspicion would come crashing down on me*).

In that dream, my maternal grandmother Maria was there too, and a small dog was in the house, while Jacqui hid out under a cupboard, and I too worried the dog would bite him.

Then my nephew Patrick came home with his family, and he looked so different, not at all like my nephew, and my mother asked me if I thought that it was really Patrick, and I asked her the same. Meanwhile my grandmother called my dog to her, and he climbed on the armchair in which she was sitting and snuggled up with her, and in a way it was *Kimba, my dead dog*, not Jacqui. And my nephew was strange and somehow like embarrassed about the house, and his wife (a stranger) came, too, bringing the little boy, maybe 5 years old … but I didn't see them clearly. There was something about Hawaii that I can't recall anymore …

Just that *horrible feeling of wanting to change the situation and not being able to …* I woke up in the morning and felt so very strange …

April 6, 2019

Yesterday, as I'd been intensely working on choosing excerpts from Rev. Drayton Thomas' book "Life Beyond Death", I came across a story of a certain "**Ray**" … and it struck me, because it was a very interesting example about a medium not trusting the impression an "Invisible" gave, as the discarnate man claimed a certain name he was supposed to know had only three letters. She thought she didn't pick it up right. But the name was "Ray". And today, I immediately spotted the one and only car I've ever seen with the license plate number "**Ray 1**" on he parking lot of the small cafe at the shore of the Danube where we took a break. (I could kick my ass for not having taken a picture, but it's kind of awkward when people are watching.)

I do not wish to spend time about it if you cannot get it from him easily, but perhaps he can tell you how many letters are in that name."

Feda then repeated my question and appeared to be watching intently while counting thus-" One-two-three-. One- two-three-there must be more than three. Nobody has only three letters in their name. One-two-three-One-two- three-." All this was said very softly, as if not meant for me to hear. I then said, "Has he given you the number, Feda?"

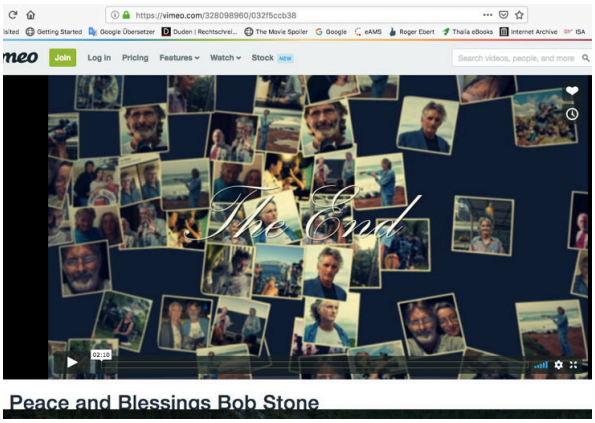
She replied, "He does not get beyond three. He keeps sticking at three. One, two, three." And beyond this Feda seemed unable to ascertain the communicator's meaning.

I was left with the impression that Feda felt she had failed to give the answer required, and that she supposed my father was unable to tell her the correct number of letters in the name. Had she been reading my mind it should have been easy for her at least to realise that three was the number of which I was thinking, even if she could not read there the name Ray.

October 4th, 1922, at 2:36 p.m.

April 7, 2019 **– The Power of Dreams**

I tried to sleep over the "*Celebration of Bob Stone's Life*" that took place on Maui, actually this morning, while I tried to stay asleep to not think about it.



Last night I had intensely told Bob that *I freed him from tending to me* so that he could totally attend his own celebration and focus on what was going on there.

Then I had **dreams**!

Then I walked the dog – I did manage to stay in bed until 10.30 am (9.30 pm, so Bob's celebration and film premiere was still going on), and then I walked my dog and faced the license plate of a car, with "**Honda – The Power Of Dreams**" on it.

"Okay", I said, "good morning to you too". The thing is: Bob's beloved car was a **Honda Accord**. (*Note: and I mean beloved).* An when it broke down and he didn't have the money to repair it, I think his spirit truly suffered …

He told me how he had cried when some mechanic had come to tow it away … and the ridiculous thing was that it wouldn't have cost much money to have the Honda Accord, who I totally loved, too, fixed. But Bob simply wouldn't be able to even get a few hundred dollars together the do that. I could never understand that … but that's another story. In our first year together he gave me a **Honda Prelude** as a gift, a golden one, he received it in payment from Bud … and years later, when his Honda was gone, he used the Prelude and he *lent it* to a friend who totaled it (drunk). That "friend", Jeff K., who Bob had helped out so many times with his TV-show, never reimbursed Bob for the damage … and it took for me to come to Maui to get some money for that, from Jeff's wife. (I think he actually had cancer, then, but he is still alive, as far as I know.)

Now, Bob had to do video-production for years ***by bus***! Schlepping his gear … borrowing cars, ever again, from Raffaele, the brother of "Mother Filomena" … (*And Raffaele turned out to be really not a nice person.)* And only when I realized that Peter R. was leaving the island and needed a place to put his car, I made the connection, and Bob was able to use *Peter's car* for a few years. Just everytime Peter came visiting, he drove that car like a maniac, and when he left, Bob was stuck with the repairs. But Bob was already in such a horribly precarious situation of dependency from John W., regarding that damned docu film project they were working on and for which to be finished he prayed, that he couldn't risk saying anything too harsh to anyone …. that's what he felt. How often he didn't know how to pay his rent, while the people for who he busted his ass, Tom and John and others, were flying around in the world and had big houses … I just … shouldn't think about this now. It broke my heart

so many times, seeing Bob so impoverished and not standing up from himself, but he simply couldn't. Whatever I tried and however I supported him, as soon as I turned my back he was in his old pattern, and the downward spiral kept spiraling …

Anyway. I enjoyed immensely reading "Life Beyond Death" last night … I feel only comforted by these books, not by any living person I know. That British Methodist reverend of the past century has a "voice" that just like Stewart White's feels familiar and comforting to me.
But the **dream** tonight … wow.

So I was close to a kind of **festival or rock concert** or celebration (*in my **dream**, yep, remember, it's the "celebration of Bob Stone's life on Maui, today?*), but I was hiding out in a sort of cabin or some room in a small building, in a bed, and I tried to not participate. But the festivities were going on behind me, and I couldn't escape. I nestled in the bed, in my pajama, but I couldn't really close it, as there wasn't really a door (maybe some curtain?) … so I tried my best to ignore the festivities, and I was really sick.

There was a man (reminds me of someone I know in real life, but don't know who, stocky, dark hair) who found me and came into my "shack" and hiding place. We had some kind of secret romance, as he was married, and we weren't supposed to be together. There was some kind of erotic spark between us, but either did I keep sending him away or he left on his own … not sure, but after some hugging and cuddling (more a feeling than actual events) he left, and I stayed in my room close to those festivities.

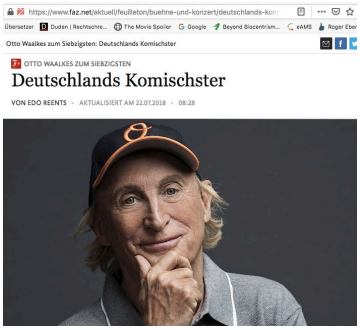
Then I started to have very intense erotic feelings, and I was looking for something to satisfy myself with. I found an old condom in a small bag (like a wallet), and I found a big half piece of sausage (thick like some large cucumber, but short), and I thought that I was going to use that for masturbation. The entire time I did feel kind of sick, though. So I was thinking of putting the condom over that sausage, but somehow it turned into powder, and I spilled a lot of it, while *the sausage began to leak, dripping* (which is very much related to Bob's "dripping" of the tumor on top of his penis, in the last year of his mortal life, now that I think about it), and I held it in one hand and trying to figure out how to get the powder to turn back into the condom and put on that leaking piece of sausage … (Yes, I know you know that this reflects the situation of me dealing with Bob's tumor in August and September 2018.)

Then I knew that I had to leave my shack. But I decided to turn back and cuddle up in my nice bedding. The ceiling was kind of low, and lying in bed and looking out it was as if I was in kind of a cave.

Suddenly, a large man was next to me, and I didn't see his face, but he was very much like (real) Bob … and he was talking to some woman (who I couldn't see), not to me, but he was lying down by my side in my little cave on my bed, and there was that strong body and the long arms and the hair on them and on the chest that I had loved so much about Bob … It "was" **Bob** … but in my dream I thought, "*Oh, not, that's Otto Waalkes*" (a real life German comedian, and very ugly, in a way). And ***in my dream I thought*** "Why in the world Otto Waalkes, he is ugly!?" but then I didn't see his face, so it could have been someone else. But I was so horny, that I took his hand – and I remember hesitating in my dream, thinking that it was inappropriate – and before I knew it, I really surprised myself in my dream! - I put his hand between my legs (over my pajama), while he kept talking, and I sort of snuggled up to him. (*Note: Actually, one thing about Bob was, that, especially in our early days, he'd be the most funny and humorous person you can imagine, maybe that's why a comedian was in my dream? Also because I don't always like Otto Waalkes' humor, and I certainly did not like Bob's habit of making fun of about everything instead of dealing with some stuff with the required seriousness …*)

And as I felt ashamed suddenly, he turned to me - while still talking to that woman! - and said "Yes and yes!" And I knew he meant that we were going to have sex … but the second "yes" meant something else … and somehow it relates, *I feel now, to me wondering whether or not I'm right with my interpretation **of Bob actually being with me,** while his celebration of life that took place that night on Maui.*

(And that I tried to dodge, for fear of emotional horror.) I was excited … and then I woke up. Horny as hell.



Only after seeing the "**Honda – The Power Of Dreams**" I suddenly remembered that Bob's and my very first erotic encounter, was, us together in his bed, and me putting his hand between my legs, while he was cutely shy, but he said to me "I appreciate that" … And one of Bob's commercial-production clients was, of course, "Island Honda". He had dreamed of driving a CRV one day.

So my attempt to totally ignore Bob's celebration in real life didn't work out, did it?!

Oh Bob … living with you on Maui … it was my dream. It was full bliss.

I found this small kind of **plaquette** on the ground, walking home today, from a walk with Jacqui, and it's two **swordfish** … looks like a symbol of "connectedness". Yes, it is.

April 7, 2019

Major insight! I have written down, with my "invention" of "Laniloa" in my Sci-Fi-Trilogy "Regents of Clouds" what can be found in Reverend Charles Drayton Thomas' book "Life Beyond Death" about the *realm of the "***unprogressed***"*!

Can it be, that that's the reason why the first installment of my script really won, because *the trilogy was already inspired by me being in contact with the Invisibles*, so that I researched for my book "We Creators of the World", based on which I wrote the Sci-Fi-Trilogy "Regents of Clouds"? So that the film will be made and help mankind to change?

CHAPTER XXVI

THE PLACE AND CONDITION OF THE UNPROGRESSED

PERSONAL character stands supreme among the factors which, here on earth, influence success or failure, happiness or misery. The deepest intuitions of mankind intimate that character and its results persist beyond death.

But what form does retribution take in the hereafter?

Terrible pictures have been drawn of the fate awaiting the impenitent. These forecasts have always been influenced by the customary punishments in vogue at the period of their inception. The more ancient were sketched in fiercely lurid colours; the more modern tend to soften those crude conceptions of vindictiveness and cruelty, and to suggest mental substitutes for bodily torture. There is, however, no general agreement upon the nature of future punishment. Heated controversy continues as to whether it is remedial or vindictive, temporary or of perpetual duration.

It is therefore with peculiar interest that we listen to those who, by observation or by experience, are able to tell us what happens in the hereafter to those who misuse the opportunities of earth.

C.D.T.: When a person of evil character passes over, has he around him the same things which surround you?

In my early twenties I was approached by … *people* who told me I was destined to "help gather the patterns" … and that I had always done that in previous lives, and that I always ruled at that. (And no, I can't tell you more about that.) So is that it, now? Really? I'm now (just now, about 6.45 pm, Sunday, April 7, 2019) a description of *CDT's father* of what happens to the "evil" ones in the afterlife, and it's like I described the fate of the "Traditionalists", who were shipped off to "Laniloa", Earth's twin

planet, to live exactly according to their evil lore among themselves without the healing intervention by those who are the good ones but shunned by the "Traditionalists"! Wow, that's kind of a … shock, even. I'm writing this down, kind of calmly. But it's really big. It's entirely big.

life on earth is a very different individuality from the traditional devil of popular imagination. You probably realise that many, whom you would term "evil men," become what they are through ignorance; neither mind nor character are developed. Of such it may be said, as Christ said of his murderers, "They know not what they do." Theirs is not so much a calculated, determined, chosen attitude of opposition, as a state of blindness to the reality of God and goodness, a blindness which may indeed be culpable, but which is not a settled opposition to good. Such undeveloped souls are not devils in any other sense than a bad man on earth may be termed "a devil." No such unprogressed person has power over us or over you. Evil thoughts and habits might invite such a one but, even so, he cannot control you further than you may choose to act in accordance with his suggestions.

While I admit that these unprogressed ones might suggest evil to men's minds, I say they have no power to force men in any way. I entirely disbelieve that any such forcing ever takes place. You may hear someone say, "I was compelled by some outside influence which was too strong for me." But that is untrue. The man may have reacted to an evil suggestion, but it was not forced on him. People around can easily bring to bear on him much stronger suggestion than can any unprogressed spirits. Unwholesome companions are more to be feared than any
and rebuilding. On coming here one discovers that it is Principle that matters, and not motive.

(I wonder if Bob knows that.)

Our friends say that, upon passing over, they found that the character which has been matured by sincere endeavour to follow the highest has qualified for immediate happiness and wider service in the new life. They say also, that those who had lived chiefly for self, experience the disadvantages and remorse inevitable to unprogressed souls. This touches on personal religion.

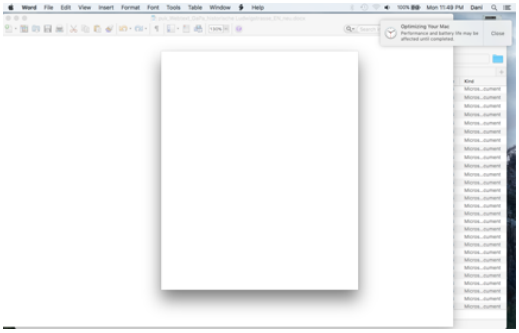
My father and sister strongly assert that intercourse with them should not be regarded as an end in itself, but as an aid and encouragement to communion with Christ. In my personal experience I find the proved awareness and nearness of my risen friends gives a sense of reality to prayer, and strengthens one's realisation of the divine care and sympathy. It was not for my own needs that I entered upon a personal investigation of this subject, but from a sense of its value in equipping me for service to others. Yet I, too, have received unexpected personal benefit; for it has changed belief into knowledge, and knowledge into realisation. Indeed, it has been the greatest development in my inner life since when, as a youth, I turned from thoughtless selfishness to follow Christ.

(Wow, huh. WOW.)

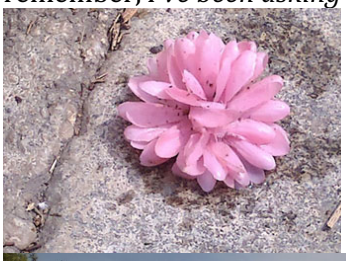
<u>April 8, 2019</u>

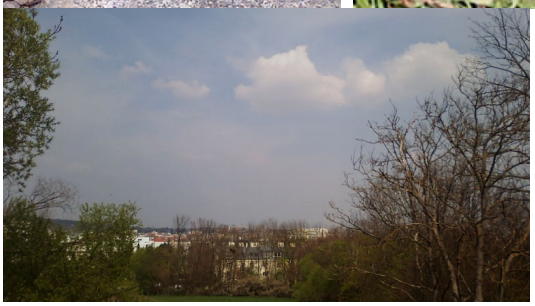
(Note: This was the begin of an ***intense series of car license plate number synchronicities*** *… and it is ongoing.)* It's one of the things Bob and I shared … being attentive to anything that comes across … and I started to believe that he was using my habits to communicate.

(Stoneman?



And then this: A weird appearance of **white page on white page** … without a reason, it was just there … while I was working, it simply appeared (there is no way for me to create this on purpose), remember, *I've been asking the Whites to let me know if they are around*, with Bob?





Finding an **artificial flower** that looks like a Lokelani rose ("rosa damascena") also immediately makes me think of intense connectedness … and that **butterfly**, that sat down in front of me and simply waited for me to photograph it … but then, I'm aware that I'm also "fishing" for "proof" … and I'm also aware that I'm a great manifester (of things I imagine, I always have been, and it ties into a knack for clairvoyance, that I had in my early teenage-time and that I thought I had dropped).

And when, ever again … clouds suddenly seem to align in forms that capture my attention, or they become "fins" or "wings" … I feel "talked to".

April 9, 2019 (Tuesday)

Clouds like these two that "show me" that "**connecting**" is possible, like "*fitting together, even though separated*" … do seem kind of … "artsy", don't they? In this case: I was walking on the *Neuwaldegg* meadow, asking Bob to let me know *what he thinks of the celebration and generally* … and as I looked up this most amazing cloud, of two interlocking structures, was there. Was that the answer?

Something else came to my mind … When Bob was so sick, and I created an *image of him being healthy again*, I could only "make" him up in my mind much younger than he actually was. Also, I had to tell him frequently, that I "saw" and "felt" him as the younger version of himself, now, in his horrible state of body, and that I even felt the old erotic attraction to him, on an energetic level, as if he had "returned" to be him … maybe that was a glimpse of his eternal soul that was already showing, as he was so close to death?

I have begun to begin that he had only hung on for me … to spend time with me. Deep inside he must have known that no matter my efforts, he was going to pass over. *And did I know that too?*

April 9, 2019 **– The Tiny Purple Light**

Evening. Felt sad and longing … took the "**switchboard"** and asked Bob or "someone" to communicate … the **plaquette** (*Note: which is actually quite heavy*) moved quite easily, a little bit, *surprising me*, given that my fingers were only on it and not pushing, but maybe pulling, so I thought it was definitely me, still interesting how smoothly it moved …

I then just put one hand on (*Note: intending to really go for the "communication"*) … and I talked to myself realizing that I wasn't as relaxed as I should be for such a "connection"-experience …

So then I heard a car start (down on the street) and leave, and that catapulted me right back into my time on Maui when Bob had worked with John W., who had rented a place closeby, in Kula, and Bob was always leaving early in the morning, to work with John W. on the documentary that should have long been finished … and I was never invited there, and I was so angry and upset knowing that Bob should have been working on other things, furthering his career and income , but instead he kept giving in to John and his incredibly insensitive and selfish wishes (he wanted to sell a picture book of the same events that the documentary film, that Bob and I had initiated, was dealing with) … and both Bob and I had been desperate, for so long … not getting out of the trap of that project. But only because Bob was entangled in a way that he wouldn't be free until John would say the film was done. (*Note: After Bob's death, ten years later, John was looking for someone else to keep working on the film.)* I will never forget how Bob one day, off from the Kula-ordeal, told me how desperate he was, too, and asked me to help him with a concept for "Taylor Camp", to bring the film in a final order, which I did … but that edit would still not be the final one …

Often I flash back to the moment when I met John for the first time, and my heart sank and sank … and it was like a very bad foreboding.

So I sitting over my Ouija-board, I shared my thoughts with Bob, and I started crying, and somehow I kind of "sank" into some kind of meditative state for a short time … and suddenly a **strange image** came, different from the images that are usually in front of my mind's eye, that I recognize as memories or imaginary scenes … it was as if **one eye of Bob** was looking at me, like his typical blue color, but a little read, and just a *peek or a glimpse* … as some kind of … I don't know *… through a peeping hole* … and it *felt so burning and exciting in my heart,* so that I had the impression *he had made contact! (Note: As I'm editing this section, my face gets burning hot, suddenly)*

And then I kept sitting, realizing how consciously thinking I was again … and suddenly the *name and face of a girl* came to my mind that I used to go to school with, when I was about 15 years old or younger, and I don't think I've thought much about here, ever. But I did realize that I *may have heard that she had killed herself* or something … or not … but that girl, Gabi P. came to my mind! So clearly, a certain expression on her face … just uncanny. I started asking myself what that possibly mean … (*Note: I had no reason to think of that girl, and I hadn't, for decades …*)

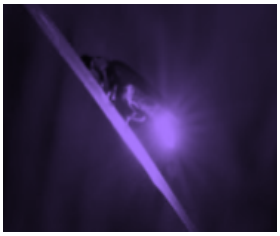
I neglected to mention that the typical **crackling** sound at my left window, that often happens when I'm talking with Bob, also came on, a few times during that time …

Then I let go of it and slid off the bench, and I wanted to put the board away, but it got stuck and pulled back and almost pulled the blanket off the bench … and I was kind of startled, and there is a small nail sticking out underneath the board … so that was a strange little excitement.

(*Note: In fact, to this day, early January 2020, I have never seriously tried to use the "Ouija"-board*.)

I then went to make some tea, and I shared my *hazelnut chocolate* with Bob, dedicating it, while chewing and tasting, or rather, sending it to him, with the power of my creative projecting thinking, I'm kind of *thinking it into him*, and I furnish the intention with a lot of emotional energy and certainty that it does arrive … (*Note: I have been considering it a means of asserting my identity as "consciousness beyond my body", in a way* …)

Then I patted my dog … and suddenly a square **tiny purple light** lit up in front of me, tiny, like a Glühwürmchen, "glow worm", just for a moment.



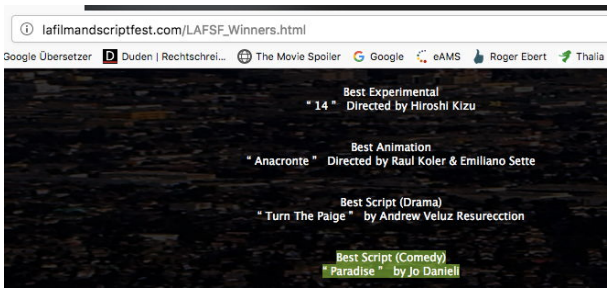
And that was not an optical glitch or flare, because as a camera operator of many years and editor and someone who used to have the kind of migraine that produces spreading geometrical patterns, I know a lot of kinds of "glitches". I have never seen that square-ish very bright tiny speck of clear light before, ever, anywhere. It was there, *right above my dog where I was patting him,* but just brief and showed itself and went away. (*Note: Over the next months, I would see it another three times.)*

So now … me asking Bob for a "message" all the time, I realized … isn't my discovering the works of the Whites, the Finleys and of Rev. Drayton-Thomas and others **a message in itself**? Still, when I write about "Bob" and suddenly realize that he is dead, I feel like a building crashing in an earthquake – but in space, with no sounds, and all in slow motion.

April 11, 2019 **– Best Script Win For Bob & My "Paradise"**

Guess what … **I won "best script" for "Paradise"!** The pilotfilm of my Hawaii-TV-series! For which Bob and I made a teaser! It's unbelievable! Best script again … Bob believed so much in it, and we were going to work on Paradise first thing! It was our main project! Now it won best script, and Bob is dead???

Is the win, again, a message in itself?



Then:

Also, the **dream** of tonight! Wow! I woke up seriously wondering what it meant! That said: I went to bed *asking* Bob about *his take on the events*, his celebration, his passing, my role and all! Then – **crackling** sounds just at the right time! Also the switchboard crackled when I was in bed. It's odd, the crackling business, as I've been observing if it has to do with temperature or any kind of motions, no. It only happens right next to me when I'm intensely dealing with something related to Bob. And it's not a rustling, some spread out sound, it's a distinct sudden one-spot-crackling *right next to me. (Note: I would move to a new home, in September, and the same* ***crackling happens here too****, in the window right next to me – in fact, just as I was writing the last few words, it crackled once! And it hasn't done that all evening!)*

So about the **dream**:

There was some kind of **ocean shore**, and miles out in the blue sea was a huge structure, like a spaceship, but it was some kind of country fair attraction in the form of a giant kind of roller-coaster, but only for up and down. It was like a hundred meter high, and people would sit in some kind of cart and were pulled up … in one part of my dream the thing would also tilt, kind of, resembling some oil-boring-device … or a giant swing … but in another dream, one would simply race down again, after having been pulled way up … and one would end up in the water, and somehow there wasn’t a grave violent impact, only a lot of water splashing …

In the dream I was in a carriage, too, but somehow I was also floating above it … and seemingly without connection to that I was on the shore, and in some kind of tourist **resort** with Mediterranean feel, where there was a huge eatery adjacent to that giant fair-play-swing …

I found myself in a group of people and I explained to them, that this fair-play-swing was Norwegian, and somehow it “was” in Norway … although it was right there …

My old boss Christian O. (a journalist, blogger, liberal, cynic) was there, lying naked in the sun, and I felt so very much *attracted* to him … but somehow I figured out, that he had ordered the other people to **kill** me! The others were Michi S., an old “friend” of mine (who had, in real life, in the end misbehaved towards me to the point of violence, because I didn’t fulfill his erotic demands), several other old friends from way back, but I only knew (in the dream) that I know them (in real life), not exactly who they were, except for Angelika B.! She was that mousy shy girl that I went to school with, more than forty-five years ago! And even weirder: She was the best friend and seat-neighbor of Gabi P., the one who had suddenly come to my mind yesterday!

So somehow a huge fishing-spear, like an old-fashioned mythical “Dreizack” (three pointed weapon) showed up, and Angelika especially was the one ordered, along with Michael, to kill me, and Christian O. was the one to want me killed.

I spent the rest of my dream being deadscared and wondering what to do. The entire group somehow disappeared towards the giant fair-thing, but yet they were in some kind of restaurant that was adjacent to the entrance to that giant thing … and I snuck around the naked former boss of mine, and he and Michael kind of confirmed that I was about to die, being stabbed, impaled by the middle spear of the three-part fishing-spear! I asked the group why they had to do it, killing me, and they just said that *it’s part of the system*, it had to be done, the boss had ordered it, so they’d do it so that they wouldn’t get in trouble …Then they just took off … *to a place where we were supposed to meet up again.* I was wondering *how they could possibly expect me to actually show up, knowing that they were waiting for me to kill me …?!*

Geez … it was a huge spear, made of gold, bigger than a person …

So I spent some time running around watching the giant thing out at the ocean, fearing for my life, but then I decided to take matters in my own hands.

So I found the group again, and they were already waiting for me and looking for the perfect time to kill me. Somehow I got my hands on the giant three-tip spear, and I refused to let go of it … whilst the others asked me to let go as I supposedly couldn’t help it anyway, and my fate was certain.

I was so appalled by their ways and intentions, and although I felt weakness coming up and the thought that I might as well just give up and let them do their thing … But instead I gathered my strength and used the three-tip spear to threaten the group with it. They got upset, but they didn’t take the weapon back from me … especially Angelika was so pissed off …

I just remember the impression of deep resentment I had, that I thought, wow, I must get away

from those people … they were so repugnant to me …

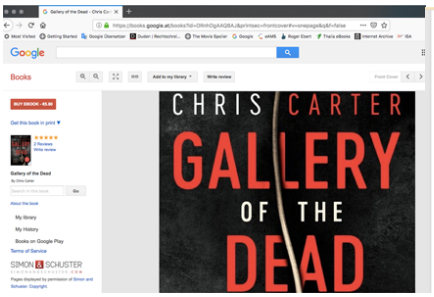
And then I woke up … and I thought, wow, what in the world is that supposed to mean?

April 11, 2019 – **The Dead Are Greeting?**

Took the tramway to Küniglberg forest – and a woman next to me read a book:

"**Gallery of the Dead**", and I could only catch a glimpse of the first few lines of a right-hand page … and it read something like "And was there something different about his **voice**? Was there a hiss, or was it hoarse or …" can't remember the other term, but it was about a voice not sounding like usual!

A **voice**! In "**Gallery of the Dead**"! So how was this so baffling to me (besides the theme, obviously)?!



'All right, how about his voice? Did you notice if there was anything odd about it – too much bass . . . ? Husky . . . ? Deep . . . ? Soft . . . ? Could you tell if it was being put through a pitch shifter? A voice modifier?'

Once again, Owen took his time as he thought back.

'No, not at all. To be honest, it sounded as normal as normal voices go, and by normal I mean there was nothing about his voice, or even his tone, that I would call memorable. Nothing that would stick out. And I really don't think that he was using any sort of voice effect.' He shrugged. 'It just sounded normal.'

"Well, bear in mind," he answered, "that we are not long-faced here. We have no regrets, therefore no sorrow."

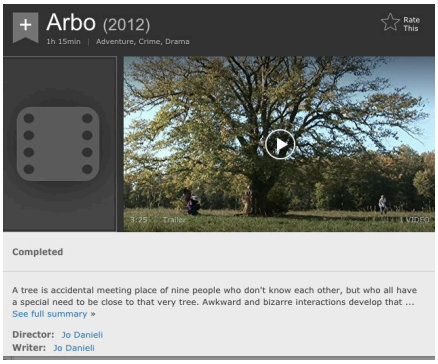
"Why," I offered, "I take it for granted that this earth drama is watched by you graduated ones from your up-on gallery. If Stephen, you saw an earth friend in trouble, would you not feel sorry for him?"

"You put it strongly," he replied. "And yet I answer, no. For sorrow – that is, real sorrow, as distinct from worry – is a hallucination."

"Do you mean to say that if a man here is ill and penniless, and if his children are hungry and crying for bread, and if th bread, do you mean to say that that is not real sorrow.?"

Well, I had asked Bob many times in the past days *to let me hear his voice*, to talk to me …! And the thing about his **voice** has been a subject always: He had a beautiful voice, and he was famous for being "the voice on TV', as he spoke most of the commercials he made, himself. Later we began to use an online voice-over service, but Bob's voice was in many, many commercials. And one of the subjects had been, already in the years 2013 and 2014, that his voice seemed to get weaker and kind of breathless. And of course … the most agonizing experience was for Joyce and me witnessing in his last weeks how his voice changed … even when he managed to speak again, after boots of Aphasia, his voice was gone on one day, to never recover …

And for our project "Paradise" we had made a teaser, in 2017, consisting only of Bob's and my voices and photographs of birds! Bob was also the English **voice of the "tree"** in my film "**Arbo**".


Arbo (2012)
1h 15min | Adventure, Crime, Drama
Rate This
Completed
A tree is accidental meeting place of nine people who don't know each other, but who all have a special need to be close to that very tree. Awkward and bizarre interactions develop that …
See full summary »
Director: Jo Danieli
Writer: Jo Danieli

So me asking him to let me hear his voice, and then I **got to read about a voice** that has "changed" and got "hoarse" … wow!

(*Note: I would hear Bob's voice eventually, but in those days, there was only the desperate longing …)*

So as I was walking into Küniglberg forest, a dry **seed pod** fell "from the sky" right in front of me, nearly brushing my face … there were *no trees around where a seed pod like that could have grown!* I immediately thought of the **pod** of peas that I had found a while ago, on Roter Berg! So to my mind came "**peas in a pod**" … and it felt like a definite message.

This morning, actually, I had begun to insist that I "see" Bob's phone number, but in full: 250-8030, and instead, I saw the number everywhere in many combinations!

I that's when I suddenly realized: That **Bob had used "his voice",** to connect with me*, but in a non-voice-kind-of-way to communicate with me!* Because what are the odds! I got to stop doubting! And then I ended up facing this tree …

(*Note: Remember I've mentioned that I'd love to show you pictures of Bob's tumor, but they would ruin your life forever … so here …)*

I thought about my dream again … and how those folks who wanted to kill me because they were ordered to, were lead by the most shy and mousy one (that's what Angelika B. had been like at school) … so I thought I really must avoid folks like that, in real life, or, if I can't, I must stand up to them. And I can't be mousy … and I can't be weak. I must be big and mighty and handling that giant three-tip spear … **now** I realize, it's an **Aquarian tool**! It's the thing that an Aquarius holds, the "Dreizack"! And I am an Aquarius! *I took it back, that tool or weapon, in my dream!* Does that mean that I must totally use my own tools to survive and overcome the petty minded evil ones? Is that the message? It feels so strangely obvious … but anyway, it's an okay interpretation, I think. I felt, when thinking about the **pea pod**, that those **peas in that pod** *belonged together* … ***so was I to gather a very close team of friends, real friends …?***

There are people in Vienna, that I meet, in the dog zones, and I chat, but I always leave with an empty feeling and the knowing that I had talked and behaved the way it was … kind of good for them, but not for me. But I don't need those kinds of people. So the dream was in a way a warning and a guidance. ***Is that so, my Bob!?*** *It was exactly always his problem, to not be able to keep the people off his back who were just sucking his blood!*

And in the morning … the message by Drina Willis of the festival, that I had won best script with "Paradise"! I mean – Bob's and my "Paradise"! We had started working on that project! I had edited the script *upon his advice*, made it shorter … It won. Mahalo Bob. I miss you so fucking much. But, are we still a team?

<u>April 12, 2019</u>

(Stephen in "Our Unseen Guest") "You are the lamp, but I am the oil, and a lamp without oil can give no light."

"Why should I seek to tell fortunes," queried Stephen, "since you two and I are playing such wonderful parts in the great drama of consciousness? Listen! Could there be a greater thing than pointing the way to scientists, to biologists, chemists, philosophers, for the constructing of a reasonable proof that man's idea of death is wrong, that it is an idea only, not a fact? You pin your faith to your laboratories these days, and that is well; man has all truth within his grasp. All he needs is a light, a clear guide for the separation of facts from emotional hypotheses. Do not be a foolish virgin, Joan. You are the lamp, but I am the oil, and a lamp without oil can give no light."

That's like Bob sang to me "*You're the sun and I'm the moon … play me*!" I quoted it out loud and "felt" Bob smirking. I asked just now "Are you smirking?" In my mind appeared an immediate "I'm smirking alright". Whoever that is.

Tonight's **dream** (*Note: Oh yes, I've been dreaming a lot, and I had to eventually stop writing everything down in detail … it was too much time-consuming.)*

I was in **Africa** and I needed to get to some kind of classroom … across a wide landscape and a winding road in a hot country … A man was there and a child, as it seems, and somehow they were involved in me getting there, and they wanted to help, but I figured it out myself … strangely, I ended up with **my grandmother Johanna**, *who I had thought of the evening before and had asked her to connect with me!*

Yes, my white-haired grandmother, so long dead, was there, in her house (where now my father and his wife live), and it was the house like it used to be when I was a child … (*Note: It has been haunting me, that, in real life, I learned from her caretaker C., that she had called out for me, many times, when she already was in agony and needed someone to help her, but I didn't know about her, my father always claimed she didn't want contact with me … which was not true; and I learned of her death only two years later.*)

And I was in that house with her, but only visiting, and she wanted to book me a flight so that I could get quickly to that classroom … but I said that it wasn't necessary, because I had found a way, and it would take me only fifteen minutes.

Somehow I thought about going by bike … and somehow I was also really on the way to that classroom, but I also knew that I had already missed the first hour … but it seemed to be okay, not sure why.

That child and that man were always around, but I don't know what their roles were …

Now that I think about it, there were also other people … somehow related to that remote African landscape (that yet must have been so close to my grandmother Johanna's actual house in Velden, where it still stands and were my father now lives) … It was a strange dream.

<u>April 12, 2019</u> **– The Shopping Card Incident**

Evening, going to the callshop – and two young guys came rushing down the empty street "riding" a big **shopping cart** … laughing, I stopped and waited for them to pass, and one of them invited me to take a ride, "It's free" …

It wouldn't be anything for other people, that anecdote, but for me it was special: I had been

thinking of how much the **Costco**-"runs" meant to Bob and me, *we loved to do shopping with each other at Costco so much* … And a huge shopping cart coming rushing towards me along a regular street two guys having fun … crossing my path literally … it felt special.

… and a few steps further a car with the **license plate "P ferdi 1" ("Horsie 1")** and Bob was a "horse" (Chinese astrology) and called himself a "*horsie*". Remember, I've asked to see his phone number on license plates, which isn't possible, because they have only 5 figures, and the phone number has 5 … so maybe "*Horsie 1*" was a message, too …

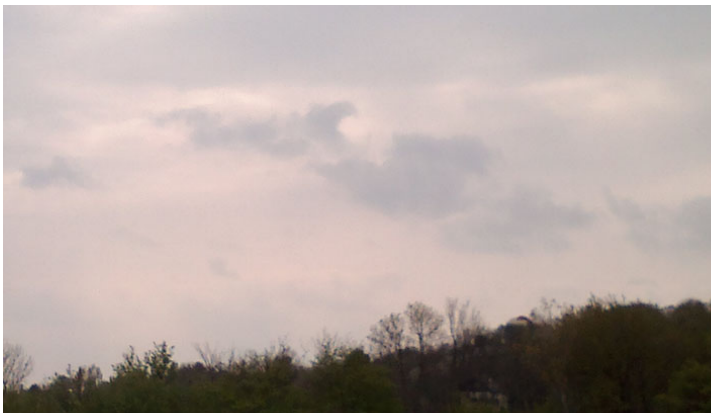
Of course, as of license plates and phone numbers, I've been seeing the perfect combinations all suggesting "2508030" … but then, that may be selective observation … whatever. I miss Bob so much.

April 13, 2019

Today I shit myself. Seriously. Never happened before since my Africa-days (wait, didn't I dream of Africa just two nights before?) … I was sitting and writing and suddenly there was a huge grumbling sound in my belly and the feeling of a tidal wave, and I felt something like a "fart", but immediately I realized that it wasn't air. And when I tried to hold it back, it would keep flowing … *it kept flowing!* And I ran to the bathroom … thanking God and myself that I hadn't taken off to the callshop (yet, won't, tonight) … and I felt liquid shit running into my pants … tried to pull my pants down, but couldn't get the bow open in time, squatted, pants … explosion into the bowl and a lot of brown stuff in my pants.

Sigh.

Today, earlier: **On Danube Island**, a huge **shark cloud** behind me … a surprise, because I walk for long stretches of time without even looking up (as I'm not really "looking for messages", whilst in my mind I'm always open for them …)



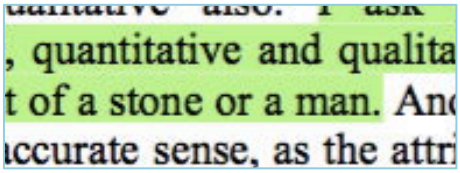
I researched the identities of "Joan and Darby" as well as "Stephen" from "Our Unseen Guest" and found them, and a picture (!!!) of "Stephen", actually Richard Hall. So great! It kind of gives me joy.

Just that the knowledge I'm gaining … makes me sad. Why oh why do I come across all of this only now, why not years ago?

"I have so indicated," Stephen answered. "But there are no terms in which I can explain to you matter's graduation or rebirth."

"But," I argued, "in the course of that development is not the law of matter's indestructibility broken down? The thing I know as matter will have vanished."

"Not at all," answered Stephen. "In such a case the low degree will simply have developed into a higher. Your theory of the indestructibility of matter is a quantitative formula. Now what I tell you is that all consciousness survives not only quantitative changes, but qualitative also. I ask you to recognize the indestructibility, quantitative and qualitative, of all consciousness, whether that of a stone or a man. And, using the word 'matter' again in its accurate sense, as the attribute of a given degree of consciousness rather than as consciousness itself, I say to you that even as an attribute matter is eternal—all consciousness, even the supreme, has form."



Look at this excerpt … see what I'm seeing? ("… **stone** … **man** …")

I started mingling my new knowledge into the winning screenplay "The Jedi-Mystery" of "Regents of Clouds". I'll write a sequel to the entire franchise, entitled "Creators of Stone", introducing stronger plot elements regarding the afterlife. And then I'll write the third and final franchise, "Masters of Choices" … and in there "The Bridge" will already exist. And all my experiences from this "Contact Diary" will be the basis for the contents of those two final trilogies.

April 14, 2019

Working "The Unobstructed Universe" now, and I've bee putting excerpts into my winning "The Jedi-Mystery"-script. Told the "Aumakua" that I'm doing my best, but they must get me what I need to be successful on our all behalf.

My dog-acquaintance G. told me today, during a walk, straight out, that she thinks death means "*lights out and dark and nothing else*". And she made clear that she had no interest in discussing this. (She only wants to discuss her petty private matters, which, of course, to her are big, I get that, but for fuck's sake, I'm mourning the loss of … everything! I can't always politely listen to people's problems with their exes!) Which meant that I can't talk with her about Bob at all. But that's all I want to talk about. And that's my kind of "egotism" that I need to cultivate, I guess.

April 15, 2019

Don't feel much courage today, regarding the forward-movement relating to my wins. Can't make myself check emails …

The weird thing was my **dream** … I dreamed that I was lying in bed, and somebody *nudged* me, but hard, really *pushed me against my left shoulder, twice, rudely* … I woke up from it … don't even know what the dream was like before that. But I woke up, some kind of down and sad, and also a little worried about the pushing …

It's hot today, after several cold days, and I have a headache.

Last night, major chest pain and back pain (same spot) and problems breathing. Took colloidal silver, ginger and thyme. Today is better. I went washing my stuff, schlepped the loads to town, maybe that helped, the weight on my back?

Then I took Jacqui for a walk, and I stopped at a meadow, told Bob and the Aumakua that they must make things easier for me, with the right connections, then I'll work my ass off.

As I walked on, I saw a license plate "**JO 13 IT**", and I was kind of startled, because a truck stopped (because of a traffic light) right behind that car, and I read "**wild dragon**" (an energy drink, yes), and I'm a Dragon, in Chinese Astrology.

So I kept thinking over that license plate, "JO", that's me, obviously, and then I said it out loud "one three it". And I realized that I said "won three" … and I did win, three times, with my screenplays, although "Huli Huli Moon" is just a "official selection" with laurel and all … I so want to believe that

"we are on it". I've been asking myself if it would be okay to actually ask for something concrete … but I've been reading in those books that it's not okay to "demand" anything "from the Invisible". Often I'm very angry and I tell Bob what I think of everything and that he owes me … but somehow I acknowledge that I can't really do anything to "make" him do stuff … And I guess that's somehow something he really enjoys now.

Also, at the underground message boards I saw twice the sentence "**This is Bob".** It relates to an *Internet-provider*, but I just happened to *glimpse over*, twice, when that sentence was on.

So, okay … I'm trying here, too.

Also took on a job of translating an English erotic novel … and I realize that the time in Hawaii really made my English good enough for working with it.

I should be thankful, I guess.

April 16, 2019

Found a piece of **wood** of rather a branch on "Red Mountain" today that looked *exactly like the wood on Ohukai Beach*, that Bob and I used as aim for our walking along the beach in September 2018 … and that's where we saw a brown down run … during our last walk there together, some beige retriever kind of dog, running very fast, but he was far away …

(*Note: I'm kind of surprised of that **picture** of the beach by Ohukai Road that I found online, of exactly the beach section where Bob and I took our last beach walk together … because the cloud to the left looks so much like Bob lying on his bed, and the way I've imagined him dying … lying stretched out, just bones and skin … resting and finally passing over. This is the beach where I lived, just across the road, when I actually met Bob in May 2002.)*

Received email by Joyce, describing the celebration of Bob's life … and about our house she wrote "It's now just a house for me". Jesus Christ, when I only think about it, I want to die right away. It was my home. It **is** me and Bob. It is **us**. We are **gone**. "Just a house" to her. Yes. And how thoughtless to say that. Yes, she saw her brother die in there. But she didn't even know her brother was sick, and hadn't I alerted her, she'd never seen him again. The house is still there. I'm breaking out in tears all the time, realizing that it's all over. I tried to explain it to her … but then, what do I expect?

Then I went on "Roter Berg" to get some air, with Jacqui.

So many airplanes today … I said "skyshark", all the time, to give myself the feeling of being with Bob … Then, when I walked towards home with Jacqui, and of course I was thinking of Bob, like always, and how I've been seeing those license plate numbers, just yesterday, 250 and 8030 on two different cars that were parked close to each other … Bob's phone number, that's haunting me …

I said to Bob, that all *that what I've been reading better be fucking true* … they are alive and well just where we are … and **I thought how I was craving some kind of salty crackers, or chips**, but that I wouldn't go shopping, though, today, because I want to use up all that I have at home … and just as I was thinking that, I walk past a car, with a young guy in the process of getting stuff out of it, and **a bag of chips** (!!!) *falls to the ground right in front of my very eyes!*

So I immediately had to smile and thought how much that can be interpreted as "communication"! But then … I've been always good for stuff like that! And Bob was always thrilled to hear my stories … so were such incidents during Bob's lifetime also connected with discarnate beings? That would make so much sense! Is he playing the same card now?

And: I hesitate to mention it, but I've been exchanging thoughts with a **young woman** (almost 30 years old) who I got to know related to my online-work … and I shared with her that I had lost my partner; and it turns out, her father and her sister died not too long ago, and she still is heavily grieving, especially about her father. I don't know too much about her, and we're only emailing; She wrote her dissertation on **"The Hero's Journey"** by Joseph Campbell … and I have a feeling that she is someone to be trusted. I haven't share with her yet, what I'm doing in terms of "communication" with my dead partner … but maybe I will. I have a feeling of relatedness with her. But I don't want to stir anything up in her, as I've realized that she is very sensitive. I don't like many people in this world, but I have the feeling I like, her, **let's call her "C" for "Colibri".**

April 17, 2019

Dream of Keanu.

I went to a *Flohmarkt* (flea market, real life location Caritas Mittersteig, Vienna! But it seemed at the same time to be situated near a channel in Venice, Italy or in Amsterdam/Netherlands …) where I ran into a remote dog-owner friend (Susi P.) and some guy who she treated badly. They came towards me, but then they changed direction and walked in the same direction like I did … but then they were gone.

I entered the house where the charity fleamarket was supposed to take place … but nobody was in there, except for a woman who I found in an office. No clothes, nothing around, and she *said "She didn't bring anything by today".* And I understood she meant the fleamarket organizer (like the real fleamarket at the women's center Springergasse 5 in Vienna, where I always to go washing clothes) … But she said I could look around. So I went one room further, and suddenly I realized that I was at the *shore of the Hudson river* (yes, New York), and it was very inviting with clear water. So I climbed through a kind of fence or wall of that building and down into the river, that looked just like a river through a city. The water was kind of warm and nice, but I was aware that I was swimming in a river, and I was spooked and grossed out at the same time. Yet I said to myself in my dream, that my actual experience counts, and I kept swimming and returned to the *charity house*.

There I realized that Keanu Reeves had a room, that was always locked. So I snuck into that hallway and saw the room … for some reason I went swimming again, and this time I met some other women on the shore who I told that the water was nice and warm, and I said first 23 degrees, then 21 and then "20, maybe". And I was the only one who went swimming again, but this time I didn't feel good, and suddenly I bumped into some kind of shore-wall or boulder, but was like a reef (and it resembled Baby beach on Maui, where Bob and I had so often enjoyed the "bubble baths" right next to the reef! I cautiously swam around that rusty brown reef (under the surface) and swam back to the charity house and climbed up that low wall and got in.

Now Keanu reeves was looking out of the door or of some window, with a serious expression, and I was kind of shy and looked away and walked by.

But I told myself, that I had to really engage and not just take a glimpse, so I went back to the spot where he was (kind of a window or hole or door where he looked through), and as I stood in front of it, he turned to me directly, like someone in a TV who looks directly at the audience … and suddenly, *in the dream I realized **that this was a dream** and this was a special situation*, and he looked at me and held an **item** to me! I now realized that *he was actually **in** a TV*, and that it was impossible to reach him, but yet I reached out - and we ***did*** connect! I grabbed that item from him, which was like a small (finger high) **plastic bottle** (I want to say, but I'm not sure) … and I thought to myself in my dream "this is not possible, normally, because he is behind that glass and in the TV, and yet, here we are", and I took the gift while he kept looking at me, with some kind of "telling" expression, as if he

was trying to urge some insight or information into me.

I woke up then.

So strange.

I must say that before going to sleep I read some more of "The Unobstructed Universe", but I fell tired quickly, as I had worked translations before that and was wiped.

But I was very deeply into "communication" with Bob, and the characteristic **crackling** at one certain spot at the left window kept occurring in perfect responses to my thoughts and what I said. And I held my hands out and said "So I can touch you, but I just don't feel you" … and I suddenly *got an entirely different feeling of my hands* … and it seemed as some kind of "***fog***" was emanating and wavering along as I moved them … but I wasn't in any kind of trance, really, *I was aware that I was looking at that hand* and wondering what that was and whether it was an illusion … but my hand, again felt different and kind of heavy and alien to me … I reminded myself that I'm aware of aura-phenomena … but that was more than just "aura", it had looked at if my hand had actually been dissolving on the surface …

And the … suddenly! *A tickling pressing sensation on top of my head*, so that I spontaneously touched it! I instantly remembered that in old Hawaii it was absolutely forbidden for people to touch that spot on someone's head, because that's were "Aumakua" was at home …

That flashed in my mind while I felt as if someone was touching my head! That was the spot *where my first white hairs had appeared, when I was barely 16, and it's my most sensitive spot … and it did feel like I was being touched*. So I touched that spot, too and imagined I was touching the "Invisible" who was making contact … of course, at the same time I realized … oops, just now, that I'm writing this, there is a small icy cold sensation on my head next to that spot … and it's spreading right now, in tiny waves … I feel some pressure on my head right there, on the skin, outwardly (I just now had to touch it, but it doesn't go away!) …

… so I'm realizing now that it may be something … I don't know, nerve-related?

In the afternoon, yesterday, on the meadow, I had asked Bob to hold my hand, my left hand, and it began to be heavy and tingling soon after … well, I know that any bodypart begins to tingle if you direct your attention to it … but one can hope.

<u>April 17, 2019</u>

My online-friend "C" asked me to read the books of **Ray Peat** ("Generative Energy and Mind and Tissue") … wow, that seems to be exactly my kind of line of research!

Ray Peat's Knowledge Vault
September 4, 2019 ·
Ray Peat on stress and depression/negative emotions, high cortisol, low testosterone, inflammation
Full interview: https://youtu.be/VciTvOAgYxM

She wrote that she wouldn't ask anyone else to read that, but since I told her about my background and what I'm researching right now, she'd be curious to hear what I say … Oh yes, I'll read that. Feels like another piece of … I don't know, communication, of sorts.

<u>April 17, 2019</u> **– My Name on Paper**

During a walk through the Prater today I suddenly got worried (?) that Ray Peat is actually the guy Bob asked me to check out, a while ago, relating to being a nutrition guru.

So, is the fact that I'm in contact again with the painful subject of "nutrition guru", that, to my opinion, did a lot of harm to susceptible Bob who was a **supplement addict**, a "message" … in as much that Bob is telling me that he is still around? It sure feels somewhat poignant … and the fact that it comes through my new friend "C" … is double poignant, is it not?

Found a paper note with "**Johanna**" written on next to a pond, I felt drawn to that spot.

April 17, 2019

Sometimes I have such urge to be with Bob or I even behave as if I was with Bob, I totally see, feel and kind of experience his reactions, that I'm each time compelled to tell him "Come on, let's do this! Let's be the first to merge the dimensions! Let's be together officially! Let's move mankind forward in that respect! If we really only can't see you, but you are here – then it's about time that we start living together seriously, the ones with the bodies and the others without the bodies, but consciously and intensely together, like … fulfillingly so! But that … I'm realizing just now … would require for you guys, in the next realm, advanced as you are, to want to step back down! I know it's a process of advancement! But how about making immortality a given, so that would be so cool for humans, the mortals, to live their lives!?"

I want that with Bob, I do. He is not gone.

And maybe that's exactly the point: We aren't supposed to "let go", because the deceased are ***not gone***. How different would the world and life be, if all "incarnate" humans would, from birth on, live with the knowing that the body will mature and live to a point when his functions expire or are destroyed so that the energetic body can be freed and live on *as a superior life-form*?

I think this whole thing of "**grief**" actually has **the function** for us to want the "dead" around … *and we are not supposed to "get over it",* but we are supposed to act on it and actually help build the bridge between the realms. We aren't supposed to live without the dead, we are supposed to learn how to live **with** them. (*Note: That kind of truth only began to emerge for me in April 2019, but strongly*.)

Grieving, we have the instinct of wanting them around, that's part of our **energetic nature**, too, and we are, actually, right about it! A person who has been such a strong presence in your life won't simply vanish only because the body is no more. That's very silly to assume that, given *that **the main aspects** of a human "incarnate" person **are all energetic** and thus: invisible, already during the mortal phase.*

April 17, 2019 **– "808 = BOB"**

Okay, I just walked Jacqui (about 10 pm), and I saw a **car**, that was *never* here before, just one street over, with the license plate "**W 808 XE**". There. 808, the area code for *Hawaii*. X is for *love* or hugging, and E … I don't know, maybe something with "*eternal*". A blue BMW. *(Note: Only a while later did I realize that "BOB" and "808" are actually visually the same!)*

License plate numbers have always attracted my attention, and I virtually fell in love with Bob and his car and his license plate number back in 2002, which was "**MEA 910**". Now, "mean" in Hawaiian means "thing" or "case" or simply "circumstances" … and "910", well, the 10th of September was the last day Bob and I spent together. I left on 9/11 to never see him again.

Also, twice I met a **man**, recently, who could be **Bob's twin**. Tall, gray-white hair, very similar features, very quiet demeanor. Have *never* seen him before, he must have moved in recently (Beckmanngasse 36). It kind of startles me, when I see him, especially he does something that was typical for Bob: He carries a **backpack** with him, in a very unique old-fashioned way. Bob always had his blue backpack with him, no matter if almost nothing was in it.

I have begun to think that since I keep asking him to let me "see" him but also telling him that he must not spook me or my dog in any way, that's actually the way to let me "see him"… through people who look similar. That's also something that belongs into my "realm" that I can deal with. It's not that I'm even interested in talking to that man. It's only him appearing in the street somewhere and totally looking like Bob that seems to be the "use" of that … to "give me Bob". In a way. Sounds strange, but I feel that there is something to that.

Today in the **subway**, with Jacqui, I was quite upset, like always, because of having to use the stinkin' dangerous subway to get out into the green area (Prater) … and on top of everything, a *large group of very loud youngsters entered* (a school or travel group), and they went just like where Jacqui and I were already squeezed at the end of the carriage. And some boys sat down exactly around Jacqui and me … and to my surprise, they were northern European, maybe from the Netherlands, but more likely even Finnish or Swedish. Or even Norwegian. *And they were totally sweet and polite.* One asked, if Jacqui bites (in English), and I said of course not (and he was wearing a muzzle, anyway), and the boy next to me asked me (in English) permission to touch Jacqui. So he patted him. And then, when they rose to get off the subway, the boy ***thanked me*** for having been allowed to pat the dog! He freakin' thanked me! That was so sweet. It felt like some kind of soft cool comforter on my fevery soul.

(*Note: Only the word comforter lets me flash back to "housie" and Bob, because his comforter was so important to me, and the feeling of being tucked in with it by Bob or me tucking Bob in, in the last weeks we were together, when he was constantly freezing …*)

I've caught myself taking on mannerisms that I'd seen Bob do … so what if I and he "merge" in a way, to be able to communicate? Would that be an option, Invisibles? (*Note: A few months later I realized that the song-refrain "Play me!" that stirred me so much when Bob sang it to me in 2002, can also be enunciated "Play me!" … and that means to actually recall a person's mannerisms to … well, this would be come clearer soon, too.*)

I've been thinking a lot about that **medium** I met that evening, **Dr. A.,** she has been on my mind a lot. I feel kind of attracted to the thought of doing a session with her. Maybe Bob wants to speak through her? I mean … a "medium". Only the experience would be kind of interesting … but not sure.

April 18, 2019 **– Numbers of Value**

This morning I received an email from Maui, by a woman named S. with whom Bob had worked on a documentary film project about the "kupuna" (elders) of the Makawao-area (where we had lived). And I had transcribed some of the interviews, the last job Bob gave me, because he couldn't handle it anymore. The woman desperately needs help with the documentary and asked me for it. I'm beside myself today because of that. Really? Maui? Documentary? Me? Without Bob? She really thinks I could just pick up where he had left off? Of course, I'm an expert on Hawaiiana, and it's hard to even find someone to transcribe the Pidgin-interviews … but I remember in the weeks that I was with Bob last, he pulled him together, sick that he was, to do a shoot for that project, and he had ordered a second camera from the mainland … and then that woman had cancelled just before we set out to do the shoot.

(Note: The day after I edited this section, Jan. 11, 2020, this woman was brought to my attention

again, but you'll read about it at the proper spot …)

I was heartbroken for Bob, and we had been looking forward to working together … I won't forgive her for her reckless and thoughtless abuse of Bob's time … about which he had complained, actually. They had really taken advantage of him … like so many had. Bob had had the hardest time saying "no" … except to me. Me, he didn't fear, so to me he could be nasty and rejecting and distant … but, hey, at least he had some kind of ventil there.

I still hear Bob say "*You're my writer*" or, about a project "I told them that my writer would be here, soon" … yes. Bob, where are you? Why are you doing this to me?

I'm reading messages into everything now, today I saw a car license plate number with **64910**, which is my birth year and the number of Bob's old beloved car (MEA 910) …

I kept thinking that I had recently read that we are on Earth *to learn how to serve, each other*. Literally. It's not a religious idea, it's about certain patterns that need to be gathered and that provide a certain status and abilities in the next dimension, once the body is shed. But then … how unfair is it, when some people advance, spiritually, and others are dumb and brutal and ruin everything?

So about the *serving* aspect … if one was serving others more than himself, it was Bob. That has been a problem, in our relationship, for him, just generally. And when I read that **email** today where that woman S. stated again that Bob had done so much more work than he had charged … it pissed me off, again because I realized that during that time that he had given so freely to people who didn't even really treat him respectfully, I'd been waiting for him to communicate and connect with me and to do the things he had promised me!

But I recognized that Bob had probably fulfilled the typically needed function of the consciousness for his development of his soul … *and that maybe he simply had served enough,* and it had been his time to move on and **do something truly for himself. In the "afterlife".** He was done, that means. He had accomplished what he had been on Earth for, and that's in a very energetic **literal** way. Yes, literally. We always deem it to be a flourish or something, that talk about "being *here to accomplish something*". But it looks like this is actually matter-of-fact human life-stuff. His way of ***serving the "greater good"***, of which he had talked all the time in our first years, ***was accomplished***, on the cost of the happiness of himself, as private human being.

That's probably why I wasn't supposed to *save* him. Because there was no saving to be done. And that's why I've ended up with all the new information and the situation now of dealing with Bob the way he is truly himself now … just that I can't see him. My "kuleana", my spiritual plight of serving, and I was very service-oriented as a child and always, people have often called me on my urge to help, isn't finished yet. I am supposed to be very connected to Bob, he is my lesson on what to do next to be released myself, to graduate.

I think that's supposed to be a wonderful revelation or insight …

yet, I must cry all the time. How fucking philosophical and wise am I, huh?!

I want my simple human existence with my Bob. That's all.

April 18, 2019 **– The Medium in the Vet's Office**

Something truly awesome and chickenskin-inducing just happened … after a walk with Jacqui, I went out shopping, and as I passed by the vet-office at the corner (with it's glass door, my vet, too), I saw a **woman** sitting in there with a terrier dog, and in walking by, I realized that I know her.

So I walked by, but then **I returned and just briefly waved at her**. And she looked up, kind of surprised. She is a very unique looking woman … like a movie-star, a bit old-fashioned, very interesting … and only after a few more steps I realized: **It was Dr. A., the medium** who I had met weeks ago *and with who I had considered a session!*

What are the odds! A few meters from where I live! Today! When I had just been talking to Bob about how he'd like to communicate with me! And there she sat. Looking at me.

So I guess I'll do a session with her?

April 18, 2019

Just heard back from **Dr. Alice, the medium** (had emailed her about an appointment) … and she told me that she had come to that vet at the corner from where I live, as substitute for her vet who is on vacation, but that vet (also mine) was also on vacation … so she ended up with the substitute of the substitute … So I thought all those *circumstances* were "created" just so that I would see her as I was considering connecting with a medium!

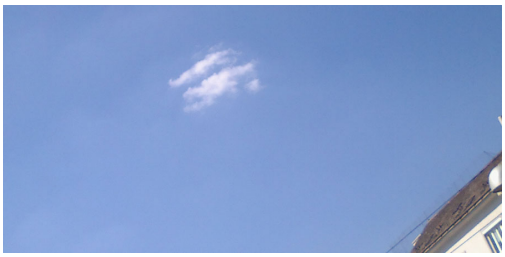
She wrote that she is excited how that spirit world works … and I just now realize that she would be someone to utterly talk to and share, if it were … *she is the one to deem anything possible.*

Wow. Just yesterday I felt so desolate because I had the feeling that I couldn't share with anyone my belief in the existence of humans without their shells … and today the world looks already different. I am not alone, that's for sure.

In all kinds of ways. Joyce wrote that she is certain that Bob is around, pricking and prodding and grinning his famous Stone-grin. Alright then. I like that.

April 19, **2019 – "808 = BOB Spelled Out Directly!**

Strange cloud – just ***one***, and that the perfect "unity".

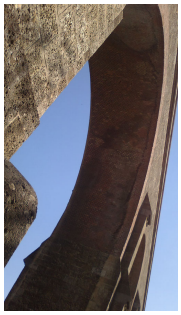


Wow.

Went with J for a walk along **Liesing river**, where I hardly ever go, but today I just felt like doing something different. It was nice. On the way back I took a route, that I first didn't want to take, but so I ended up facing the *advertising for a new online-provider on the wall of a bus station*. And it's for "**bob**". It reads "**Das ist Bob**". "**This is Bob**". and next to it: "**8.08**"!

I mean, look at it: Hawaii's area code is 808 … I mean, what are the fucking odds? (Of course, it expresses the date when a certain campaign starts, and "BOB" and "808" are kind of optically similar … I get all of that. And still … I was standing there like an idiot, my mouth gaping …

Also … I ended up at an **aquaeduct** … huge old construction … the perfect (!) **symbol for "bridges in the sky",** meaning the connectedness of the worlds! I was awestruck by the sight!



So back home I had a sudden moment of despair and started crying, a lot, it does happen at times, when I suddenly fall into memories, out of the blue and totally break down …

So I took the "**switchboard**" and put my hands on it and started talking with Bob … and the **crackling** at the windows *(just right now, as I wrote the word, it crackled)* that I had been noticing and observing and reacting to, became really really intense … but there is no wind, nothing happening in the house, no temperature drops … and as I look up, **I see my dog sitting and looking at spots in the apartment**, and then turns to me and looks at me. And he starts *winking his eye*! He looked in a way drowsy and strange, and he winked in a way that was *not* normal! I winked back, thinking that it may be some form of communication, although feeling silly about, it and Jacqui *winked back every time*, and he had *never* done that. He winked with *changing eyes!* As I winked, he mirrored me every time!

So I went over and asked him (yes, my dog) if he was some kind of *medium*, and he reacted so strange, his eyes closed, propping himself off the floor with his nose … and I pulled him up and he was like falling asleep right there, his *head went so heavy* …

all that was so strange … *and I also felt so heavy suddenly,* that I had to lie down. I put my dark shirt over my eyes and just lay there … and the ***most strange bright purple patterns showed up*** and *began to form and move and turn and twist … my eyes were half open under the shirt!*

Then I began to doze, and certain **Hawaii-spots** and very **specific events** came to my mind …

I had asked Bob to give me some kind of message what to do about S.'s request of me helping them with the Makawao "kupuna" documentary … and I did feel like Bob was trying to get something across … but I can't remember what that was that came to my mind in that kind of meditative state … which is strange in itself.

April 20, 2019

I did have a **dream about Bob**, being with Bob, sitting next to him, eating chatting, but it was about a certain subject, and I can't recall what it was.

It didn't feel like a "regular" dream, but also not like lucid, different, and what stays with me is *the view of Bob, sitting*, but I only see half of him, dressed in something mustard-yellow brown … and talking to me about something, casually, calmly, matter-of-factly, … and I am listening to him, and I know I did talk, too, but I can't recall more.

Today I was between intense memories and intense despair and actual pain, and blood in my stool and also blood in my panties, some sharp pain on the right side of my abdomen, and incredible genital itching at night.

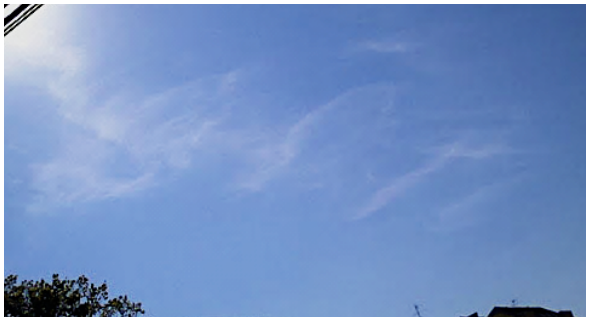
I ended up with the insight that I was to have nothing to do with that "kupuna" documentary, but I did suggest several filmmakers that I know who could continue Bob's work. I never heard a word of "thank you" or anything back from S.

April 20, 2019 – **Writing In The Sky**

Just realized, that the book I'm translating (as a job, an erotic story) deals with a **filmproject**, and it's a lot about crew and camera people!

Sometimes it really feels like too much for me to bear, it's so painful, recalling my time with Bob, him a camera man, me working with him … and my hopes of working with him again. That was my life. My longing is so strong, sometimes, I can't imagine living on.

I did meet a lovely woman, G., with her small dog "Gizmo", with who I have talked a little bit about Bob and even about the afterlife, and she is someone to actually talk about these things with, and she is all for it. But I have the feeling that she is personally fragile, too, so I don't talk much with her, but I'm always glad to meet her and chat a little.



Sometimes I see clouds that seem to be meant to be "**letters**" or some kind of "symbolism" in a "writing"-kind-of-way … Here, these look so much like letters!

April 21, 2019

Very intense **dream**! Of **Sigi**! He and I were on the road, literally, in a wide country, in a car at first, but then I dropped him off … there were other people involved, but it's hazy … and he walked on and I drove on. It was an extremely *windy road* with a lot of counter traffic, and it was very steep.

I knew I had to *reach Makawao Union Church*, and I knew where it was, could see it in a distance, but the road lead me up and mountain and *away* from the church and the little town (in the flatland), and then I got stuck with the car. I did realize that somehow I had arrived at Makawao Union church, anyway. And I ended *up with my car in a room*, it was kind of fragile as if it was about to break down, and narrow and stuffy, and there was no way to turn around the vehicle, so I abandoned it and stepped out.

Somehow I got to call (phone) *a veterinarian's office*, it was the only place I reached, it seemed as if I had *only one chance to call*, and I didn't know who I would reach, and the *female vet* (I could see her talking with me, but only from outside the dream, with her white coat, blond, red faced, nice and very busy and servile) talked to me eagerly, and reassuringly … that yes, I was on the right path.

So I trusted and looked around and realize that I was, in fact, at Makawao Union church.

I only had to hook up with **Sigi** again – who, in a way, was at the same time Bob!

I also realized in the dream that I was close to *a mountain range that I had visited in many previous dreams* (for real! I remember those dreams), but there was just one glimpse that looked familiar, and then I couldn't occupy myself any longer with figuring out if I was to follow up that mountain path again, that I remembered from other dreams. But in the dream I thought about it.

Also, in that dream there were more glimpses of other dreamscapes I had visited in previous years … now, that I'm writing about it, it seems odd, but it's a fact.

I ended up sitting nestled into some kind of ledge on a steep hill, overlooking the valley where Makawao Union church (an the name sounded in my mind all the time, and the place does, in real life have a lot of meaning to me) was in the distance, while I knew, though, that Makawao Union church was actually right behind me, on top of the hill.

And as I was thinking about what to do … somehow I have the impression of wetness, too … but then, I had seen a similar kind of "ledge" on the Wien river path yesterday, while walking with G., and her little dog Gizmo had climbed down there and just stood there for moments, a mossy green wet ledge …

So I was cowering there, and suddenly Sigi comes walking around the corner (the hill, actually, from the left side), his head up, in his usual way, kind of whistling, and yet he looked like Bob. (As I'm writing this I'm feeling some kind of euphoria …) And I called out to him, as his view of me was obstructed by some kind of trees, at it seemed, and at first he didn't hear me, but then I called "Schiller" (his last name), and he looked over and has glad to have found me.

It was strange because the chances for us to meet up, were so very slim. And the path he had chosen just perfectly matched mine.

So we embraced and I was so happy, and I told him that I loved him and he loved me …

I don't remember more, but it feels like the dream still went on a little … and as if I was back in my car, then and drove on …

(Note: Sigi was a former partner and drug addict, and my relationship with him over 10 years was disastrous, but I never took any drugs, and I managed to get him out of the swamp and of the addiction, but it cost me a lot, from career to heart and money.)

As I sat over breakfast, my pending **meeting** with the **medium Dr. A.** came to my mind … and I realized how urgently I wished for other people to read the books I had been reading … but I also knew that I couldn't force anyone, and that they wouldn't read them, and I felt immensely lost and alone and frustrated.

April 21, 2019 Easter Sunday

Found one single **sprouting onion** in the Wien river today … seems to be significant.

I hate that it's spring … I hate the smells and the warm sun and the flowers, it all only pains me.

April 22, 2019 Easter Monday – **The Bird Miracle**

I got to experience the ultimate contact effort today. I feel very … elated, not sure if that's the proper word, though.

I remember part of my **dream**: I was working on my documentary film "Native of Owhyhee", and a woman who had to do with a real life friend of mine (HP) totally admired and supported me. But we where in some kind of rural place and we urgently needed to return to Hawaii, and somehow that was difficult or impossible … *the dream had that flair of longing to it that I know well*, the wish or

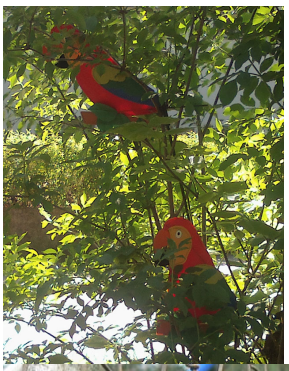
need to get to Hawaii, but somehow being hindered …

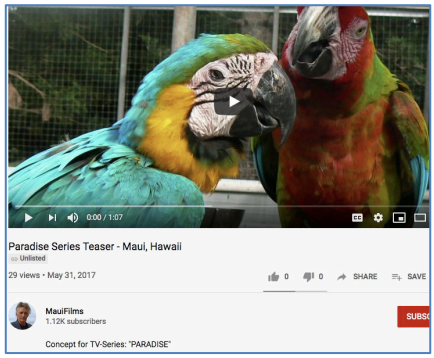
Then, in real life: I wasn't sure where to go with Jacqui today. I felt so torn, which is rare. I wanted to go to Danube island, but then I didn't feel well (bleeding, like menstruation, pain in abdomen and breasts, extremely aggressive mood. I don't care. I let it bleed.).

So I decided to go to *Hörndlwald* (13th district). I met M. (with dogs Josephine and Caramello, a very lovely geriatric nurse, who had advised me about the TIA in October 2018 and knows Bob's story), and I told her about my script wins and my erotic novel job, and she listened attentively, which was nice …

So then I took the tramway line toward Hörndlwald, **but got off after only two stops** to go to **Küniglbergwald**. *That had totally not been my intention.* It was strange. But it was hot, and it was quiet there and somehow nice. So Jacqui and I walked around, and I talked to Bob about whether or not I should write to an acquaintance of ours. B., as he had been on my mind a lot, and I did get a few insights … so I sat down in the forest, thinking. Then I was on my way home. And again, I felt compelled *to take a route that I wouldn't take, normally*, because it's actually a detour and brings me to the beginning of the walk and not to the tramway.

So then I was on my way and was *about to turn towards the public transport,* when I simply ***turned the other way,*** without thinking about it, towards a group of trees next to houses, because suddenly I just *needed* to sit down there. I had walked by there so many times, but never had I gone closer there or had felt any need to sit there. So I walk over – and just as I was about to sit down, **I stood facing two colorful parrots**! In a bush, just facing me, next to the tree I was walking up to. In fact, I'd walked up to the parrots in a straight line, without knowing that they were there, without seeing them, being that much in thoughts. They were no real **parrots**, but **wood or cardbord cutouts** (I didn't go closer to check them out, I was in shock), bigger than real parrots or **macaws**, colorful, of cloth, wood and plastic … Why in shock? **Because it was Bob right there**! My favorite picture of him is he with Bud's parrots that are actually macaws, at the bird sanctuary, in 2014, Bob standing with his back to them, smiling … I called the picture **"The bird-whisperer",** and he liked it too. And: Those **birds** are the **ones** in **the teaser of our TV-series-project "Paradise"!**





There are no odds, that that can happen "by chance". It's my subject, daily, "***Bob and our project Paradise***" … And remember, I had just won "best comedy script" for the pilot-film? And how often had I asked myself if Bob was aware of it and also if he'll the fuck help me manifest it" We were about to make a real teaser, for hell's sake, in 2018, I had no idea that he was dying! So then I end up with

the "**birds of paradise"!** Huh! Get it? (*Note: Actually, that pun only just now came to me, while editing this part of the c. d.!*) Literally! The birds of paradise!

Yes, I did break out in tears there, right away, and of course I said to Bob "But you're still dead", *but I could feel him so closely*.

He had lead me there, he got me to the birds, and he must have been there, too. So at first I walked away, but then I returned and sat down on the ground, *with my back to the birds*, close to them, sitting quietly, knowing that Bob was sitting right next to me.

So, I thought Bob was telling me that he was indeed working with me and didn't let go of our plans together … yet, he is still dead. And of course, as I looked more closely, there was a **feather** right next to my feet, but a real one.

A little bit later … I sat in the tramway, befuddled, and suddenly realized that a woman was sitting close to me with **exactly "the" dress** …

I had seen in some kind of **vision** a few weeks earlier, a woman, but I didn't think much of it, because I thought I shouldn't read something into every person that shows up in front of my inner eyes … the woman also had worn a white dress with small flowers on it, and she was black haired … and all the time I thought that she resembled Betty White. This woman, on the tramway, was entirely unknown to me, just that the man with her, seemed oddly familiar (*Note: I do realize that they resembled the Whites quite a bit, and maybe that's what startled me* …)

Wow. What a day.

April 22, 2019, Easter Monday

Just as I had finished writing the experience with the birds and the couple and had copied it on a stick as a safety copy, I was about to get up from sitting, when the right side of the back of my head was tingling strongly like with goosebumps or an electrical current, and it felt like a hand was on my head, brushing over my hair. It was so strong, that I immediately said "**You're touching me!**", and I touched that spot. And: *With it came the **crackling***, that often happens at the window next to me, just out of "nowhere"!

(*Note: So I sat back down and kept writing …)*

Right now the sensation gets stronger again, as if there was a slight pressure on my head, as if someone was touching me. I've never had such a sensation or impression, it's physical, it's real … but there is nobody visible here to touch me. I have such a strong feeling that Bob is here.

The tingling turned into some warm and definitely "material" kind of feeling, it's still lingering.

April 22, 2019, Easter Monday

Two light bulbs blown in one day … one in the kitchen, the other right *after I looked at it*, a standing lamp and thought that this would blow … Sudden insight, as I was sharing my after-salad **pralines** with Bob … and after that "touching" experience yesterday.

The woman in the white dress with the flower-bunches … a thought of Betty White came up, again, very strongly. So I tried to connect with "Betty" via another **praline**, using the actual woman I had seen who so much resemble my vision (!) … and as I was sitting and imagining I was Betty (which I do with Bob usually, and it's easy to get into him, because I know exactly his mannerisms and can copy them right away, so that I feel like him and also project an image of him outside of myself and "dedicate" the food-impression in that direction …) and interestingly, *my hands and posture automatically took on different forms*, but ***not*** my own habits. I felt like someone else …

(*Betty and Stewart White)*

Crackling in the window. *Just now, too*. Sound like some sort of "response" or greeting.

People may think I'm crazy when they read all that. But it's no hallucination, it's just me consciously seriously working on a clear relation with the humans who have shed their material body. The windows do not crackle, otherwise! No matter wind, storm, rain or someone entering the house. It's entirely quiet, as I'm alone …

I had such a great thought this morning how to express the relations of humans and their bodies … must dig it out again …

Why am I bleeding today? Whatever.

April 23, 2019 **– The Crows & the Stick**

Started walk (heading for the forest) … and I found a **piece of a plant** on the street.

Like a shootling, or just some piece of a succulent that broke off, about two inches long, with two big fat juicy leaves … and I picked it up and carried it along in my purse through the hike … back home I put it into water … It **was Bob's and my joy to nurse plants**, and in 2014 I had planted a few shootlings in the driveway, and Bob would always tell me how nicely they developed.

So when I left him in September 2018 (11), I had put a **shootling**, a broken off piece of a **ginger plant**, that I had nursed for a few days and that was making a new sprout, in a pot and put it on the big glass table on the lanai (*on the same table that I had been involved in bringing to him in 2002, on the day that Bob and I had met*) under the umbrella, and I had told Bob to keep nursing that plant, as when I was coming back, I wanted to see it big and strong … Bob liked the idea so much. I never came back though, because he didn't wait for me.

Then … walk in the forest of Wilhelminenberg in the rain with Jacqui, ice cold, but quiet and nice and solitude … And I found a place at the edge of a clearing near a parking lot, in the forest, where kids (?) had created something like an outline of the foundation of a house, but it struck me as the outline of a "**heiau**"! *Oh, how long have I not thought about ancient Hawaii!* But there I stood, baffled, and somehow in a hurry (to get away from it, feeling *overwhelmed*), such a clear "greeting" from "home" … and I took pictures, of course … and walked on.

And then it happened! From inside the forest, from under the trees, came **a flock of black crows** *directly at Jacqui and me,* and crowing loudly they ***swooshed*** over my head and over the heiau, circling and looking down on me … it felt totally like they came for me, as I stood and gazed at them. And they settled down on the trees right next to us, ever again starting in a flock and flying a few rounds around us. I hurried to get out the phone to take pictures, but barely managed to snap them …

And then: **One crow followed us** and kept sitting down real close, looking directly at me and Jacqui … a single big black crow. This one:

And a few minutes later I picked up a sort of crooked **branch** from the pathway, and I was stunned to see it's bright **outline** – no rain had reached the area underneath, so it was. Then I put the stick down crossing it's own outline … and now I had again "*as above so below*", a perfect contrary mirror-like image … and it felt like such a distinct message!

Also, I realized that "Kaweli", a film I had written in 2017 and that Bob and I wanted to shoot in 2018, but of course there was no way … was about **communicating with a dead person**! I mean … I hadn't really thought about this, ever … The dead ***person really appears*** in my own story, and yes, Bob read it, and he had the script with him, when J. was with him in his last weeks … and she also read it, and that there are certain rules of how to do it (to appear, as a dead person) … It's very uncanny, that.

Also I thought about how precious the *communications by my new friend "C" (Colibri)* had become to me … this young woman doesn't shy back from dealing with the matter "survival of consciousness" like all the other people do … but she is hesitant, as the grief over her father's death has never been dealt with, that I'm aware of. Her father, upon his impending death, had told her that he "knew" that there was "something" …

Full blast menstruation today. Weird.

Also, on **Satzberg** I found still three of the **little silver hearts** I had found in the month before I had left last year to see Bob, and there were **24** of them on that hill … (I thought there may be more of them, but I didn't have the heart to look …)

Also I saw two kitchen **sponges** (!) in the forest … which may be weird, but "Sponge Bob" and "Bob" are, of course, a related matter … and if there is something like synchronicity as a means of communications between the "inca" and the "disca", then we are using stuff that we are familiar with … so … I haven't ever found sponges anywhere before …

… and of course I said out loud ***"Sponge Bob",*** and when a quip came to my mind "*I'm shutting up as we speak*" (because I was chattering with Bob instead of being quiet and listening inside or relaxing), I could totally "hear" Bob chuckling … he always got a kick out of playing with words …

Also, I was reminded so so so much of the moods of Maui in the rain. I miss our home on Haulani Street 222 so much.

I lie in bed at night and hear and feel everything about that house. It was the only true home I ever had … I'm so very aware of what I've read in those White-books and the related ones, that in the other **frequency-realm** we can **recreate** anything we want to relive it with out loved ones … after physical death, because it all is still there, *as energetic essence*, and that's consciousness "as such", and as it's own attributes, thoughts and imagination are working to create a setting for the "afterlife" in the mortal realm … I have the feeling that I'm totally getting it, slowly.

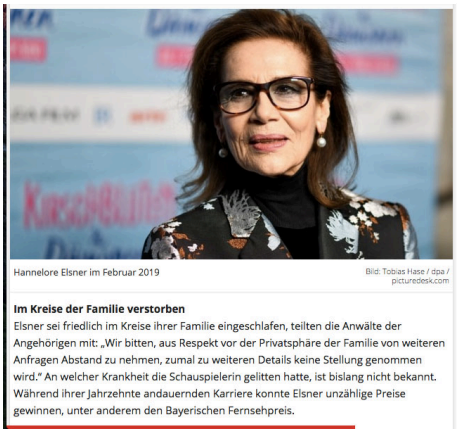
How cool is that, guys … later being able to live out something that you couldn't during your mortal life-time … with your dead loved one …

One of the speakers in Bob's film "Taylor Camp" said "It will always be there" (and she started crying) … and it totally is like it. Our "house of laughter" will always be there, along with Bob … and yet, I'm breaking out in tears right now.

I was thinking today that there got to be a very very damn fucking good reason why everything was taken from me, again, everything, Bob, home, prospects, plans … refuges. What the fuck am I supposed to do?

<u>April 23, 2019</u>

Actress Hannelore Elsner died of cancer on Easter Sunday. The strange thing is, that in the readers commentaries are notes about near-death-experiences by readers!



Hannelore Elsner im Februar 2019 — Bild: Tobias Hase / dpa / picturedesk.com

Im Kreise der Familie verstorben

Elsner sei friedlich im Kreise ihrer Familie eingeschlafen, teilten die Anwälte der Angehörigen mit: „Wir bitten, aus Respekt vor der Privatsphäre der Familie von weiteren Anfragen Abstand zu nehmen, zumal zu weiteren Details keine Stellung genommen wird." An welcher Krankheit die Schauspielerin gelitten hatte, ist bislang nicht bekannt. Während ihrer Jahrzehnte andauernden Karriere konnte Elsner unzählige Preise gewinnen, unter anderem den Bayerischen Fernsehpreis.

Wiener1941 vor 1 Stunde

Ein schönes Alter um die Reise ins Paradies anzutreten - Ruhe in Frieden ist der falsche Ausdruck. Nach meiner Nahtoderfahrung weiß ich, dass es drüben im Jenseits alles andere als ruhig ist (natürlich nur im positiven Sinne) - genieße den Empfang. Nach einer herrlichen Nahtoderfahrung verliert man total die Angst vor dem Tod - ich bin froh, dass ich mit diesem besonderen Geschenk beschenkt wurde. Ich bin mir sicher, dass deine Lieben Dich schon mit Freude empfangen haben. Alles Gute!!!!!

3 1 ANTWORTEN TEILEN MELDEN

Schrobenhauser vor 36 Minuten

Sorry,aber ich glaube Ihnen kein Wort!!

2 ANTWORTEN TEILEN MELDEN

mishiko vor 15 Minuten

@Schrobenhauser:
WARUM nicht, lieber @Schrobenhauser?
In unserem Daseins, erleben viele Menschen Erfahrungen, die man sich gar nicht vorstellen kann, wenn man es selbst nicht erfahren hat.
Und deswegen, würde ich niemals die diesb. Erfahrungen von @Wiener1941, in Frage stellen.
Oma Mishiko'

2 ANTWORTEN TEILEN MELDEN

… complete with the rejection by non-believers and the counter-reaction by experiencers and believers. How uncanny. The descriptions of people of their near-death-experiences and the afterlife could be straight from Betty White, and she was describing from the actual place!

(*Note: I would, in a few months, discover a whole world of near-death-experiences that certainly is right now changing my attitude towards … well, my own role in this realm; And I'm very aware of how close to death I was, and how fought to not be "sucked" away … actually, twice, on Maui …)*

<u>April 24</u> – **The Sponge-Bob-Connection**

How cool! Well … I did have the feeling that as soon as I thought about "Sponge Bob" that more about "sponges" would occur, soon. And it did – today!

Yesterday, finding the orange pot-sponge I'd said to Bob, *"You can do better than that!"*

So today, I went along the **Wien river**, because the wind was in our backs, and in spite of the Sahara-dust day with soaring temperatures, it was kind of nice to get down to the river path …

So sure enough - one of the first things I saw, was a **yellow sponge** (!) on the shore.

I immediately thought "*Sponge Bob*"! I took a photograph and thought that was *hilarious* – and what are the fucking odds, right? Along with yesterday's sponge-Bob-conversation and find?

So I walked on – and there it was! **Another big yellow sponge** (just like Sponge-Bob), amidst stones!

So I was really truly struck, I mean … "**Sponge-Bob on stones**"? C'mon! That's no coincidence! There are no such odds. *There are no yellow sponges on stones anywhere except when I'm talking with dead Bob whose name is Stone.*

Today I "fed" (Hawaiian Aumakua-feeding-technique) Bob a wonderful expensive free range **chicken** meal … and I asked him if we couldn't really try for that experiment and "be together", because I have something, that he doesn't have anymore, a **body**, but beyond that, I'm just like him … I'm only not "done" yet, literally.

Man, am I weird … but then … it has always been natural to me to look for signs and messages, my entire book "*We Creators*" was about that, *before* I met Bob. And now, that Bob is in the realm that I've been writing about, what would be more natural than us continuing our work together? Besides, he fucking owes me, because I'm a big ass trauma case now. He used to get a kick out of my findings and my creative thoughts … so perhaps we are really truly totally working together … on the future of mankind.

When I asked Bob about that **experiment** of ours … the *Goji-berry-plant* opposite me, near the window, *started to nod*, heavily, it waved and nodded, ad it had *never ever* done that! And yes, wind may have come through the gap in the window … but only to make that plant nod ***exactly*** after I had asked her my question! (Yes, I know what you may be thinking … but also, be aware, that we have those traits for a reason … the ability to anticipate and imagine and interpret! *There is a reason that we apply those when we do it …!*)

And yes, *of course one is looking for signals and signs when on believes in that kind of messages*, but that's exactly what it all comes down to, and I so understand Stephen and Betty and Stewart and the Reverend and the others … **we must "make it so".** We must live it as "real", us, being "inter-realm communicators" and "much greater than physical creatures". That's what we are like, that's were our focus should be … in our **material life** and in our **relations** with the ones who have *graduated*. I just love that term, "graduated". No idea how to translate it into German.

Along the Wien river I told Bob and the others that I totally will move forward the education that I'm immersing myself in, for others. But I want to do it in the form of the sequel trilogy to my trilogy "**Regents of Clouds**". It will be called "**Creators of Stone**", and it will deal with the relations with the "discarnates".

And then there must be the third part of the trilogy-trilogy, and it will deal with the "one Universe". (*Note: Later I found the title "Masters of Choices" for that third trilogy.*)

I wish Bob was here, as the man he once was … but I guess I'll have to content with having him as the immortal energetic personality that he is now and always will be … (if he wants to, because I understand that there are options of how to move on, in the "afterlife").

Well, talking of **clouds** … the ones of today were baffling …

A long one looked like it had some kind of "passage way" in the middle … and **indentation** that looked so odd. And another one was like a dolphin, coming right at me. I know that clouds will be clouds … but many years ago, when I read a lot about shamanic practices, it has been brought to my awareness that clouds can be influenced, under certain circumstance … and when we talk about **communications** *between the realms, it's clear that the "incarnates'" imagination and the energetic abilities of the "discarnates" play together* … and clouds are perfect means for conveying messages. Or greetings, at the least.

April 25, 2019

Insight! We're made to *ingest* our surroundings in every possible way, using our senses and *anything our body and mind can provide to experience "environment",* in order to use their essence to form our Self. Everything our body learns to do as it develops by a force that's generally called "nature" serves the one **purpose** *to create and build and enhance the energetic substance that our immortal actual Self is made of, call it* ***consciousness***. There is a personal *individual soul*, and it is **not** the same as our *consciousness*. Consciousness, that's an energetic substance that's invisible to our mortal human eyes, is created all the time, and the point is to one day shed the tool that helped it through the Earth-phase of its existence and live on without material components purely as that energetic substance. Of course consciousness survives. Why? We are consciousness, we *are* energetic substance. We "have" a body to use, as a tool. For a while. And in that time we think we "are" our body – those who are spiritually underdeveloped believe that.

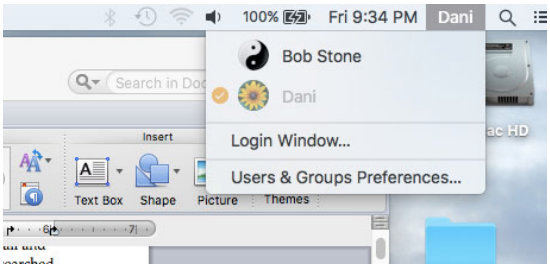
Today I met E., with her three legged dog Artus, she is an animal-warden at Schönbrunn Zoo … and when I told her about my three screenplay wins, she *asked* what the stories were about! She ***asked***. Nobody has ever done that before. She will be so freakin' rewarded for it. I want to give her a palace for her to keep animals, in Finland, where she'd like to be. Love Evi!

April 26, 2019 **– Bob and Me, Yin-Yang, the Sun & the Cup**

Very nice exchange with new email-friend "C" … she is a brilliant mind, super-brilliant, actually, and somehow gets "sucked" into my experiences, those, that I'm writing down now. She told me she has been reluctant to even deal with the subject "life after death", as it makes her grief her late father

even more. But then … she can't help it, and I can't help writing to her. I think we're supposed to exchange thoughts … and maybe work together on "the bridge"? She I so young, not yet 30 years old, and I totally see myself in her, in so many ways.

Just now, as I *clicked* on the righthand corner of my laptop, the one Bob had bought for me and had set up, I accidentally touched my name on the menu line, and up popped the scroll down, and it said "**Bob Stone**" with the **Yin-Yang-icon** above me. Just as I'm writing this, a big wind gust made the window next to me crackle heavily …



Today, in the tramway # 49, I sat with Jacqui (very hot day), and behind me, a **man** started talking on the phone, in German, with a northern, I'd say **Dutch** accent (he asked someone if a certain "*Andreas was still in the hospital or already released …*") *I liked the voice.* Which is weird. At the next station, he got out, and I caught a glimpse of him, a heavy guy with not much hair but some kind of a cap on the back of his head, so I thought "okay, Jewish". And the next thing I know, *he comes jumping back in*. I was sitting exactly at the door, so he smiled at me and said "zu früh, nächste" ("***Too early, next one***"). And I smiled at him. I realized that he was handsome, in a strange way. He sat down behind me again … and at the next station, he got up, and at the door, just before getting out, he looked back at me and said "Aber jetzt!" ("**But now!")** … and I thought again, that he was nice, in a strange way. I don't know what I liked about him, but there are very very very rarely ever *any* kind of people that I find "attractive" like that.

Anyway, how weird that he had asked right into my ear about someone "*Being at a hospital – or not anymore*". (You know that I have an entirely disturbed relationship with hospitals.) So uncanny, somehow. The wanting to leave, then being to early, then finally leave and confirming to me that it's the right station now … *is all that of meaning?*

What a weird day. It was very hot, but until tomorrow the temperature is supposed to drop by 20 degrees, from almost 30 to 10. Wow.

I bought a **swim suit** today. A fucking swim suit. And I thought I'd never ever swim again. It's different than any swimsuit I ever had. As I took out the cups … I was *struck* by ***flashbacks***: I had cut up my **bra** in Maui last summer to make **cups** for Bob to put over his tumor to be able to put underwear on, or blankets … and the cups, that I got our of my new swimsuit are the same cups!

And I immediately pointed out to that to Bob … and I got that impression that he entirely and totally agreed … So I put them over my imaginary "tumor" (as if I was Bob), and I had a moment of feeling "strange", like I was not even touching my own body … Cups in bras will forever be symbols of

Bob's and my struggle for his life. (*Note: The next day, I brought the swim suit back and bought another one, without foam-cups in the bra area*.)

I'm feeling very desolate, very often, and then I look at my **finds** and feel cheered up … mostly. Like by the **green "Bob-cat"** and the "**dream catcher**" (which I found it already in 2017).

Look at those **clouds** … they seemed to say to me "there are **energetic emanations** everywhere, and many come from us", and yes, the "Invisibles" are speaking.

April 27, 2019

A wild wild **dramatic dream**! With Sigi, Elisabeth, Bob and me and Keanu Reeves and video production! It's so detailed, I feel overwhelmed right now to even try to put it down.

It was about me trying to save Sigi (!) from impending death, as he was a drug addict and very sick, and somehow he was also Bob. I was at the company where Elisabeth was working, a huge court-like place, and I may have seen something like that in real life, like a big car mechanics facility or similar, and a lot of very simple and ugly workers there, too.

(*Note: As I'm editing this part, I realize that I can totally flash back to most dreams, like this one, I remember exactly the setting, the feeling, the lights, everything*.) And for some reason some kind of *commercial* was to be shot on the grounds. And I thought for sure that I was going to be the one to shoot it, but instead, an older worker showed up, and I learned it was the "director", and I realized that he had no clue about those things … but I had to withdraw. I went to Elisabeth's office, and for some reason I was hiding out there. I found a jib-arm, without a camera, though, and I thought to myself that I had always felt kind of inadequate handling equipment, but I was able to play around with that jib-arm a little bit and found it very easy.

Elisabeth would show up in the office … and I don't remember what it was about, except that she came from talking with her boss, and somehow it had to do with me having to find something Sigi needed. Somehow it turned out to be some kind of jewelry, and he didn't want me to have it, he thought (and said) I had enough jewelry, but I objected and had no idea how he could even say that, having no clue. Somehow I knew, later, that Sigi had disappeared and likely died, and I was desperate about not finding him.

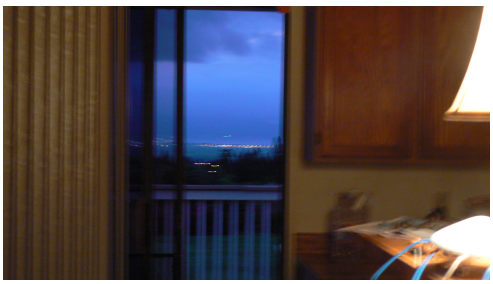
But instead, suddenly *Keanu Reeves* was there, not sure what he did in that place, but I ended up in some kind of *school room* sitting next to him. And the problem was that I had such a bad hairday, and I kept trying to fix my *hair* which was flat and strange on the left side (and it's like that in real life often, and I can get very upset about it, always when my hair grows, I barely make it through the

phase of that length, when there seems to develop some natural swirl or something) …

So I tried to impress and bond with Keanu, but I was constantly distracted by my own hair … Somehow Bob was there, but more like an *impression* …

Just now I'm reminding myself that last night, I did something that I dreaded doing: Since Bob isn't here anymore for trouble shooting and telling me tech-stuff, for example about my **laptop**, I'll have to figure things out myself. And I did what he used to do, often, went online and asked a *tech-question* to find the answer at an expert-site. I did that … it's about cleaning up the disk(s) … and I found what Bob had taught me to do … the weird thing was that I suddenly went for it, *although I absolutely didn't mean to do it last night.* But I did it … what I set out to do, cleaned up my harddrive … and I felt like Bob patted my shoulder. I had the strong feeling he was present.

Now I remember the second part of my dream … I found myself in some kind of **mist** (that felt and was separate from the other part of the dream) and I was in ***housie***, our beloved home on 222 Haulani Street in Pukalani …



… it makes my stomach turn thinking that I won't be there ever again with Bob … not in this realm … So I walked out from the kitchen … and onto the Lanai to find that the ***railing*** had been broken off and kind of tilted forward toward the garden. I broke out crying, and *I cried and cried*, and I think I cried in my sleep …

… and I feel like crying right now … I hadn't realized, I thought in my dream, how much I still had believed hat I would, one day, return and live there again, with Bob. I hadn't thought, when I left there on September 11, 2018 that I would never see it again, that I would never see Bob again, that I would never to there again.

My heart feels like it's rotting and disintegrating as I'm writing this … my longing for that place and my time with Bob wants to kill me, and I certainly would go for that. But then there is my dog Jacqui next to me, and he trusts me, and I don't want him – he just started snoring – to suffer, after I made the decision to take care of him. But I hadn't ever thought the amount of heartbreak I was about to experience … many times I think I can't bear it.

I try to occupy my mind by writing and writing … but there are always the moments when I realize that there is no housie, no Bo, no time on Maui anymore … and I can't believe it. It hurts so much. It doesn't matter how much I "believe" that Bob is "alive" and "still here". He isn't here for me and with me … He did abandon me and our dreams and took away all that I loved so much. You got to give me something great in return, Bob.

April 27, 2019 – **Arrow Pointing Upwards & the Pink Heart**

I exchanged my **swimsuit** for a different one. One with tropical flowers. A bright colored one. Who would have thought.

Walked to Neuwaldegg with Jacqui, forest, green, some sprinkles … I took a *new path*, today, and in the *middle of the forest*, I found a drawing of a **black arrow pointing upwards** on a tile color background.

Yes, on a young tree, on the bark. Teal was Bob's favorite color, his beloved Honda Accord was teal-colored, and the *arrow pointing upward* … it's is strange for me to have found it … yes, it is. Just as strange as the **"bob"-advertising** that is all over Vienna right now, and it says everywhere "das ist bob" meaning "*this is bob*". Isn't that an odd coincidence?

Also, in Neuwaldegg, on the meadow, actually, I didn't even notice the **"ua",** the "blessing from heaven", just now it occurred to me … as I talked to Bob about how I had always wished he'd be there with me, on that large meadow … it started to *sprinkle* right there!

I didn't realize the message and went into the forest for cover. It stopped sprinkling. As soon as I walked out – it started again! Just briefly, just the **"ua"** *that Bob and I had observed on Maui so many times*, and he even had said it last summer, when "ua" occurred, on our beloved "lanai" in our beloved house in our beloved Pukalani.

I sat down on a *quiet meadow*, thinking … and today is really a day when I so mourn the missed opportunities with Bob on Maui … and the sense of disbelief is big.

On the way home – right in front of my feet, a big **pink heart with sparkles**, a hair-clip …

… of a child, likely, but it does look like a pink universe and the sparkles that are floating inside are the stars. My name is "Kaleilauhoku" in Hawaiian, "wreath from many stars".

I really really want to believe, that it's a greeting from Bob, telling me that he loves me. I wish for it so much.

April 28, 2019 Sunday – **The Puzzle Is Formed!**

Two wild dreams again, but also: Interesting insight about the dream with the **jib-arm**! Of course I'm intending to figure out what is actually meant by the images my subconscious is presenting me – because I'm convinced that it's *Bob and the folks using my subconscious, just like they would use a medium*, just that I'm my own medium – but then I'm not, because I have no "medium-training", so rather we are working with my **dreams**?

So I had a moment where I was kind of "off" … and suddenly a thought came to my mind: *I bring **one name** in connection with **the jib-arm***, and that's a camera man who Bob worked with, I met him

briefly a few times, one at the upcountry fair **Ulupalakua**, and about that county-fair I had been thinking (for "no" reason) several times, the past days, the thing with "ua" also originates there, at "Ulupalakua", I said it to Bob for the first time there!) … where we did a shoot. So … that camera man came to my mind when I let the jib-arm be fully in my awareness, goes by the name of "**Stewart**". So there. I'm dealing with the books by Stewart and Betty White, *and I've asked them many times to let me know if they are here!* And then I dream of that jib-arm, and my subconscious gives me that camera man by the name of "Stewart", and all of it takes place where my (real life former) friend **Elisabeth** works. Elisabeth – *Betty* … **White**? It was some kind of **flash in my heart** when I realized that, and maybe, maybe *hopefully* but very likely it's the **message** *that was meant to be transported. It tells me that the Whites and Bob are working together on "the bridge" to – me.*

I also remembered that the thing, in the dream, with **Sigi** not wanting me to have a certain piece of **jewelry**, and how Bob came in, "being" kind of, Sigi, at times … Sigi was always jealous of my intellect and claimed, later, that I hadn't taken care of him enough. Hahaha! I wrote an entire book ("Dunst" meaning "Fog") and screenplay about our time together and how I fucking sacrificed my younger years to Sigi and his addiction. *That* wasn't fair … that's what comes out of this dream, and also I keep thinking about a **bracelet** Bob gave me, a few years back, it has a pendant with "**serenity**" written on it. And he gave it to me back then, somewhat unceremoniously, saying "I bought one for my mother and one for you".

It was kind of weird. But that *bracelet-story* is very much connected with the feeling of never having been appreciated properly, neither by Sigi, nor by Bob, and both are dead now and probable working together on communicating with me.

The whole dream feels like *I did meet all of them in my dream-state*, but since I'm a mortal, I can't remember "what it's like" there, I can only take stuff that my subconscious "knows" in terms of "memories" but most importantly: messages. *I have the feeling I begin to understand*. The rest of the **dream**, the **filmmaking** part and me being **excluded**, pretty much reflects my current state and how desperate I am, really, seeing myself without Bob, when we could have worked together so well ….

So, last night as I was lying in bed and letting loose, a **face** showed up in some kind of "window" in the *flurry of colors and strange light-bands* that come up when I'm in a semi-sleep-state, and it was a **distinct male face**, but I didn't recognize it. Could resemble Bob a bit, but the man had a different hair-style with a side part … (*Note: Just realizing that I saw that face again, just a few days ago, in the same half-dream state, on January 10, 2020*.) It was definitely a surprise and a *real* experience.

Maybe because I've been making suggestions how we should team up, me and Bob, just because of our special connection, to create a kind of precedence-case of how the communication between "here" and "there" could work … that's why new things keep coming up?

Bob knows and I know that I'm not a patient person when it comes to spiritual exercise. Meditation isn't happening for me, it works for brief moments when I can "go down" fast and deep. So "they" must use me the way I am, and I'll do my best.

I woke up around 8 a.m. with a deep deep deep sense of grief, missing Bob so much, being so ***confused*** *by thinking about him as if he was alive*, having that feeling … but I realize, that this can be that I really was with him, in my dream state (*just as I had written that, the TextEdit-file suddenly disappeared, right* ***while*** *I was writing! I clicked away the internet-browser-window, and it was behind*

it!) … and the kind of dream, the sex with Bob … was certainly some kind of connection to our previous life together.

Dream one I wrote down in just notes after having gotten up around 8 am, took a round with Jacqui, but then I went back to sleep. I was so dead-tired, I rarely ever have that. And dog and I slept until 12.30! Wow! It felt so good. But I had that second **dream** in that time, with the same kind of "mood" … but I during my long walk with Jacqui on **Danube island**, I somehow couldn't "make" myself to figure things out or be attentive or relaxed enough. I have learned about myself, that I can't "make" myself things easily.

Dream one:

I drove my beloved golden **Honda Prelude** (that Bob got me, maybe in 2003) up a hill to a place that felt like St. Egyden (home of my first longtime boyfriend Rudi), but it had a "Mad-Max"-kind-of-atmosphere (the movie), and it all was kind of brown and bronze and golden, and somehow busy and dirty. Bob was with me in the car, and we were in a hurry. I don't know why but somehow "Bob" had some traits of HP, an old former friend of mine, with whom I had a great friendship until he fell in love with me, and immature and dumb as he was, he behaved very much like an asshole to me; later he went all spiritual, and his main creed, that I just hate, was (and maybe still is) "Nothing matters", because whatever happens, happens by itself. (He pretty much denies the functions of free will.) He got a baby son, much later, and I got back to his creed and ask him if still nothing matters … and he never communicated with me again. The idea of cause and effect is entirely lost on his "Zen"-kind-of-misunderstanding of human nature, I always thought, and it pissed me off to no end.

So I jumped out of the car, Bob too, although I don't remember seeing that, I only know that the car was empty, and I ran down some kind of alley, into some kind of home … but I don't know what I wanted to do there. I only know that a flight of stairs or a tunnel went down there, and above that structure was some kind of **palace**, like perching on a hill; and the owner and master of it all, was Bernd P., the asshole who I left my dog with, in real life, while I spent the last weeks with Bob. (P. mistreated my dog, gave him barely food to get him slim, never walked him, 24 dogs in a space for maximum 10 and so on; so when I picked up Jacqui, he was traumatized, could barely walk from no exercise for 6 weeks and was very shy and confused and he wouldn't allow me to touch him on one side of his body.) But in my dream, that P. guy still was a little like Bob, too! So I rushed down there (into that tunnel system) … but what I was looking for, wasn't there. And suddenly Bob was with me, a young and handsome and big Bob, and told me that *something had happened to my car.* Suddenly it was also clear, that it was P.'s car! And as I rushed up, it was *gone*!

I saw a police bus broken in half, and I was told that my car had done that, having begun to slide and crashed into that police bus, entirely demolishing it. I was horrified … and Bob told me that the reason was that *I had forgotten the dog in the car*! I was horrified more and repeated "I forgot the dog in the car!", and Bob explained that Jacqui (who may also have been my previous dog Kimba, about whom I used to have recurring nightmares all the time about having abandoned him) had crawled around in the car, looking for me, and that he must have opened the brakes … But I knew I had left the key in the ignition, too, and no, I hadn't pulled the parking brakes, but then, I still couldn't imagine how the car would have rolled upwards (!) and crashed into the police car that hard that it was turned into two parts of a totally demolished wreck. Then - *where* was my car?

(By the way, Bob had known about P., had even seen his picture.)

Suddenly P. showed up at the portal of his mansion on top of the hill, and he pulled a distressed face, realizing that I had wrecked his car (that had disappeared, though), and his grimace was very similar to what real-life-Bob would have pulled … kind of saying under his breath "Uh, it just is not …" (then struggling for words, like criticizing something for being inadequate, the way Bob had done it so often) …

And instead of going up to BP, I went back down to that home to where I had been rushing earlier, and there was Jacqui/Kimba, and I felt so bad for having left him in the car and for having forgotten about him! And then, for some reason, I found myself (in the dream) sexually aroused. Which surprised me, given that weird situation … but somehow I managed to get Bob into bed with me, and we had sex. (*Edited for privacy … but* it was very very real feeling.)

I woke up with that above mentioned deep deep longing and feeling of Bob being alive, and I was

so much looking forward to our life together, until I realized that he is dead.

So then I got up, went out with Jacqui, but I felt so heavy dead tired, that I went back to bed (after giving Jacqui breakfast*). I had the feeling I needed to dream on.* And Jacqui also kept sleeping. So quiet, that Sunday. So when I woke up at 12.30, I realized I had had another dream!

Dream two:

A blond, very tanned **artist**, looking greasy, I think with a guitar, tries to make music, *in the area of the former dream*, or somewhere near there, … I don't remember why, but I decided to **help** him, either with money or food or something, but he simply took his stuff and **walked off.**

(During my later Danube Island hike I thought about who that guy reminded me of, and out came Jeffrey T., a homeless man on Maui who is a collector of ancient and antique books that he keeps in a tent somewhere; and he once did a horoscope for me, copied the relevant passages about me for my birth date, time and place … and out came something stunning! It's like … how the fuck did people hundreds of years ago know what my life will be like? Actually! Given my current state of insights … not that hard to understand! Wow! Even astrology must be seen under entirely different premises, given the afterlife-connection! And that horoscope that Jeffrey did for me, said, that I'm pretty much *destined to save mankind*; go fucking figure! It's years ago that Jeffrey gave me those extracts of my horoscope, maybe ten years? Also, the last time Bob and I were on a beach, we met Jeffrey, who was busy cleaning up Paia beach park.)

So in my dream … that artist disappeared, and I was sort of embarrassed.

Three young women then came walking about, and one of them I sort of knew. Now that I think about it, she resembled Margo R., Bob's filmmaker friend who got invited to work at the documentary "Taylor Camp" instead of me, although I had done all the principal work of tapes-logging and making a promo-film) … yup, I was heartbroken and sad for having been excluded from the project that I had helped to bring about (and for whose first version I had a WGA-registration) … and I never knew why; in all those years that Bob wasted on the film that were to come, 12, altogether, and then Bob didn't even live to see the premiere of the new version "The Edge of Paradise", I was being excluded again and again …

So one of the women in my dream was a bit like Margo, and I think I offered her my help, as the three were on their way somewhere, *and she coldly rejected me* … and the way she did it appeared to me like I wasn't good enough for her; She felt like ***I needed the help***, and she was arrogant and cold to me and turned away. But one of the other two, a younger woman, a bit heavy-bodied, with black hair, was kind of nice to me, and she let me lead them into a house …

Somehow the **musician** came back, because he had *lost some stuff*, and he told me that he hadn't ever needed the help, in the first place …

(Just as I'm writing this I had a flash remembering how *Bob had played the guitar for me*, one of the first time we had met in his house … me sitting on the sofa, him on a chair close to me, and he sang "... you're the sun, and I'm the moon! Play me …" (Neil Diamond)

So I was ashamed, somehow, and I watched the musician leave happily with all his stuff … me being left behind, again.

Timing sort of is a mess in my recollection, because the I was again with the three women, in that house, but I was already on the way back … and I had left the door that was closing by itself, when I saw a snout (Jacqui's nose) just disappear and withdraw behind the door … to not be caught in the door! I was shocked, and I think the musician said to me "You have forgotten your dog!" Wow. Again that! But at that moment **Jacqui** came *crawling* out from a *hole* in the wall which was actually a narrow and low kind of … I don't know, door for animals or something, and he came crawling out towards me, his face full with coffee waste … and I went to grab him and couldn't believe that I had forgotten about him … and I tried to clean his face, and the coffee was all in his eyes … and I thought to myself in my dream that I'd need some water to rinse that …

And then I woke up.

So now that I think about it, it's a very strange combination of that kind of me abandoning my dog, which is a horrific thought for me, and then being embarrassed by people because I'm actually my

usual "too good" and not demanding and strict and tough enough … Maybe it's the message of "go for it and be sure that you can handle everything, including the dog"!

Maybe I'll have some clear insights about this dream, when I'm not looking for it.

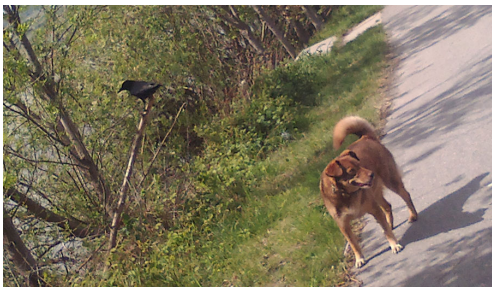
Many years ago I did learn on the island of Kauai, long before I met Bob, how to interpret dreams by asking my own subconscious about the meaning behind the symbols (with Paul Waters I did that) … and also how to replace dreams … to give messages to my own subconscious.

So I will have to figure out if that's what "***they***" want me to learn how to do! I do think that ***they can hear, read and see my anyway.*** (*Note: Only months later, when I came across the many video-reports of* ***near-death-experiences*** *out there, I started to get the confirmations to all that I'd been writing and experiencing throughout the first year after Bob's death … and it feels now, January 2020, that altogether it's some kind of "****package****" that I must "sell" … to mankind*.)

It's always just about me learning to interpret my subconscious clues for what they actually want to say … behind some obvious meanings.

It's kind of cool. I know there are books about such things, very famous great books, where people share their dreams to prove how they were or are in contact with their discarnate loved ones. I have read such. I can totally relate.

I also thought, today, on Danube Island, that what I've been writing many years ago, about the aliens, has a totally new meaning to me: We are the aliens we've always been looking for, we, as immortals! Also, again, there was one single **crow** that was following us for a while …



Also, the death sentence isn't really punishment, it's a reward. That sucks. So if you want to wish something really back upon your worst enemy, who really deserves it, then you must wish "Live very long and suffer all the way through", or something like that.

Also wanting to kill someone "for revenge" also has the opposite effect! Again, make them "live long and suffer", that's the ultimate punishment. Insights on top of it would be great, too, but there are some humans out there who are simply not capable of a meaningful spiritual or "good" thought. And those, I'm sorry, I can't and won't ever deem "equal" to me.

The **clouds** spoke to me, again … and I'm very inclined to think that Bob has been practicing talking to me through the clouds … See: A reverse-"puka" … "**as above so below**, just like the ring, just like my **"Rigani"-mudra** …

Clouds kissing and expressing the levels of existence ...

April 28, 2019

An insight about last night's dreams … **sex with Bob** really felt so authentic. He may have wanted to let me know that it's him, because it was kind of intimate in a way that reflected our real life experiences … and there is a story that he knows I know and that's interwoven in the dream with another story that we both experienced … so of course one can say that's my subconscious dealing with my real life wake time longings … but then, also, why give me a dream that really feels like a souvenir from a trip in hypnosis with encounters that we can't remember? Isn't the thought wonderful and at the same time scary, *that in dreams we actually are in the "**beyond**"*, but we don't remember it in our wake-state? Yet the visit remains contained in our subconscious and is part of consciousness generally, of our actual energetic body? Death isn't called the brother of sleep for nothing, folks.

April 29, 2019

Intense **dream** with Sigi-Bob again!

Sigi, who was very much like Bob, lived in some kind of **mansion** somewhere close to the **ocean**. For some reason I ended up there … and there was also a very sick and **emaciated brown dog**, with the remainders of his fur sticking out like single hairs on his body, and I was wondering what he was doing there.

The mansion was some kind of open loft palace … with lots of rooms and partitions, felt like Venice, with some water channels reaching into the house, to be used by boat … Sigi was a rich kind of guy, and in my dream I thought by myself, "well, look at that, he made it, finally". Always there was a Bob-impression on Sigi … and what I noticed was that Sigi was so well dressed. He used to show off in real life, and he was just like that.

There were other people around, too, and for some reason I had to hide out … but then, it was like I was on my way to some kind of celebration, and there were long corridors … somehow I needed Sigi's help, though. So I did my best to find my way through that airy kind of mansion … and I finally managed to find some kind of **boat** which I was going to use to go to a job that was really important. And as I was on that boat, like a **gondola** in some way, I was waiting for Sigi-Bob to join me an help me (that's how it felt, at least). But as I was watching out for him, he *drove by me with a bigger and better boat,* looking back at me grinning … proving to me that he was ahead of me. It was an asshole-move, *just the way Sigi was in the days of his drug addiction*, and in a way it reminded me of Bob and how he had ignored me and excluded me from his life, even when I was living with him. So I stayed behind, but somehow I did my thing anyway, in that lofty mansion, and I took care of the **animals**, and there were other dogs and maybe even pigs, that I had to feed, and there were also other **people** I was involved with, somehow.

I remember in the beginning of the dream I was somehow impressed by Sigi-Bob, I thought we were close. But we were **not** … and him taking off in that boat was like a slap in my face. But I knew that I was fine staying in that mansion, and that was something.

And I found this butterfly paper cutout, today … yes, a symbol of transition …

April 30, 2019

Big fucking **dream** of **Bob**!

He and I were **on a big mountain**, and there were other people too, especially a man who I had erotic interest in, and he in me. All I can remember, there was banter, but it was also a *conflicted situation*, with other women there, too. It was as if we were in kind of a hut with several rooms, and there was also something like a screening of a program that I was watching, and there was a **party**, and I was desperate for some good music and wanted to dance. The other women (girls?) there and the men were strangers, and there was an *exchange* of something, but I'm not sure what it was … it's all kind of diffuse. The place was in black-red-kind-of-night-colors, and I simply couldn't get the people to really connect with me. Now that I think about it … it was also about some kind of **item** I had or wanted to share … and that man and I simply couldn't get together. Now reminds me of Ado O'F., the Irish guy I had known on Maui in my first year there, 2001, as he worked at Mulligan's on the Blue.

So there was that party room and the music really sucked. There were women who were somehow dangerous for me, also because they didn't "get" me, and I was kind of shy and somehow … I don't know, *subordinate* or not with much self-confidence. I managed to get some kind of Reggae-music going, but it was so slow and I was worried that there wouldn't be a way to dance to that.

Suddenly I found myself **outside** on the mountain, with **Bob**! We both were with **skiers**, and we did skiing! We were on the North side of that mountain, on *ridiculously steep terrain*, but we didn't sky downhill but *sideways*, and there was the grave horrible *danger of sliding*.

Oh, now I remember, what I did first, before I had skies, too, I did skiing *with my boots only*! I actually am able to do that in real life, on steep icy slopes, and I did that in the dream quite extensively. This just now reminds me of a **dream** *from very long time ago*, when I was in some sort of amusement natural wilderness park, where I also did that kind of boot-skiing, but I was with a *small child*, maybe a boy of about 5 years, and I had to drop him off at the building of that amusement park, that was at the same time like a mixture of a Club-Med clubhouse and a tourist-eatery with shops. *I think I never found the people* who I had to bring that boy to, and I was stuck with him, so I couldn't do what I meant to do.

But last night …

I was skiing with my boots, and it was before I went skiing with Bob on skis, and I did it proudly, knowing that everyone was watching. I was so safe on my feet, on that steep hill, and I skied somehow with my head up in the sun and in entire confidence.

Then I was on *the slope going sideways* on the North-side from West to East, there were rocks and a few trees and very very deep "gulches" … first, we skied fine. Then suddenly, I started to **slide** and got **stuck** in the middle of a slope … and before I knew it, I was *without* my skies and I slid down, and I knew, if I didn't hit something to hold me up, I'd plunge across the icy slope, no way to stop myself, *and I'd fall to my death*. In my dream I imagined (yes, in the dream!) how it would be that Bob would call after me "Dani!" and I would cry out "Good bye Bob!" and he wouldn't be able to help me. And I started sliding … I think I didn't have my skiers on anymore. And I saw a *group of **rocks** in the middle of the hill*, and while I was already sliding, I managed to ever-so-slightly change my direction, navigate by simply shifting my body, and I slid into those rocks and was saved. (*Note: Okay, so "stones" saved me? Hahahaha!)*

Now there was no more skiing for me … but **Bob went on** … and suddenly he was very much like *Sigi*! The dream was suddenly about him, and as a group of skiers just glided by, on that narrow

sideways-skiing track, Bob followed them. I tried to find a way to climb along that slopes, between very steep rocks, and it was impossible to find a safe path, I kept ending up in a spot where there was no back and forth, too dangerous to move forward, no foothold. Suddenly another **woman** was there, and while *I saw Bob glide by on his skiers safely*, the woman also climbed in the same direction (still West to East, the sun/daylight in our back), quicker and more safely than I did … and I felt that I was lost and had no idea how to get out of this ..

And then I woke up.

April 30, 2019

Bob has been on my mind so much … I'm in **Pukalani** all the time, even when I'm awake … like I'd any moment wake up and the shit about the death and the loss and all was the actual dream. It feels like I'll be able to pick up my life on Maui with Bob anytime … and when I realize that I won't, the insight is so heavy, that it feels like I can't breathe or move …

(Note: Looking at pictures of Pukalani and of Bob, now, January 2020, I'm doing it with numbness; as if I was looking at pictures that concern someone else.)

April 30, 2019

I went shoe-shopping today, as it rains and Jacqui prefers to stay indoors anyway. After the shopping (I took **Bob's Maui-umbrella**, the fragile little **black one** that I had on the night of my departure, when it was pouring on Maui …

… it makes me nauseous only thinking of it) … and when I got back, I took Jacqui out, quickly, although it was raining. We have a short route, just for doggy-toilet, and as we went there, that one **man**, that looks like **Bob's freakin' twin** came out of the house where he lives! Just like Bob, gray longer hair, slim figure, tall, the face, the type, he even carried his backpack like Bob had carried it … for a moment I thought that he may not be real. So I think when I see him next time, I'll simply stop him and check if he is real. Then I'll see him from close and understand that it's not Bob. But that guy moved into the neighborhood recently. I never saw him before the first time a few weeks ago. I would have noticed. And the fact that we crossed paths today, where nobody else is out, in the rain … it was uncanny.

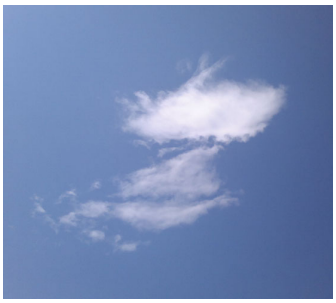
I don't know if it's supposed to comfort or upset me.

This lonely Schöllkraut-plant (Chelidonium majus) greeted me … reminding me how I had made anti-wart-tincture for Bob from Schöllkraut (which is a major anti-cancer plant, too) …

May 1, 2019

Wild exhausting dream, can't recall.

Hike in Hörndlwald … much much sadness and longing. In the end, on the way to tramway station with open view of the sky … I turned: And there was a perfect "**skyshark**" "puka lani", a hole in the clouds in the perfect (!) form of a shark! I was able to drag the phone out to make a pic *before it had changed too much*. My beloved Pukalani.



… and other **clouds** did the "**nudging**" and "**dancing**" that reminds me so much of Bob.

In the dogzone I later met a woman, who I've known for a while, she had adopted a new small Chihuahua named "Pooch", and in casual chat she told me she had worked in cancer research … and then I told her Bob's story. There was some relief.

Last night I emailed anonymous to "Frauen helfen Frauen" (an online-counseling service) with the entire story … I just felt so lost.

May 1, 2019

I in the middle of reading complicated elaborations on the "beyond", in "The Unobstructed Universe", I suddenly flashed back to **Big Beach parking lot in Makena** (Maui) … and I hadn't thought of Hawaii at all …

… and the toothpick was flung backwards out of my hand. And immediately some **crackling** in the apartment. I’ve made a habit of acknowledging such … communications … as I have read from Betty that the “Invisibles” appreciate feedback so that they can learn what kind of contact from their part works. So the image of the parking lot at Makena, **Big Beach**, and me walking or being there … so *intense*, the heat, the smell of the dry grass, it used to be a very intense spot on Maui for me … a little spooky, where Bob first ventured out into the high waves, there he told me that he would normally not go swimming far out, or swimming at all, as he was afraid of deep water. Now, Makena Big Beach is a dangerous beach, the waves are very tricky, and I remember him swimming there …

"You mention, or at least imply, a frequency not only of motion, but of space," said he. "You said before that frequency is the essence of motion. Was I wrong in thinking frequency the exclusive property of motion?"

"Frequency is the essence of motion," replied Betty, "conductivity of space; receptivity of time. But matter, as you know it--in any form--is a degree-manifestation, in time, of some BALANCE between frequency and conductivity. It is no more split than is consciousness."

"Let's get this quite clear," said I. "Would you say that for the functioning of these essences they must be intermingled proportionately?"

"The orthic trilogia in the obstructed universe has to interoperate, in its essences."

"And," I continued my surmise, "the nature of the functioning is dependent on the ratio of each that is used in the interoperation?"

"Yes. If frequency comes into juxtaposition with conductivity at one point, you get one thing; if at another point, you get another thing."

Hey! Maybe it’s because the subject I was reading about was “**motion**” and “energetic motion” and “psychological motion” and also “thoughts are orthic **motion**”! And Big Beach pops up in my mind. That did not come from “me”. It doesn’t feel like it.

We know now two characteristics of the orthic stir, the activating impulse without which time and space would be as dead as a herring--instancy and the state of being perpetual. And we know one thing that this stir is not--thought. For thought, says Betty, is psychological motion; and I suppose that psychological motion is as remote from orthic motion as sidereal is short of psychological. Yet, to use the word of children playing hide-and-seek, thought is " warm"--warmer than the sway of a pendulum or even the course of the planets around the sun.

I did think of a certain **church** nearby there a few days ago, with the white flowers all around.

But there is something else … **Elisabeth** and **Ines** were there with me … actually, me at the parking lot kind of includes Elisabeth, my friend, who had visited me back then, I sort of saw us together on that parking lot, walking toward Big Beach, and she immediately came to my mind, too …

Wow! Here is *Elisabeth* again – as I'm reading things that **Betty** (Elizabeth) White tried so hard to explain to Stewart and Darby, and I was reading it aloud and - boom! *Big Beach with Elisabeth and Bob and the big waves, it is*, actually, the *perfect* image for the theme "**orthic motion**" and "**frequency**" as explained by the discarnate personality Betty …

I feel …watched now. It's good.

May 2, 2019 – **The Day the Medium Changed My World**

Meeting with Medium Dr. A. Well, I don't even know how to start or how to describe it all. It was like … Bob was leaning against the window behind Dr. A. and watching …

It was just amazing … and I realize I don't really have the words to express my … well, confusion, in a way. That I'm feeling right now. Obviously I never had anything to do with a medium before … so … I will need some time, probably, to kind of … let everything settle. When the lady said "Your Bob has been around all morning" I was kind of … well, I felt numb, kind of. Then she asked me "Does the word Taylor mean anything to you?", and I had the feeling that the world stopped spinning, and it never recovered to its former spinning-mode, since. I mean … "Taylor"? (*Note: Later I asked her how she got to that word, and she said it simply appeared in her mind.)*

No, of course I was hoping that she did have the abilities to open herself up to frequencies that the "Invisibles" use, and of course knowing about the extensive education she has had in that regard, I kind of hoped, I would really be able to connect with Bob … but I had no idea how that should possibly come about. So everything that happened in her sweet old-fashioned stuffy apartment felt so unreal to me. She has a dog, and that dog kept interrupting everything we did … and I was kind of surprised she didn't get rid of her earlier and put her into the next room. Which she did eventually … and the presence of the dog was, at first, a reason for me to kind of "switch back a gear", I honestly didn't think that this would amount to much. And then she asked about "Taylor" … and I was shocked, pretty much.

So I sat down in her office, and I told her whatever she needs me to do, I will, because I have no

clue how this is supposed to happen. She sat opposite me, at her desk and we simply looked at each other. I'm not someone to close my eyes, easily … but eventually, quiet spread, interrupted by dog's barking, at times … and it didn't help that the dog was at our feet.

… it seems like Bob got in contact with her. Actually, there is proof. Yet, the whole time I was thinking, "wow, this is about my Bob who I'm supposed to be with at our Maui home …" I felt nauseous, too. Who would have thought, a year ago, that I'd experience, write, think that?

On the way home from the meeting … I looked aside, and I caught a glimpse of a **man** with a **pearl-size wart on his nose**. I was very stunned. After all that I'd just heard … Bob had been developing a wart on his nose, on that very spot … and he kept pinching and pulling it the whole time, and whenever I pointed out to it, he'd say, no, he had only tried to pull out hairs. And I kept saying, no, Bob you're touching that wart all the time … But then, I remember already years ago, in 2014, he had been pinching his nose all the time … maybe that wart was there already, and maybe he infected his genital area himself? Anyway …

It keeps going round and round in my mind what Dr. A. said … at first, after telling me that Bob had been around all morning, she told me that I was "supposed to **go back to the basics**". The basics of …? My work? That's very open to interpretation and very general. But, well, I thought, okay, I'll have to, anyway, probably. But in terms of our projects … was are the "basics"? My research and my writing. I need a literary agent or money. Because making films that's what I'm all about. That's not going to change. (*Note: It did change, in a way, after a few months, though.*) She said that Bob had let her know that "It **seems to be a big loss to me … but it's not**. *HAHAHAHAHAHA***!**

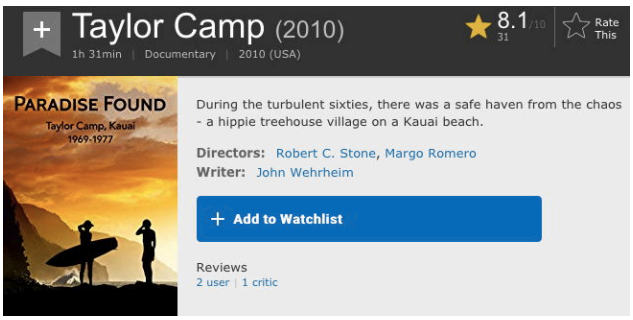
So this is what happened today: On my way to the meeting with Dr. A., I was waiting for the tramway Nr. 9. And: The **man who lives in the neighborhood** and who looks just like Bob walked right past me, with his long gray hair and his backpack (just like Bob). He **said**, as he walked by me "Aber du kennst ja die Sprache (das wird schon gehen) …" ("*But you know the language, it will work out.*") I kid you not. That's what he said in walking by, talking on the phone. I stood stunned. I got a very good look at him, and he is not that similar to Bob from close, but he is exactly the type, and the fact that he was there …

So I took the tramway for a few stations (and lost sight of him), then got off and realized that I had gone one station too far. As I walked back, towards the apartment of Dr. A., I was about to cross the street –when the man (yes, the one who looks like Bob, who I had just met**) walked by that door!** (However he got there, I hadn't noticed that he had taken the same tramway, and must have gotten out one station earlier.) Again, I was so stunned. What are the odds?

I thought that this alone is kind of … I don't know, a message, **that Bob is closeby**? And since I can't see him, he gets me to see a man who looks just like him. I mean, that's a very smart move. (*Note: And it wouldn't stay the last one of that kind.)*

Then Dr. A. told me that during the entire morning, she didn't only have the feeling that Bob was with her, but rather "they" were.

So she told me the word "**Taylor**" had come to her mind, and "**moon**" …


Taylor Camp (2010)
1h 31min | Documentary | 2010 (USA)
8.1/10
31
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PARADISE FOUND
Taylor Camp, Kauai
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During the turbulent sixties, there was a safe haven from the chaos - a hippie treehouse village on a Kauai beach.
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Writer: John Wehrheim
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Yes, "Taylor Camp", the project that was the end of "Bob and Dani". But I had pretty much started it … but that's not the story here.

There was a *tarot card* that expressed extreme sadness and anger … (No shit, I thought.)

At some point Dr. A. said she was aware that there were **other men**, present, an uncle or a brother, *not* a father. True, my uncle Karli had been found dead in his car in a reservoir lake, and my brother had died of cancer …

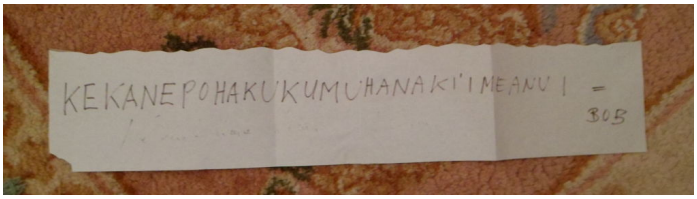
A book by Paramahansa Yogananda was lying there, on the table, and I felt very drawn to it.

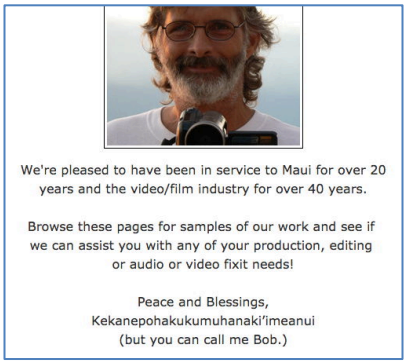
She mentioned she'd picked up from "the Invisibles" (my term) that I was "**into drawing**", which is entirely true, very much so, actually. When Bob and I met, I was **teaching drawing on Maui.**

She mentioned a connectedness with "yogi" or "guru" … Bob had been married to M., a devotee of guru Satchidananda, and she had given him the name "Ananda";

She started talking about some **Marga**… or **Marl**… and I had that same morning written to **Margo** R. (who had also been involved with "Taylor Camp") ... on a whim.

Right at the beginning Dr. A. talked about **a word on a piece of paper, in a foreign language, handwriting, and that I had received it** *(that it had "come to me")* … So I virtually sat there, breathless, between gasping and fainting. Bummer. I had given Bob, playfully, many years ago, a Hawaiian name and had written it on paper and put it on his office door. When I returned in 2018, it was still there, in the same spot, and he had even put the name on his website. And his sister J. had sent me the very paper slip along with the deck that Bob had bought for him and me to work on movies shot on tape, and the name is "Kekanepohakukumuhanaki'imeanui" … (The man of stone, master of making important films") …




We're pleased to have been in service to Maui for over 20 years and the video/film industry for over 40 years.
Browse these pages for samples of our work and see if we can assist you with any of your production, editing or audio or video fixit needs!
Peace and Blessings,
Kekanepohakukumuhanaki'imeanui
(but you can call me Bob.)

… and for Bob's memorial they had used that **word** as a start ("… but you can call me Bob"), and that's because they had found it on his website.

So there. As mentioned, I felt a bit "numb" inside, maybe because I hadn't expected that she'd really come up with things that she could not have possibly known at all. I mean "a strange long foreign word in a handwriting has come to you". And she had mentioned that it had to do with **ancient** things … no shit, I had been dealing for years on Maui with **ancient Hawaiian traditions** and made a film about it, a documentary series, that took me years of unpaid work. But it had been a spiritual calling, and I had stayed true to it.

Dr. A. did not say anything that didn't make sense to me … everything was relevant. She wasn't talking like all the time, also we were interrupted by her dog, until she locked her away … and I'm very aware of "cold reading techniques", and I know how telepathy works … but it was all so absolutely concrete and definite and details.

I mean … the **moon**? Yes, that's probably something common, but Bob had declared himself to be the moon in 2002, when he had sung to me "You're the sun **and I'm the moon**, play me" …

Also she mentioned, that **he knew that it could look like suicide, what he had done** … holy shit, yeah! … and I had thought that a lot. Even to the point that he wanted to get out of this life so he didn't have to work with me anymore … (*Note: No such luck, my friend!*) And she said that Bob wanted to keep working with me! She said that *without* me asking, at all. She only talked, did not ask me questions, I didn't say anything.

He said to Dr. A. that he knows he has neglected to take good care of himself … He mentioned the natural **remedies** we used … He pointed out that it was a **very complicated relationship** … that he had bouts of **violence** … **that we were a very good match, though** … all these things are, of course,

also general. But normally, you wouldn't say that people were a "good match" when so much spoke against the matching up, right? Dr. A. always added something that made it unique …

It's generic, yes, but the way she talked about him telling her that he knows that I feel like I **have lost everything** … like ***absolutely nothing is left …*** but that is supposedly not true.

And his message was that I **must turn back to the simple basics** … whatever the fuck that means.

I told Dr. A. about the screenplay-wins … she was very stunned. The basics … is that my **writing**? I've many talents. And that I **must feel be freed from him**, because now I'm free to find my own core and act on it. She said that **he is busy in the other world**, he let me know, in a form of **teaching** …

The term "teacher" came up … and I thought of John-Roger (whose in my mind doubtful teachings had ruined Bob's spirit big time, because they didn't empower Bob, but the contrary) …

… wondering whether or not he was meeting him … I asked for a name and she said "*Anthony*" and then "*Mat*" … (the only thing that didn't fit).

I liked the way Dr. A. did it, so easily, no special position or trance or something, she'd get up, step to the window, look around, sit down, close her eyes … just reacting to what entered her subconscious and made it to the conscious realm … as if it was the most natural thing in the world. It all fit … and then we ended up talking casually, just because we had been a bit "off" the whole time because of the dog …

(*Note: and exactly that turned out to be part of the message, too!)*

… she started to tell about some kind of meeting of people with interest in mediality, and she mentioned that during such an event a woman named "**Rita**" had told her she had just realized that she was going to **get a new dog** and was supposed to name him **Ananda** …

Well. I had adopted my dog Jacqui in 2014, and all the people who were supposed to help me with him, and bailed on me; then J. got sick, and I couldn't travel, then Bob had other obligations, and then, from what I know now, he must have developed mental problems, and he kept cancelling on me when I wanted to come over, so that I was "too late", and the dog was, in a way, a factor in us being or not being together. And during that session with the medium, the dog was in the way. So … and what Dr. A. could not have known, was, that a dog was a major factor in Bob's going to the hospital. (Edited for privacy.) So that a "**dog**" came up and Bob's name "**Ananda**", and the name of the **main character** of the movie we'd been working on and for which we'd intended to do a casting in 2018, "**Rita**" in "**Hulihuli Moon**" … that was, to me, the absolute proof that Dr. A. had, in fact, gotten the information from Bob.

No need to get into more details here … just that when I left I felt … *changed*.

<u>May 3, 2019</u>

Thought over the experience yesterday, with Dr. A. And I thought back to that evening of "Divine Service" back in winter, where I had met Dr. A. … how so many things that were said and that didn't apply to other people, actually did apply to me …

It was, actually, amazing. Shocking. Uncanny. Still not sure what to think about it.

Also, I saw the **license plate number W ELA 1** today. "Wela" means "hot" in Hawaiian, and there is a street on Maui where I always drove by, in my first year on Maui, *Welakahao*, "Hot is the season." It had relevance in the time when I didn't know Bob yet … It felt like a **message**, and it came at a moment when I had thought that even though I'd love for Bob to keep communicating – but how many possibilities are there?

Further, I met a woman, on "Red Mountain", who resembles me a bit, and I told her Bob's story. She shared that she'd been treated with antibiotics in February against lung infection and got entirely sick of them, which her physician denied (!), and she now has problems with her kidneys and is in the process of "getting checked through completely". Even that seemed like a message …

(Just look at the *double shark-fin* today … in my alley!)

I was thinking that the fact that a woman by the name of "Rita" whose dog had died was about to adopt another dog and name him "Ananda", that it came up in a session about a man by the name of "Bob Ananda" whose death includes a story about a dog, that has been a sore spot for me … oh well! I think I'm ***getting*** it now! It was Bob's way of saying that there was **really no dog involved his demise.** When he had called me from the hospital on Maui (*Note: A man who hadn't been at a hospital ever and who had begged me to not make him go to a hospital because he felt he'd not survive this* …) I was in shock, that he had gone there, and he had told me that he had returned to the spot on the beach where he had been with me, and that a dog had run him over, as he had walked up the stairs in the dunes, and that his tumor had begun to bleed, and that's why he had checked himself in. The problem was only, that he didn't say anything like that to anyone, and it's not in his medical records either. (*Note: I'd later realize that Bob had been mixing up timelines, and likely had had suffered another stroke; As there had been all those things, a speeding dog, on that very beach, but when I had been with him, and the strong bleeding … but on different days; and he had checked him into the hospital at about 8 a.m., so no way he'd been on the beach before that; and in fact, there is another aspect to this story, a very sad one … and I'll get back to that, later.*)

But see, how important the dog-aspect is? And it came during a time at the session when we were just "chatting", about Dr. A., and not about Bob. So it takes an open mind the say and to hear and to do whatever comes up during such a session, to really "get" everything that is actually communicated. (*Note: And **that** was going to be my big learning and **training** of sorts in the next months.*)

Also, Dr. A. said, right at the beginning, that she picked up that **I had looked up to Bob a lot and had admired him a lot.** And I had. Very much. Still do. (*Note: I had forgotten about this and only realized it again, now, that I'm editing it, and I'm glad that Bob knows it.)*

And the "**wela**", the "hot" … I'll just trust that I'll understand in time … (*Note: There have been hints, recently; as I've been experiences very strong heat-flashes in connection with "communications" … and no, it's not menopausal.*)

Just earlier, I was working on "The Unobstructed Universe" (*Note: getting excerpts for my book "We Creators …"*), I felt so tired and had to lie down, and I **dreamed** of **Hawaii** and **Bob** and **two**

dogs, a brown and a black one … *who I had to chase away*, on some kind of **windy road in the dusk**, maybe it was an island …

Something else came to my awareness, today, though … Dr. A. had advised me to read Eckhart Tolle, but I got to say, I can't make myself. I can't stand the guy, always have had an aversion, not sure why. So I'll stand true to myself on that one.

May 4, 2019

Dream of Bob …

… backdrop some ancient **tribal** community, and a **spaceship** landing in their country that looked like Australia (around Ayer's rock). Bob, somehow, belonged to the tribe, but then, not, and I was supposed to take a **picture** of him as he was sitting on the ground. I had only my small photo camera, and I wasn't sure whether to take video or photo, but I chose a weird diagonal angle, and I sort of took the picture … Then, suddenly, it was a big deal to "bother" the tribe and at the same time the "aliens", and it wasn't clear anymore if they were different at all. The whole scenario was wildly colorful, real deep red brown yellow blue and blacks …

Bob was sitting there, on the ground, sort of **instructing** me … but somehow he **was part of the tribe** … I can't imagine anything about what anyone looked like, it was more like I "felt" everyone's presence, except for Bob. And a woman, who suddenly showed up, and she and I got into a talk about how all of this **wasn't "ancient" at all**, on the contrary, it was very "current" and "modern" … Very strange dream. Even weirdly direct and relevant. Easy to read that, thinking that I'm so intent on connecting with the "Invisibles".

Then … the dream shifted, kind of. Or was it a new one, after I went potty in the morning?

I was in some kind of **village** and there in a house that could have been a restaurant or rather big hotel, and there was a room where a very dangerous **killer** was. He was a bit like Bob, but also like Thomas F. (a man I met in a dogzone when I got Jacqui first, and he had leukemia and was a heavy alcoholic, with two husky dogs, actually a nice guy, but really troubled) … and he was extremely dangerous. He would rape and kill people … and somehow I crossed path with him. But me – I even had to move into his small room *with him.*

There was something about clothes that he dropped and that I found … or they were mine and a trap, so that I couldn't escape … Somehow there was a victim, who was already dead, and there were others very afraid of the guy, and also a sort of small river or creek was there, in a light forest, where, for some reason, he and I met up … or I ran away, but couldn't escape his view?

In any event … it was also obvious that the man was kind of mentally ill or handicapped, and that he could be tricked … and I **manipulated** him as much as I could, but I realized that I was going to be raped or have sex with him deliberately. So I tried to lure him into trusting me, all the time my escape in mind …

I woke up before this could play out.

Wow. I wasn't ready to get up. Only my dog kept coming to my bed and wouldn't let me sleep.

The first part of the dream was like a "other world" scenario, and it felt very real … **Bob**, though, the way he was sitting there, seemed *to look away from me all the time,* didn't really address me … *even though he instructed me **how** to deal with **taking** that **picture** of him* and the tribe in the background, and the spaceship … the tribal people were kind of like American Indians, very much painted … and dressed in colorful swaying clothes …

I'll take a walk now and then see about it.

May 4, 2019 – **Third Kaleilauhoku & Sponges**

Yes, another **chain of stars**! Found today! And I think I get it now. I better! Because the way that felt as I was walking along the river Wien and suddenly I stood in front of a chain of many stars … that made my heart at the same time drop and rise. It's just … pretty much "impossible". And yet, it happened. My Hawaiian name is "**Kaleilauhoku**", "wreath of many stars", but Papa K, husband of my friend R., once told me that it also means "**circle of many ancestors**", or "spirits" … So I do think that

I'm *supported* and observed.

I had an entirely different destination for this afternoon's walk. But suddenly, my interest shifted, and as I had "made up my mind", but I missed the tramway station (probably was too much in thoughts) and decided on an entirely new route – along the Wien river.

So there I found another **bracelet** made from many **many stars**, looks like tiny copper stars! It's the third "lei" of "stars" … I found!

Also, on the way, as I thought over my dream, it occurred to me, that Bob (sitting there, comfortably, me turning the camera to get a shot of the tribe and the aliens and of Bob, too) was saying to me "**I'm in a good place**" and "**It's a matter of the angle to get the best picture**"! ***Geez, can it be? Am I advanced to get such a clear message?***

Just a little later, I found another huge **sponge** … remember "Sponge Bob" …

Also I had the thought that maybe it was "them" all along to keep feeding me with images of *Keanu Reeves*, over the years, and that I'm supposed to work with him … which I want to do. (*Note: Yeah, right. Right?)*

And for me to walk exactly where I walked and to then face that tiny *heap* of stars … it was certainly a special moments. It's, for an instant, "unbelievable" and *you barely trust your eyes …* and then there is an *eerie, uncanny feel to it* … like you feel totally observed and it's like people are applauding around you … I certainly followed my guts today to find that bunch of stars …

… and before that, this:

Also, I had realized that a major **Maui memorabilia** had been hanging right in front of my eyes in my apartment, containing dog's stuff …

I remember very well the day when I drove from Kahului towards Kihei … through the cane field

… and the name "**Kaleilauhoku**" appeared in front of my open eyes. I hadn't thought about anything particular, and nothing regarding Hawaiian culture … and that word just popped up. And I read it like I'd read it from a billboard or screen. How odd, that it has such meaning right now … talk about *"everything is connected".*

So **Bob told me in my dream, he "is in a good place"** or even "the perfect place", and I need to **get the angle right to "get the picture".** I'm working on it folks. (*Note: Now, in January 2020, I realize how many of those amazing experiences I've actually forgotten, because no matter how clear the messages, it didn't keep me from kind of "doubting" the reality of Bob communicating with me; Only after months that my original grief and pain of loss has started to subside, have I been able to deal with the matter more clear-mindedly*.)

I've been hearing that very **very high frequency seeping into my hearing**, especially when I'm relaxed, for example, when I'm writing. It's getting really loud … so after I read this …

"No, no," protested Betty. "I've told you of that before. We have a voice. Your voice--in ordinary physics--is nothing but an impingement on your atmosphere that sets up vibrations--frequencies--that produce what you call sound. We have exactly the same thing in a higher frequency. So high that, like the last vibrations on the tuning fork, you do not hear us speak. That is the only reason in the world I can't talk to you direct."

"Do you use lower frequencies for communication with each other there, as we use lower frequencies here: air, pencil, or what have you?" I asked "Or do you tune in to each other's frequency; or to a common communication band, so to speak?"

… I started wondering if it's possible that I'm actually somehow picking "them" up.

Because I did a test and asked *them* to be quiet, and it was all quiet. But then I asked them to speak, and it remained quiet for as long I listened. As soon as I started writing, it began again … that very high, but ever-changing sound … like *very high pitched* **chirping of crickets** … and right now, as I'm writing this, it's there, too, but it's different now, a little more "muted" in a way, but still here … as if "someone" was trying to … I don't know … experiment.

"So you employ lesser frequencies than your own for such things as--" I began.

"I am here," she broke in "I have a form animated by frequency, like yours. It is a higher frequency. Your obstacles are not obstacles to me.

"Instead of our having to create clothing mechanically, for instance, we

do so by a diversion of frequency. We can create directly by an impingement of our frequency on a lower degree of frequency. We use degrees. Color is a manifestation of a certain degree of frequency. I want it in my clothes. I don't make the color. I impinge on that particular frequency, and call it to my frequency."

"Are you taught how to do this?" I wanted to know.

"Yes, we have to be taught. I can't tell you that I hit a key or touch a string to do it. It's a selective impulse. I start an impulse with a psychological selectivity."

"You fix your mind on a frequency you know, and give it an impulse?"

"The impulse is there," corrected Betty. "It is already in frequency. What I do is to direct the frequency, and I do impel it.

And as I'm writing this, I can hear more and different of those frequencies coming on … like *waves*, on and almost-off, continuously, but diverse … I can hear different frequencies now … higher, lower … (*Note: Of course, I'm aging, too …)*

It's similar like me "seeing the air". I've always said that "*I can see the air, depending on how I look*". I can. It's some kind of … wavering, dotted pattern that's constantly changing … and moving. And it's exactly like that with the sounds.

This sound-frequency-thing has started a few weeks ago … that I've noticed it. *It's not a tinnitus*.

It's something different … it feels not random, in a way. And Betty's note about the *tuning fork* … yes, that's a great picture. It's very much like that … and sometimes it gets very intense.

Right now … it's getting quiet, as if "someone" had "stopped talking".

I like this, actually. Maybe I can hear *them* one day. Or my brain or subconscious can learn to translate (just now there was something like a shout of excitement in my hearing, in that high frequency, currently it's the "listening"-status again) those "noises" into actual words I can understand. Or make me draw something or write … I don't know. Or it's like a subliminal kind of thing and will "make" me do things … Anyway … I'll report on that and will keep observing.

Something else just happened.

I decided to take a **break** … and I looked at vioozhd.org (free movie watching service) to see what films are there. I was attracted to "**Unplanned**", and after reading the summary I googled Abby Johnson, an abortion-worker, whose story it is … she saw an abortion of a 13 weeks fetus on ultrasound and started opposing abortions.

I suddenly realized that I had found an **orange bunny** of plastic and before that, in winter, another orange bunny with a green bobble … and I suddenly remembered that when I was pregnant in about 1986, I got myself a **plastic bunny**, and I carried it around everywhere. Suddenly that fits together … and something else came with it …

… what *happened to the baby I had killed?* Is she there, with Bob? (Edited for privacy)

So maybe the bunnies, that I found, mean, that Bob has … met … my … child. I've always thought it was a daughter, and I called her *Miriam*, in my mind. Yes, I want Bob to let me know if he can "find" "her" … and I want to know if she exists … And yes, I've been reading up on the death of infants or children or even embryos … and what happens to them in the "beyond". And there are distinct explanations and – differences. (*Note: It's like depending upon "who", in terms of what kind of "**soul**", has lived in that fresh body … because "souls", as the energetic basis of all consciousness, can **choose** their path in the "beyond" …*)

Back then, I had no idea what a fetus of the age of almost four months looks like (*Note: It was before the age of "Google"…)* and I will regret forever, what I've done … although I did change my mind, but the medical staff ignored my desperate wish to be freed from the operating table, instead they just went on with the procedure and gave me anesthesia, when I was trying to kick into their faces ...

But that will in no way interfere with your recognition because, actually, what brings recognition is the personal frequency, the thing that made him your child and which brought your response here and continues to bring your response there. That affinity transcends mere outside appearance.

"Why should he be taken so young? That is indeed a puzzle until one looks at life as all of one piece. The fragment of existence we spend on earth is only a very little bit of a CONTINUOUS whole. I do not know about this particular child, but the probability is this: that he had certain small things to get from the earth phase of his continuous life. He came here to get them. In the Unobstructed he goes on in development, throwing off the handicap of earth resistance necessary to getting those certain small things.

"The time or reason for TERMINATION of our sojourn here, in the Obstructed universe, is still beyond our comprehension. All I can say is that I have faith it all fits into the general pattern. When one dies young it may be that he has finished gathering his meed of what OUR UNSEEN GUEST* calls quantity of consciousness, and can be better employed in other environments. While we, less favored, must stay and work here where our talents are best suited."

(Excerpt from "The Stars Are Still There")

I'm crying very hard right now … but then, I'm realizing for myself, that it wasn't anything little for me … I just now realize how much pain and regret there is … and it's long ago … I never got over that violence of those people who didn't respect my decision … (*Note: It would still be several months until I'd discover the immense fundus of reports of near-death-experiences, where the dying people saw the relatedness of all things in their lives so far and in the future, like in a glimpse, and instant … so Bob did a whole lot in his Earth phase, and the "termination" of this period of his life was horrific when you think "physical identity" … but probably it was immensely insightful in terms of the evolution of mankind … and of course, what I'm doing with it, is part of the evolution of all the energetic beings that humans really are … but that's all stuff I'd realize later …*)

It's just so horrible, the imagination of the little being, killed … me unconscious, then. But this means … that maybe I got to say good-bye to her, in the other realm … Maybe … "she" is around, though, and maybe Bob can connect with her. Maybe, if she still is a child, he can pick her up and raise her …

Take a look at this picture of **clouds** I made on April 28 … when I noticed that "**spine**" …

… and then today Abby's story of how the view of that perfect *tiny human spine* disappearing in the suction device at the abortion changing her mind … (and getting me to a full breakdown)? Can all be coincidence … yet, not, according to what I'm learning.

(*Note: This was one of the first insights that were prompted by the medium that connected Bob and me: movies. He and I have a different way of "looking at" stories, as we are both filmmakers. And pretty soon there'd be breathtaking "notes" …)*

Maybe finding the **Bunnies** was Bob telling me that Miriam is there, and that he has found her …? I just thought about **Heinzi**, a very special friend of mine, who killed himself in the same year that I was pregnant, that summer; learning about his suicide, that I could, likely, have prevented, I walked up a mountain, where his grave was, and I put the bunny, that I'd been schlepping around back then, on his grave stone. Of course, Heinzi … may be … well … around, too? Back then (I was about 21 years

old) I had thought that Heinzi was my **soulmate** … but living in a strenuous family-environment and probably because of a serious emotional glitch, I didn't pick up the phone that evening, knowing that he was the one calling … and a day later I learned that he had hanged himself that evening. He had given me my beloved teal-colored Suzuki 450 chopper, the one I sold to be able to take my mother for a holiday … but the man who bought it for his girlfriend wrecked it at the first test-ride (after having bought it from me) …

Oh, geez. Even before even meeting Bob my life had been such a … I don't know, chaotic collection of unbelievably dramatic stuff …

It's such a strange time right now. I wish I could share it with someone. But in the last decade, the only person who'd understand me and with who I'd want to share … anything, was Bob. **Is** Bob, 'xcuse me.

Maybe I do have a daughter? She did mature somehow, without having developed the material body that I would have enabled her to have … *she was here, once, inside of me* … (*Note: But see "chaos", above; I had no emotional hold in that period of my life*.)

And from all that I've learned: She, my baby-daughter, really never got … well, destroyed. That her body, as tiny as it was, lived on in it's essence, in "**Orthos**", and that there, it developed … **someone** is taking care of her. (?)

… maybe I'm going crazy right now, but maybe I can take care of her, with my thoughts? Maybe I can take that bunny or something else … and affect her development in the "beyond"? Will I always be her mother? Will our relatedness stay intact? Can Bob tell me about it? I do believe, that "souls" of embryos or children who died can be born again during the mortal lifetime of their mothers and … meet them again? (*Note: If I had the right partner, I'd totally adopt children.*)

I used **to dream of babies** a lot (*Note: ongoing, and much more now, in January 2020*) and having them, losing them or taking care of them …

What ignorant critters are we, the mortals, really … how fucking dumb and ignorant.

May 5, 2019 **– Dream As My Reality**

Very intense **dream** of doing **video production with Bob**! This time, it was *very real* and normal, as it used to be, he with the camera, me handling talent, directing (like our commercial shoots or working on our Hawaii-documentary film "Native of Owhyhee").

In the dream, I had decided to make some kind of documentary-film with *three people from the street, two men and a woman*, and they all proved to be very unreliable and outright stupid and deceitful. It reminded me a bit of my experiences during "Making of Barricade" with V, C and M. There was also a group of dogs running around, and especially one, a mix of Husky and Windhund was of interest to me. Jacqui was there, too, and I kept a close eye on him, too, as there was a street, and it was dangerous for the dogs to run around. There was also some steep slope, like up a mountain, and some water, maybe a river … somehow the dream plots were interwoven …

And there was a third setting of me being in the *home of a family*, with a small child and with a young daughter, and somehow I was either living there, as of shelter, or I was house-sitting. The family left, and I stayed, and there were stress and problems; somehow that mix-dog was there, too, and from there I seemed to end up on *that narrow road through some kind of small town or village* … where I needed to do that video-production, make that film.

I somehow selected those people and told them what to do, and we started shooting. Then we

took a break, but instead of coming back and keep working, they had spread falsehoods about the production, and I scolded them heavily … and at first it looked like I was going to drop everything and just give up. But somehow they came back to me, surround me, and we kept working … and *in the dream I knew that I had finished the project.*

Then, suddenly, we were in the middle of it again … and **Bob was behind me, with the camera**. I wanted to get a certain effect with the framing, so I somehow had made some square outline frame with rounded corners on a very bright white-gray background, and in the middle was some credits-text. When I looked at the monitor (wherever that was) to see the framing that Bob was holding and that I had asked him to do, I found out that it was *not* okay (as I had neglected to imagine what it would really look like).

So on the screen was the lower part of the frame outline with the credits text above. But it was necessary to either zoom in to get rid of the part outline, or to pull back, to get the entire frame with the text inside, onto the screen.

I was in the process of figuring out what to do … and **Bob was just holding the shot**, waiting for me to decide. It was strange, too, that he was suddenly there, whilst he hadn't been with me on the street and working on that production before …

Also I had tried so hard to catch that fast and – as it felt – abandoned Husky-Windhund-dog, but on the other hand, I knew that the *owners* where somewhere; And it was likely that the family, in whose house I had been, was related to that dog …

I had **several feelings** or **impressions** in that dream that I know from real life … the worry about free running dogs, for them to cross the street … the alien feeling in someone else's home … and I had to accomplish something, but nobody could relate, and I was alone in the middle of strangers … the nuisance of having picked and trusted people who'd then turn out to be the wrong ones and would turn on me and give me a hard time when I had already invested so much effort … and that kind of heavy feeling of not being comfortable in my environment … *and not comfortable with Bob, either*. The situation with him in the background with tripod and camera, looking through the viewfinder, waiting silently land observing me, was an attitude of … *spite*, in a way, of somehow, *malice*, not heavy or dark, but in a way that he was *relishing* in the fact that I got stuck and "was not as good as I thought", that I had made a mistake. It had been like that with Bob a lot, in real life, I must admit, that he'd openly point out at every mistake I possibly made (and at mistakes I didn't even make), but it was unthinkable to criticize him … and it had been a problem for me, emotionally, a lot. That he'd speak out about every little shortcoming of me, but wouldn't praise me for the many things I did well.

He hurt me a lot. There was a certain bitterness and even viciousness in him regarding me … and others.

I woke up with the insight that *I have been consciously seen only the lovely sides of Bob* … I picked them out of the memories that are, actually, painful. But then, I'm an understanding person, I always knew that he, inside, was a torn and unhappy and fearful man, so … I thought I could handle. That I could help him. And I did, somehow. But in many ways he wouldn't ever have allowed for me to actually help him overcome his many fears and angers … for that he'd need to admit them and face them first. He hated conflict, and by avoiding to stand up for himself, he created more and more of it, as people took advantage of him, and he couldn't ever talk to them about it. To me, yes. But he also took his frustrations out on the one person he didn't have to fear: me.

That dream sort of brought it back. In real life, ***in the end,*** Bob had owned up to all of it, and just the fact that he was so aware of everything that had happened in our relationship and that he was so regretful, should have warned me that his life was coming to an end. Oh, I did suspect it. But I saw how he recovered, and that gave me all the hope in the world to draw power from. But it only worked as long as I was with him directly. I went away – to come back! – and he turned into the direction that would lead to the termination of his physical stint on Earth.

In my ***dream*** … him standing there and not offering help, just watching to see what I was doing, was always an impression of separation between us … So is that my subconscious, trying to clean up my inner mess? Aided by Bob and "his people"?

I think by reading Stewart White's writing I'm starting to be able to express myself better.

"Then," said Darby, "'intent could not be implicitly relied on because of the conflicting intents of different intruders."

"'You mean the intents of various degrees of consciousness," Betty particularized. "The only intent that really GOVERNS is evolution. It is the primary characteristic receptivity, of time. It is true that there are various intents, including individual intents, but the intent of quality of consciousness is more in a straight line than the intent of quantity of consciousness. Even in your obstructed universe you have intents of time, as well as events.

"Intents might conflict with each other, you say. What you mean is this: a high degree of consciousness-quality can set in motion an intent. A lower quality can also set in motion an intent. This is so because both are free wills. But the difference here is that the intent of consciousness is one thing; and the intent of an individual--any kind of an individual--is only an event.

"When you get consciousness divided into individuals, the intent of the individual may run counter to the evolutional intent. The difference between us and you is that with us events are more closely identical with intent.

At some point, after having read how **Stewart** had been struggling to compile the materials for this book, I found myself saying spontaneously (lying in bed) "**And I'm doing it again**" … it was like *I am Stewart White* … and from what I've learned, I'm certainly of his "**quality of consciousness**". Actually, no doubt about it. (*Below: excerpt from "The Unobstructed Universe"*)

ARRESTMENT: An incidence of frequency, conductivity and receptivity, resulting in manifestation in the obstructed universe.

DEGREE: Consciousness, being in evolution, is in degrees. Each degree represents a specific manifestation.

QUALITY OF CONSCIOUSNESS: That aspect of consciousness resulting in species manifestation, as electricity, gold, tree, antelope, man, etc. In the unobstructed universe Quality is in evolution, and therefore in degrees. In the obstructed universe it is of fixed potentiality in its given degree.

QUANTITY OF CONSCIOUSNESS: That aspect of consciousness, in the obstructed universe, capable of, and subject to development by the individual, in evolution and therefore in degrees.

MATTER: In the obstructed universe matter is that arrestment of frequency which manifests itself in a three-dimensional extension; in the unobstructed universe it is the form attribute of any aspect of the trilogia.

MATERIAL FORCES: Those arrestments of frequency expressing themselves through matter.

AWARENESS-MECHANISM: That equipment of self-aware consciousness whereby the individual perceives that which is objective to him.
PARALLEL LAW: The term connotes the interextension of principles operating in both the obstructed and unobstructed universes.

BETA BODY: The form attribute of that frequency which is an individual consciousness, an I-Am. It is integral, atomic and noncellular.

ALPHA BODY: The form attribute of a combination of frequencies, constituting the physical housing in the obstructed universe of an individual consciousness. Such as the human body.

May 5, 2019 **– My Little Girl Said "Hello!"**

I notice today (reading "The Road I Know", being entirely urged to read it), that Betty White died in "**Upland**". Well, Bob died in a place on Maui called "**Upcountry**".

However, it was not the outer expression but the inner person that made the charm memorable; made it stick, as it were. Apparently people never forgot Betty. She made an indelible impress. After her death I received several hundred letters-and I mean LETTERS pages long, not mere "notes of condolence." An extraordinary number of them were from people who had met her JUST ONCE and years before-from twelve to thirty-two years before-but who wrote as though her personality were to them as of yesterday. On my return home, after her death in Upland in 1939, my secretary told me that a very aged Negro had hobbled in to say how sorry he was. "Mis' White, she was FOLKS," said he. Investigating, I found that this man had given the windows of our new house their first washing when the builders had cleared out, and that was all the contact he had ever had with us. The house was finished in 1919.

And then … it happened:

I walked with Jacqui through the Küniglforest, which is a very quiet lovely area, where we barely ever meet anyone … and it was raining. So at first, I didn't want to go there. But then … somehow, I felt the urge. So … first I found a transparent **plastic flower … like a toy a little girl would use.**

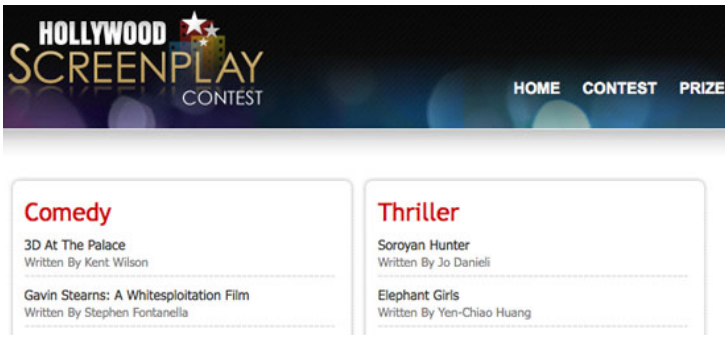
And then … right there, on the stony pathway lay a **tiny sticker of a little girl with tiny braids sticking up** and with something **that looks like a golden ball** or an **apple**. It's so uncanny … after I wrote and thought and cried about **Miriam** yesterday!? And I wanted Bob and Betty and everyone to let me know if she, my child, is with them?

(*Note: Actually, it just struck me, that just minutes ago, editing this section, I had picked that* ***embryo****-image and stuck it into the story … and there is the "****golden ball****" … so time, anyone?)*

There are no odds, that something like that happens. How often, exactly, have you found in the rainy forest a **sticker of a little girl** who holds something like a all or an apple at you? Remember: I had discussed with Bob the existence of my dead baby-girl … and the next day I found that sticker! *And there was nothing else around it! No garbage! No other stickers! Nothing!*

And then … the song that I created for my screenplay "Soroyan Hunter", the vampire who lives of life-force alone … has a refrain that has been going around in my mind, and it goes:

"… **give yourself to me, because, my love, I am eternity**."



Okay, I think I understand the meaning of that **dream**, with *Bob standing behind me*, in his old function, the expert … he was telling me in my dream that *he's looking over my shoulder?*

I would so much prefer him being with me in the flesh. So much.

I also realized that I may have been "**contacted**" by "them" several years ago … when an **employee** at a golfshop, who Bob and I had just met while doing a commercial committed suicide. Around that time, I experienced exactly, what Betty had described …

(*Note: Now, in January, this has become extreme relevance again, after all the many* ***near-death-reports*** *I've heard …)* I know now that I almost died. I felt like "my Self" or my "life-force" was being pulled out of me … and I couldn't walk or speak, Bob was in the other room, and I stared out of the window and held on to the chair struggling to stay conscious, thinking and talking out loud stuff emphasizing my presence in the "physical world", like "I'm standing, I'm holding on to this chair, I'm breathing" … my eyes wanted to shut closed and my body wanted to break down, but I didn't allow it. And I was shivering and trembling and so weak in my knees … even when this pulling as if somehow my spirit was being sucked out of me … subsided. I told Bob about it. I experienced it a second time, also on Maui. But everytime out of the blue … no pain, no illness, no stress, nothing …

The only thing was that I had been thinking of that man a few times, a stranger, but he had somehow touched me, a nice man … I can still remember his presence there, in the aisles, so quiet, so humble. And then I learned that Just around that near-death-experience (I dare call it now), he had killed himself.

(*Note: What if a person who takes off into the beyond for good who happens to think about another person … wow, my* ***face*** *is getting burning* ***hot*** *suddenly, writing this* ***… can drag that person's consciousness with them****?)*

Betty White has described that feeling very well, actually …

"Mediumship was now being urged upon me in the messages. My first and second efforts at this caused a strange sensation of being lifted out of myself and almost slipping over the edge, as when just losing consciousness under ether. Before letting me go, however, Stewart demanded assurance that I was really in the hands of my friends and for this purpose asked for a test. His father was asked to give the name of an old lumberman employed years ago, a name unknown to me. A curious jumble of names of old 'lumber jacks' came, all unknown to me, some of them known to Stewart, but the desired name did not come and the test failed.

Just, in fact, I do *not* wish be become any kind of medium in terms of getting into a trance. Only thinking back of that experience and how strong that "force" was and how feeble I felt … this kind of stuff wouldn't be anything for me. (*Note? Maybe that's why I've had a life-long* ***aversion*** *against meditation … because I could "take off" too easily?)*

Betty White described how the Invisibles communicated to her that they wouldn't want to do it from their part either, like "possessing" someone …

* Up to this time Betty had, in general, worked alone, with automatic writing. However, I was now "sitting in", as a spectator. The sensation of what she described was similar to the muscle-jerk induced by an electric current.

"'You will not have any success with such manifestations. We do not especially recommend trying them, we are not after that kind of mediumship; we want to protect you more or less against just such things and keep our own private wire under proper control and insulation. It may be a comfort and pleasure to feel that way--that we answer and are near--but how can you be sure who it is answering you? It is the cheapest, easiest form of communication. We are building up a different variety for you and your uses. It is a far more delicate mechanism and so more difficult to manipulate. It will, however, be much more reliable.'

"We asked the question, 'Who is jerking Stewart's muscles?'

Many years ago, I tried a trance-seminar once, with a Shaman, in Vienna, and I refused to be put

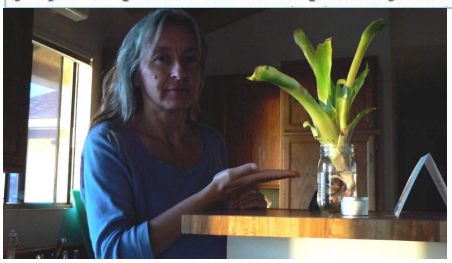
into trance, I only provided protection for the others, as they were darweeshing around all over the place … and I remained totally clear. But then, out on the street, I had no idea where I was. I had the entire city upside down and backwards, and I had to also touch the walls and the street signs and myself and talking out loud to me to keep me in the present; I'd sit on the pavement and say things like "The church is to my left, the church remains to my left, I will get up and walk, and the church will stay to my left…" because wherever I went, I ended up somewhere in the opposite direction. The shaman later told me that I may have put myself into some trance by trying to resist the trance …

I have written about that in my book "We Creators …". And I have experienced something similar twice since Bob's death. (*Note: Very **interestingly**, even though I find this in my contact diary, I have no memory of those events, after Bob's death … only of those during the time that he was alive, and I talked with him about it; But something else just came to my mind: Maybe it had something to do with Bob's death, years later? Because: It was at the very spot, that his sister J. told me about, where last year, when Bob was already on the verge, he broke down after leaving his bed and deciding to go traveling, the near-death-rallying … right there, where my consciousness had almost been sucked out, so many years before … had he ended up; And J. had tried to help him, as he swayed, and she ended up rolling on the floor with him. She said, they laughed.*)

May 5, 2019

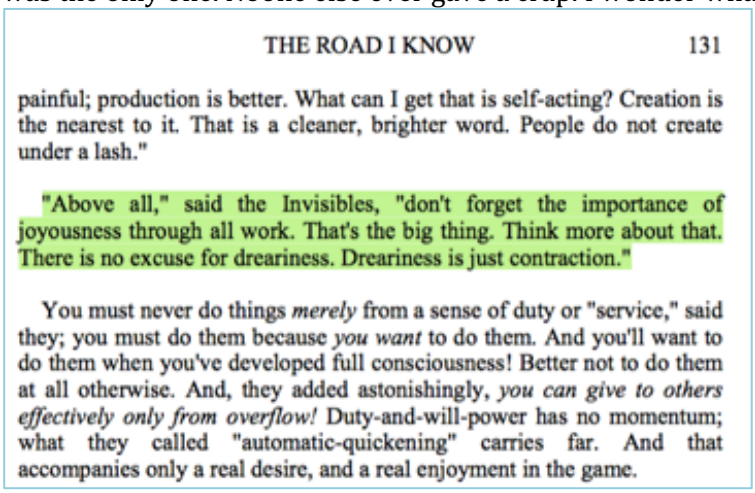
Reading "The Road I Know" I just discovered that the story of Betty's private life, **raising flowers and plants** – like I used to *amuse Bob with picking up dropped or uprooted plants and flowers and plant them* …

The graceful and gracious conduct of this constantly shifting social menagerie would seem a full-time job, but it was actually only one side issue of Betty's many lively interests. She had three acres of garden which she managed with the labor of one man-and it was HER garden, not a gardener's garden-minutely diagrammed by her, down to the planting of the last pansy, on huge sheets of wrapping paper. With a truly professional eye she took into account color, height, background, arrangement, the seasons. And the results she achieved brought her literally dozens of blue ribbons in competition with the big estates employing as many as ten gardeners. In this garden also she collected and acclimated rare foreign plants and shrubs-concerning which even yet I am called upon to write very ignorant replies to enquiring scientists. It was this collection which gained her, in the U. S. Department of Agriculture, the unsought listing as Agricultural Explorer. In addition she was very active in our local Garden Club, injecting into its numerous affairs certain quaint and Bettyish conceits of her own. For example, she established (for the Annual Flower Shows) an especial award which was known as the Smell Trophy to be given for that arrangement judged to produce the most pleasing blend of perfume! And another-in



I noticed right from the beginning, that there are so many **similarities** between Betty and Stewart and me (and somehow also Bob). In the years away from Maui, Bob would always tell me on the phone how "**my plants**" were doing, and he was so excited, when those stumps of unknown plant-critters began to bloom.

Betty also wrote verses and drew sketches … like me. Bob was always amazed by "my talents". He was the only one. Noone else ever gave a crap. I wonder what I have them for, those talents.



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painful; production is better. What can I get that is self-acting? Creation is the nearest to it. That is a cleaner, brighter word. People do not create under a lash."

"Above all," said the Invisibles, "don't forget the importance of joyousness through all work. That's the big thing. Think more about that. There is no excuse for dreariness. Dreariness is just contraction."

You must never do things *merely* from a sense of duty or "service," said they; you must do them because *you want* to do them. And you'll want to do them when you've developed full consciousness! Better not to do them at all otherwise. And, they added astonishingly, *you can give to others effectively only from overflow!* Duty-and-will-power has no momentum; what they called "automatic-quickening" carries far. And that accompanies only a real desire, and a real enjoyment in the game.

In the end, when I visited him for the last time, he told me that the **Aloe Vera** hadn't come up … but in the car-port there was an entire "plantation" of the Aloe Vera, it had totally sprouted and spread. He was surprised to have missed that, although the plants covered quite some space. They did have brown "freckles", though. So maybe, Bob didn't recognize them. It is just all so … deadly sad.

<u>May 5, 2019</u> **– Someone Gave Me Roses**

What a day!

I found **five roses *on the street*** … There is really not much else to say, except that it's uncanny, because I had just dealt with Betty's flower garden! They were lying ***very close to where I live, on the street***. I simply picked them up, as other people just walked by.

I had another amazing insight!

Reading Betty's own account of her becoming a medium I came across this (in "The Road I Know"):

"The idea of communication was not new to me. In my early childhood I remembered that Grandma Marin and Uncle Calvert had been the butt of the family for professing belief in it. What if all these years they had been trying to reach me and tell me that it is true. This ceased suddenly to be merely an interesting game, and became a matter for serious investigation. I determined to throw more vitality into it; to keep my head steady, but to follow with my heart the possibility that they, my family, were trying to lead me. Whatever it was, I must find out.

Can it be a coincidence that I had called the **main protagonist** of the spiritual Sci-Fi-franchise that deals with my book "We Creators" (and whose sequel "Creators of Stone" will deal with what I'm learning now!) and that has won "best screenplay" at the Los Angeles Cinema Festival of Hollywood … **Amarin**? When Betty's grandmother's name was "**Marin**" *and had been an advocate for the intercommunication between the realms?* And I had always wondered what kind of name "Amarin" is, and how I got to it. Is this the explanation? Seriously. It keeps coming, doesn't it? I got to note here, that my email-friend "C" is the only one who knows about a lot of these incidents already, because I keep sharing them with her … and even she had some anecdote about "Amarin" today … (I don't share too much, for privacy reasons.)

May 6, 2019

About those dreams … and finds … I do think they are messages.

I was thinking of what last night's **dream** meant … and I've decided to spend more time being open to receiving insights of what the dreams meant. I'm also making a habit of reacting to anything that seems like some "message" that comes to my awareness … because according to Betty they like to get **feedback** to know whether or not contact is "established".

The **dream** about being in that home with kids and a somewhat big mom … it did remind me of my time with a family Sch. in Vienna, who never took seriously that Sigi was a heavy drug-addict, until he showed up at the wife's work place … and another person was in the dream, a Maui-friend of Bob's and mine, Peter R. … I had been thinking of him recently, in April was his birthday, but I couldn't make myself connect with him … he hadn't behaved properly towards Bob in his sick days, and I'm not in a forgiving mood.

Strangely I keep having the feeling that Bob will just call me shortly. I can't wait.

In a part, this beautiful chives-resembling plant greeted me … it's spring, and I can't stand it. How can it be spring, and Bob is not alive? I need to go to Maui to be with him in our beloved "housie" … I do realize that I've been digging myself into those books, drawing excerpts, just numbing my mind … and I have to do that. Because sometimes the reality of it all comes to my mind, and I can't feel any reason to live … aside from my dog. I don't have contact with my parents. They were never there for me, either. I was the reason for their bad luck with each other (as my mother was pregnant with me), so they don't like me. Fine.

May 7, 2019

"C" surprised me today and sent me amazing poem "**Lieu de la salamandre**" … "The place of the salamander". Touched me a great deal.

La salamandre surprise s'immobilise
Et feint la mort.
Tel est le premier pas de la conscience dans les pierres.
Le mythe le plus pur.
Un grand leu traversé, qui est esprit.

La salamandre était à mi-hauteur
Du mur. dans la clarté de nos fenêtres.
Son regard n'était qu'une pierre.
Mais je voyais son cœur battre éternel.

O ma complice et ma pensée, allégorie
De tout ce qui est pur,

Que j'aime qui resserre ainsi dans son silence
La seule force de joie.

Que j'aime qui s'accorde aux astres par l'inerte
Masse de tout son corps.
Que j'aime qui attend l'heure de sa victoire,
Et qui retient son souffle et tient au sol.

(Google-supported translation:)

*The surprised **salamander** remains motionless*
And feigns death.
*This is the first step of consciousness in the **stones**.*
The purest myth. (Maybe: The original story.)
A great crossing, which is spirit.

The salamander was halfway up
the wall. in the clarity of our windows.
His gaze was only a stone.
But I saw his heart beat forever.

O my accomplice and my thought, allegory
Of all that is pure,
I love who tightens in his silence like this
The only force of joy.

The one I love alignes with the stars by the inert
Mass of his whole body.
The one I love waits for the hour of his victory,
And holds his breath holding on to the ground.

The “**stone**” … is Bob, and the “salamander” that’s me … the “**Dragon**” in Chinese mythology (and horoscope) and also a “mo’o” in Hawaiian lore …

“C” tells me that things that I wrote to her about, regarding the incidents of “**synchronicity**” or about my life with Bob, somehow *begin to show up in her life*, but rather immediately. Like she reads something from me, and then someone sends her a link to something or a Whatsapp-message, and it’s exactly what I’d told her about … very uncanny.

Again, I had a **dream** of Keanu Reeves, but can’t recall, only that he came and embraced me and comforted me. My right breast, where it had been hurting (in real life) was all red, and he comforted

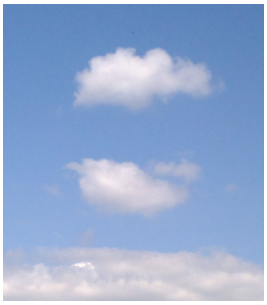
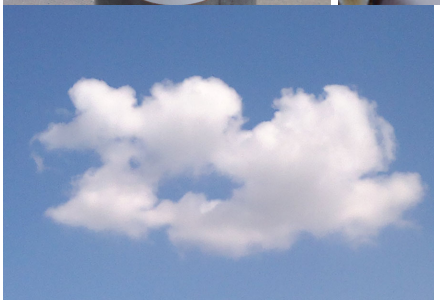
me, I don't know how. In real life I'm relieved that my body isn't so much in pain anymore, all over the place … I even felt kind of rested in the morning.

May 7, 2019 **– Buddhist Prayer Flag & Symmetrical Clouds**

Took a walk on "Red Mountain" today … and I was thinking how it's kind of impossible to expect new messages all the time … and I turned to go homeward … but suddenly felt the urge to walk up the hill again, and ***Jacqui was surprised*** by something, right there … but there was really nothing to be seen …

… except for a **Buddhist prayer flag**! In the bushes! Never before was it there! To me, it felt like a message saying "the spiritual world has it's signs everywhere" … besides, that reminded me totally of Tom V., Bob's business partner, who actually took great advantage of Bob, only to then drop him, when Bob finally had enough and didn't want to support Tom's projects free of charge all the time. Suddenly Bob wasn't such a "great friend" anymore, only at the "celebration of his life", he had been "best friend" of everyone, pretty much. Oh, I couldn't each as much as I feel like vomiting …. Tom was such a fake-spiritual too, running around Mt. Kailash all the time, but disrespecting the man who had helped him so much over so many years … may all those fake friends and fucking ignorants live long and suffer longer.

I was between angry and sad … and this **sticker** that I came across, expressed it all perfectly:

I also saw **clouds** … "*finding each other, facing each other, and then holding hands".*

May 8, 2019

Very intense **dream** of videoproduction – with Nina Proll (Austrian actress) and her husband Gregor, and I think Eric was there, too, or at least a weird guy.

At some point I was sitting beside a road, resting, when the Eric-type came with a bicycle. He was meant to be in that filmproject, but I told him I was not momentarily working on it, and that he must

leave and then come to the official meeting.

There was something about water and a house with many rooms and a dog or a cat, rather a dog, resembling Jacqui's old friend *Slughi*, the Whippet …

… and at the same time it was about some kind of mistake or error that the dog and I were involved in, but that we figured out. Too bad I can't remember … I only recall being around in those rooms a lot, kind of having to report to other people, but also trying to escape, somehow … and then it all got cleared up. I found some kind of motivation and self-confidence in starting that film, … and there was some kind of camp, where I was hanging out, and I was in a foreign place, but still familiar … and I said to myself in my dream that I was able to do all of that, without Bob, and that I was good at that.

Interesting, the first thing I met this morning, walking Jacqui, was a **new dog**, that I hadn't seen before, in the neighborhood, very long-legged, very active and loud, a female named "**Joy**".

Also, yesterday, on "Red Mountain", I met an acquaintance of mine from my time in publishing, Wolfgang H., who had been a famed editor back in the day, at a wild Zeitgeist-magazine, and the last time I had seen him was in 2017, when Jacqui was so ill, at the clinic. He also had a new dog, very lively, too, also like the Husky-mix of my dream, and her name was also "Gioia", "**Joy**" in Italian. So two dogs named "Joy" (Freude) in less than 24 hours. Hm.

May 8, **2019 – Mojos**

I saw **drawings** along the way that kind of spoke to me … but of course I'm aware that not everything means anything "on purpose". Many things that we see are only there for us to be reminded of things we should focus on.

… and on the way back, an old woman, with **curly gray hair** in a bun walked by me, very closely, and she wore a scarf printed with **stars**. Okay. Again*, I know that not everything is a "message" or a "sign*", but from what I read, it's good to simply be aware and open, because the "discarnates" need to know that we are capable of that, and not only now and then, but always, habitually, because if they take efforts to communicate and we don't even bother to pick up whatever they put into our awareness, I can imagine that they'd lose their interest.

Also … yesterday, when translating for a job (novel), I came across the expression "**mess with my Mojo**", and I had to look it up. So check this out, what I literally ran into, today!

I remember vaguely that Bob said that once. It came back in an *emotional flash.*

Also … considering that "mo'o" means "salamander" or "dragon" … and that "mo'okuauhau" means "ancestry" in Hawaiian, it feels even more interesting, that "mojo" came up so intensely.

"C" told me, that yesterday, a colleague at the office, where she works, greeted her with "**Aloha**!" Most interestingly: I had just given her a Hawaiian version of her Spanish language nickname, "Heart of the Humming Bird", "Kapu'uwaiokamanuhu". She had then written something in Hawaiian to me. But that colleague of hers had no idea about all that … and had said "Aloha!" Well. If I didn't know already that we are observed …

I realized something a bit scary: One part of "**Regents of Clouds**", the script that had won "best script" at a Hollywood script competition even while being more than 300 pages long, describes how **"Amarin" finds her father just as he is dying**, an entirely **emaciated** man in his **sixties** in a **run-down house** on a **tropical island** …

Rominald slowly moves away; realizing that she is losing contact, Amarin tries to hold on to her father, but she can't reach him anymore.

ROMINALD
The day will come ...

His image begins to fade. Amarin breaks out in tears and keeps reaching out for him, shaking her head.

AMARIN
No! Don't go! Stay, stay, please!

She runs after him and reaches into nothingness and gropes around, stumbling, while she can still see his face.

ROMINALD
... when all humans will know that they are energetic beings and will make the most of their material world, raised wisely from the moment they are conceived, "Maoli", "real people". Knowing what the purpose of the human life on Earth is ...

Amarin's eye-lids flutter when she hears that.

AMARIN
Please, stay! Give me more time!

And that's exactly what happened with Bob. And I had written the entire scenario, how she had come, without knowing what she'd find … and he died right there, but then he came also back right away and **talked to her being a spirit!**

Also the scenario of me coming to a dying Bob who did live in a tropical setting in a kind of desolate and untidy house … is described in "Regents of Clouds". What are the odds? I know, Bob would say, "Well, Dani, normally I'd say slim, but with you …" Okay. I'm beginning to be a believer.

May 8, 2019 **– Bob's Measuring Stick**

Took a walk … found a **stick** *exactly* like the one Bob and I took as border as to how far Bob would walk along the beach … Now, you may say that it's nothing special to find a "stick", but trust me, under certain circumstances it is. This isn't just a normal stick (at Wien river), and there is no real good explanation how it got there, because there are neither trees nor any sticks … so …

… I will never forget, while I was swimming, Bob walked so fast and so much along the beach …

with such power … he was so determined. He chose a stick at a distance, and that's where he'd go (on the way back, that's also where the dog would show up, later).

And the weirdest clouds … like a huge "**sky shark**", but this time, with the shape of an actual airplane, too.

May 9, 2019

What a **dream** …

It was some kind of house, with many rooms, like a school or a hotel, and I was supposed to attend to **class or workshop with Bob**, and I found him, he was grumpy and tall and sort of distant … and *I knew in my dream*, that he was **dead**. And I was so desperate and so hoping I could change that and make him alive again. And then he took off, and I didn't find him anymore and went all over the place, looking for him. People in the house encouraged me … and I left the house.

There was some spot, like something to do with a storage or a wardrobe, where I had deposited something (?) that I needed to find Bob … in a way it was like I had to *deposit myself* (?) to move on to find him … weird, I have the impression of something live, fleshy …It was kind of upsetting, because Bob seemed to just have walked away, grumpily, not even caring, but at the same time, he couldn't help himself … I knew that in my dream. His legs were bare, and they looked sort sore, like decaying even … and he was strange and different … but I so longed for him. He'd just move on and walk away, disappear.

And I left the house and found myself in some kind of desert-y kind of place, but it was Vienna, because I was taking the U4 (underground train # 4) to a certain station … that overlooked a place where I had been in a dream many years ago, and possibly more often. Even in the dream I thought that I had been at that spot before … like some *sand pit*, like a *digging site* or a quarry with long scorching hot dusty roads between huge heaps of stones and gravel … but I only looked down there … I knew Bob might be down there … but I also knew I was in the wrong place with the wrong transportation, I needed the U3 to go to a certain place … and I tried to figure out how to do that.

A young man was there, in some kind of glass cabin that was the station itself, above ground, overlooking the huge sand pit, trying to talk to me … but he was not helpful. I was freaked out that I couldn't get to Bob anymore in time … that that then he would be lost and really dead …

But I woke up … but before that, I figured out how to change from U4 to U3 (go to Landstraße), and in my dream I was so relieved and a bit upset because it really isn't a big deal …

So I got up, and took my dog out … and it was raining, and I suddenly got so angry, because my dog wouldn't shit or piss … and I had left the home just for him … so I got aggressive and even slapped him with the leash and pulled him violently and threatened him, and I made him piss himself with fear and yelp in despair.

Later … **I was so so so sorry about it**. Still am. It' was like I had to totally calm down … *I was so close to losing my shit* … although I still think I couldn't really hurt him … but who knows.

Then later I opened an email by Bob's sister J., where she described how desperate she was … and somehow it helped.

Still. How could I get so angry and take it out on Jacqui?

That's so fucking wrong. I'm a monster. He is so innocent and nothing but sweet.

I went shopping and when I came home, he didn't come to greet me. I went to him and apologized, and he seemed fine … but I felt and am feeling terrible about me blowing up on him.

Walking with Jacqui every day, and of course seeing things and thinking …

May 9, 2019

Very strange **encounter** …

I've been asking Bob that I wanted to see him, like really **"see" and "hear"** … (but at the same time I keep asking him to not spook me or Jacqui …)

So today, about to enter the **tramway**, coming from Küniglwald with Jacqui, I saw a **man** gaze outside through the window – and when he saw me, he began to smile, some kind of "knowing", gentle smile … and he *really really looked like Bob*. So much, that I was very close to walking over to him and asking him … just anything. He was so tall. So long-limbed. White-gray longer hair, wavy. Very slim, delicate facial features … really really *so much resembling Bob's*. The blue eyes, the graying eye-brows, the lines, the big nose, the chin, the sensitive mouth … I thought that it was *Bob giving me the opportunity* ***to look at him by looking at some stranger***. I've been begging Bob to "show himself" to me … so, there.

He showed himself to me … in another man? So that man kept sitting, his hands resting on his long thighs (oh, how often had I thought about the way Bob had been sitting at his desk, his legs so long, his knees touching the desk!) … and his face turned to me. Ever again, he turned his face to the window *and closed his eyes*! And I could check him out more clearly. It was such an uncanny situation. I was … like, entirely baffled. The lines in his face, he must be in his early sixties, too, the entire quiet and sensitive look and his physical resemblance … all that was uncanny!

I have never seen that man before or someone like that, except for Bob himself. So I do start to believe that "seeing someone in someone else" especially in times of grief, is, in fact, a **manifestation**, with the help of the "discarnate" person.

I just learned that my friend **Rebecca**, who I know from interviewing her late husband Papa Kepelino for my Hawaii-documentary, is coming to Vienna! Around May 26! My friend who brought the kupuna and the magic of old Hawaii even closer to me, back in the day. *Hawaii is coming to me.* That's what it is. She is very sick, though. Leukemia and more. But I've lost the dread of it. I'll get a wheelchair and show her around …

It's actually a big deal, Rebecca coming. It stirs up my heart-break. In the photo, that's us (R. on the left), in 2008.

May 9, 2019

Extremely weird **cloud**, *hovering and developing* above my alley!

Really, it looked like it! Not exactly … friendly, somehow so … focused … as if it had waited for me to come … it turned into a huge weird **penis with balls** … then dissolved …

May 10, 2019 **– Silver Laurel Found**

I found a tiny silver **laurel**! First I thought that it's just a twisted branch of tiny leaves …

The above image of a laureled certificate is for the script "Wolvers Are Us" that Bob took to a pitching-workshop in 2017, that's how much be believed in our future work together …

Seriously! You get those "laurels" on the certificates for script-wins or best films at film-festivals and competitions! And I had **just** won … remember?

A **laurel**! *The only person in my close environment who knows about these things is Bob!*

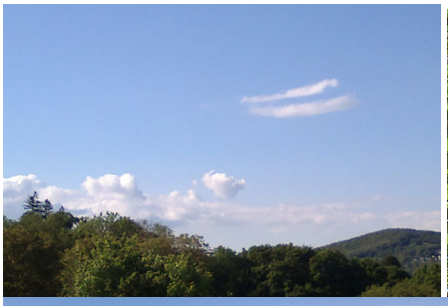
How often had he put a *laurel on his posters for wins of his films!? That feels so … not random.* How often have you won "best script"-honors, received laurels and then found one?

May 10, 2019 **– "24" On My Path**

Realization: I've been coming across the number "**24**" all the time, I was reminded of that today when I passed by a license plate reading "W DMG 24", and I remembered having been stunned by **a house with a huge "24"** on the wall, and I did feel that it was supposed to say something to me, but I didn't get to it … I'll go photograph that house … it's in the same road where the car with the license plate number "**W ELA 1**" was parked (see earlier) …

I've mentioned that number before …

Then Jacqui and I were on "Red Mountain" again … and I always enjoy seeing how some **clouds** just seem to be prancing just for me …



I had just read about Betty receiving a "**blue ribbon**" honors for her gardening … well, I'm sure the blue ribbon I found hanging on a tree has nothing to do with that. (Below excerpt from "The Road I Know")

The graceful and gracious conduct of this constantly shifting social menagerie would seem a full-time job, but it was actually only one side issue of Betty's many lively interests. She had three acres of garden which she managed with the labor of one man-and it was HER garden, not a gardener's garden-minutely diagrammed by her, down to the planting of the last pansy, on huge sheets of wrapping paper. With a truly professional eye she took into account color, height, background, arrangement, the seasons. And the results she achieved brought her literally dozens of blue ribbons in competition with the big estates employing as many as ten gardeners. In this garden also she collected and acclimated rare foreign plants and shrubs-concerning which even yet I am called upon to write very ignorant replies to enquiring scientists.

May 11, 2019 (Saturday) **The Mystery of the Asians and the Coyotes**

Dream of me being in some kind of holiday resort (in Thailand, as it seemed, but yet again *in a spot where I'd been before, in other dreams* … close to a river or ocean shore, a path down the dunes …) It was also like kind of a **camp**, or of a **commune**, and I was there with my **mother**, who then sort of disappeared, though.

It was like we had to build our sleeping spots, and there was a man, who was a mix between Bob and other men (including on colleague of many many years ago, Gerold A., a text-editor at a publishing house I had once worked at) … and I had a kind of mattress-camp at the edge of that large … commune, but *it had no outside wall*, only large, high curtains (like theater). And there was a lot going on in that house, and it was told, somehow, that someone had caught a **coyote** (!), and a woman came walking along, *carrying that coyote*, which was alive, I think, but it wasn't clear.

There were a lot of **Asian** looking people in that kind of commune, moving around and behind my make-shift "cove" in that shack-type-of-structure (where I intended to sleep), women in groups, just all over the place … and the word got out that *the wolves were coming* (for that coyote). I was aware and talked to someone about how I wasn't protected at all, with only that curtain as a shelter. But I tried to tuck the curtain under my mattress to cut my place off from the outside a little, and it was getting dark.

All the time there was *some travel-thing* I **had** to do, and I moved around, nervously, but I didn't really figure out what to do, how to get anywhere… except that *some areas that I ended up in, were*

again those from previous dreams (shore, dunes downhill, rocky mountain hill leading to ancient famous site, my grandmother Maria's place and the surrounding woodlands … all mingling).

Also that fear of wolves and not being able to protect oneself was part of my childhood, when – at my grandmother Maria's place – I would run in the dusk along the driveway into the hallway and banged the huge wooden door close, sure that wolves were outside, watching me and my little brother, Peter …

I must say that last night I had imagined my grandmother Maria and what she would be like now, in the unobstructed universe, where rejuvenation takes place, and I "shared" the energy of my food with her and asked her to connect with me!

Back to my dream: As I was crouching in my make-shift sanctuary behind that curtain, that was open, though, an **Asian man** (short and in mid 30s) came to me, and he was very very sad, like mourning or grieving, and I invited him to sleep in my huge wide bed … And I think he lay down, while I went out, somehow related to that **other man**, *with whom I had to travel somewhere* …

I walked about the area, and I realized that I had to return home, with my **mother**, but I couldn't find her, as she was nowhere to be seen. And it was all that ***kind of travel situation*** that I had had *a million times in dreams* before, and I was running around, searching, but didn't find anyone, and it got dark. So I returned to that shack and my bed-site and found that young **Asian man in my bed**, but on my side of the bed. And I found that someone had destroyed the spot where I had tucked the curtains under my mattress to protect myself from the wolves … and I knew it had been the Asian women.

So I suddenly realized that the young Asian man *was not really in need of my help* and that he was *only taking up my space* … he rolled all over my space in my bed. I noticed that he was lying on the bump that was my pajama under the covers … *So I woke him up and told him that he better to go his folks, as he had mother and brother and sisters, and that he should hide out there.*

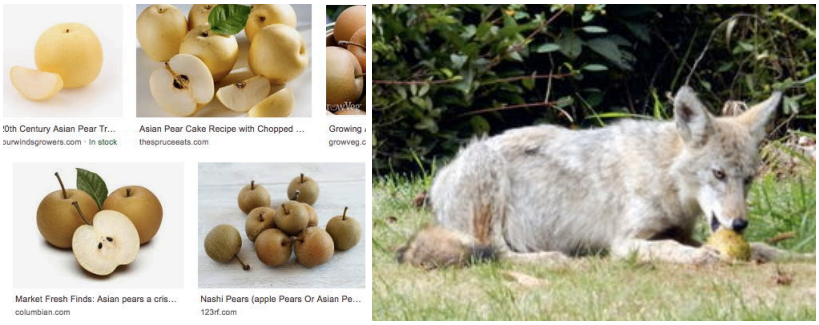
He did leave … and somehow, then, I seem to have seen **Bob** from behind … and he said something about how it **was October 2** (***which is his real life birthday),*** but also October 4 … and yes, *it was Bob,* but *he walked away from me knowing that I was going to follow him*, which I did. He was kind of similar in his appearance with those strangely sore and red skin on his legs (in patches, due to his psoriasis) like in my other dream, a few days ago, *where he also walked away …*

… and I **realized** (I think in the dream, even), that there was **the number 24** again! (That I had written about last night!)

And there was something with water, rain or flooding, and me realizing that things got so uncomfortable and that I was so alone …

It was such a full and rich dream! Yes, my subconscious … but …

And here is how the Asians and the coyote tie into my real-life-story with Bob … it's one of the major stories about me that has always been going around in his family, he even told me about that in our last weeks together: Early in our relationship we had spend the night in the guest-trailer at his parents' place at Anza, California. At breakfast in the morning there was big talk about how the coyotes had eaten several Asian pairs … and I was horrified about how cold-blooded those people were talking about the murder of Asian couples. I remember sitting there, baffled, barely daring to look at Bob, who seemed to be a monster all of a sudden, talking about the death of those Asians, who had been up in trees, even, and yet the coyotes got to them … and of course I was mistaken, it had all been about "**Asian pears**". Fruits!


Asian Pear Cake Recipe with Chopped ...
thespruceeats.com
Market Fresh Finds: Asian pears a cris...
columbian.com
Nashi Pears (apple Pears Or Asian Pe...
123rf.com

But see, how the Asians in my dream and the coyote fit together! I would really really would like to know if that was symbolism that my subconscious gave me telling me, as a sort of memory, that I had actually met Bob in the beyond, while I was "out", during sleep. We mortals are unconscious during sleeping, and we are "traveling" …

My feeling tells me that I was with Bob, while I was "dreaming". ***Actually with Bob, in the beyond.***

May 11, 2019

Walk along **Wien-river** … almost dizzy about the "Asian-pears"-dream-incident … and the circumstances of it … that I had realized that the Asian in my bed was only bothering me and didn't even need help … and then me feeling so unprotected, and everyone was hectic, but I did find Bob … and he had walked ahead, knowing that I would follow … all that makes so much sense.

I encountered a new graffiti-writing on the stones along Wien river, today, it says "**Liebling**" (darling) … and then the **most amazing clouds** showed up! Wow!

I feel kind of … more connected today. A little enthusiastic. Even though I'm not sure how to interpret that dream …

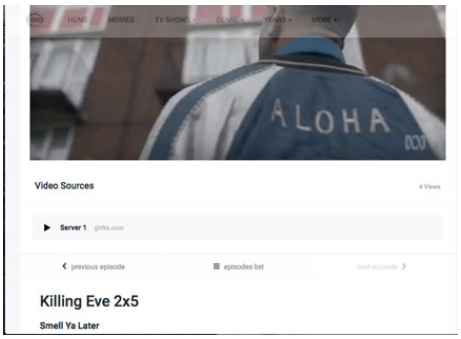
Chasing away that weak obnoxious, advantage-taking Asian guy also signifies that I must get rid of the ones who occupy space that isn't due to them, but I had invited him into my bed to protect him from my part … and I must stop doing that, inviting people in, because of the goodness of my heart and having nothing to expect from them, when I'd need something. I need the right people around me, to further my … well, "kuleana". I have a job to do. I know it.

May 11, 2019 **– Aloha In An Unexpected Place**

The *weirdest thing yet has just happened* … and, as strange as it may sound, it did feel like an "intervention", long planned. Bob and I were all into films and movies and TV-series, and we'd often discuss the details we had noticed, in terms of plots and shooting and lighting and editing …

I had told Bob in 2018 about *my new favorite series* "**Killing Eve**". I don't remember whether or not he got to watch it. I go to watch the movies and series at a callshop, as I don't own a TV and can take my dog instead of going to a theater alone. And it costs just 1 Euro per hour and I can watch what I want as long as I want. So I watched (zapped through) the movie about Ted Bundy (with Zac Efron, TB was executed on January 24, 1989, the 24 again …)

And then I switched on "Killing Eve", season 2 episode 5. So the episode starts, and there is a guy (bad one, victim of the assassin to be), and he turns his back at the camera - and he wears a jacket with "**Aloha**" written across his back! The episode's title is "**Smell Ya Later**". (The episode 2/4 (yes, the 2 and the 4) is called "Desperate Times".)



And that with "smell" having been the most haunting and horrible problem of Bob's, due to the stinking leakage of his tumor … Oh, we did make fun of the tumor's stink, but before I was there, Bob suffered horribly because of it, for months … better not recall that. But it was just so uncanny, to see that title of the episode, "**Smell Ya Later**" – that's exactly Bob's style of dry humor! – and "**Aloha**!" Does that fit, or what? What are the f*cking odds?

I was virtually stunned shitless.

And it felt odd. I looked around in the room, as I felt so totally spoken too. That's not a coincidence. Can't be. It did feel strange in the bottom of my gut. As if that had been somehow ***planned***, as the episode was written, concepted, shot … and someone decided on a jacket with "Aloha" on a bad guy just so that I would ... Really? Really. I had a clear feeling that as much as this may sound absolutely nuts to some outside, that was a *message* to me. I was going to watch the series. Bob knew that. "Everyone" did. And this was a way to prove to me … their presence. A reason for me to believe in their presence.

May 12, 2019, Sunday

Walking the dog this morning, an old children's prayer popped up in my mind, and I had to think of my grandmother Maria immediately:

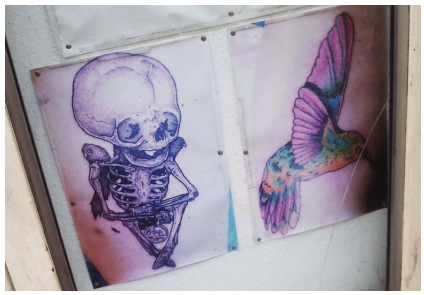
Heiliger Schutzengel mein, (*Sacred guardian angel of mine,)*
lass mich dir empfohlen sein. (*let me surrender myself to your guardianship.)*
Steh in jeder Not mir bei (*Help me in all cases of need)*
und halte mich von Sünden frei! (*and keep me free of sins!)*
Führe mich an deiner Hand (*Lead me with your hand)*

in das himmlische Vaterland. (*into the heavenly homeland.)*

It couldn't be clearer. We got to consider that all those old-fashioned ideas have more truthful content than the modern "scientific" approaches to … well, to what? To life and death and what they really are and truly mean.

May 12, 2019 **– Big Stone**

Walk in light rain in the Prater. Found an amazing **stone** with some kinds of engravings, looks like something intertwined. It was on a path that I had *never* walked before! I very much felt lead there. Especially because of that engraving of like some kind of thread that connects to dots.



On the way back, walked by a tattoo-shop, and the two images on display are a **dead guy** (skeleton) and a "**colibri"** (Hummingbird). And that's "C", my email-friend.

I saw other things that felt significant. For example, *I talked to Bob*, walking up to a huge tree, and as I lean on the trunk, I look up and see the carving "**Daniel**". A little further a "**SM**" with a **heart**. Bob's signature. "Stoneman".

There was a tree with thin new **branches** growing **straight upwards** … Horrible, a **dead frog** reminded me of Bob.

And that **tree**, growing **sideways** for no reason … just reminded me of the uniqueness of everyone's fate.

May 13, 2019

Okay! The **laurel** makes more sense now, too, because my film "Making of Barricades", that I cut in Bob's studio when I was with him, was **selected** for the London International Motion Picture Awards (I had submitted in January) … wow!!

Also realized:

Losing a loved on to death means, in a Cosmic sense and therefor based on the existence of immortals, **to change habits**. We must readjust to our new circumstances and focus on new people and maybe new tasks and explore new grounds. Literally: *move to some other place*. It means that we haven't gathered enough energetic patterns to be done with the mortal phase. Our development, based on our quality of consciousness, requires more.

Yes, mourning, yes, loss … for the mortal plane it's all horrific. In the reality of immortals who keep living through their next phase in the unobstructed universe, it's not a big deal. There are aspects to the experience of losing the mortal life, that aren't pleasant for the dead, of course. But basically – they realize who they really are, energetic immortal creatures … and move on. Mostly. That's what Bob would say: "Mostly". Because not all do*. If someone has a project in the mortal realm open, he or she will, if possible, keep working on it.*

Right, Bob?

It's a matter of choice, of course. And – as far as my belief is concerned – it's also a matter of the related mortals to request the discarnates' continuous presence. I request it from Bob, I do. But I also want him to let me know … besides what I've learned through Dr. A. … that he is on my side. I need to know if he can and if he wants to … because I have a very certain and distinct plan and project, and he knows it. And I need his help, and the help of "his people" "over there". I'll be asking for answers in that regard, and I'll share them.

All those experiences in our youth, and even later, when we go through **heart-break** because of disappointed love or **break-ups** or **losses** or our favorite **toys** or of our **pets**, even earlier, is **practice**, folks. For the death-experiences that will inevitably hit us. "Abschied ist ein bisschen wie Sterben" is a famous German song-text: "Farewell is a little bit like dying". No shit.

Also, I realize, that only some people will ever be struck by the loss of a loved one in a way that they'll begin to try and create, maintain and use "the bridge" between the realm of the mortals and the one of the discarnates. Some will be struck by loss, but will turn away and think that death means lights out and over. And some people will never ever experience the loss of a loved on in their life-time, because they will be the ones dying. So definitely, in the "beyond" there are different "categories" of people in terms of their relations to the mortals' subject "the afterlife".

Bob belongs to those who haven't lost anyone to a tragic event of death. I belong to the opposite group, I have experienced several, and **three** of them, so far, crushing.

So I'm an entirely different "soul", in that respect, already now. So once I'll be in the "beyond", I'll come with a totally intensely developed "equipment" regarding the matter "life and death and what

they are all about". And my spiritual properties will be different than those of people who haven't ever dealt with any of that stuff. Already there it's pretty obvious: *Humans are totally not "the same", not "equal" and not even similar* in terms of the occupations of their consciousness.

May 13, 2019 **– The Sun and Her Shoes, String and Beans**

Dream of Keanu Reeves – again! And again he helped me, was on my side … but I forgot the dream! It's the mpfth dream of that guy, over the years. So strange.

I found another **sun** on the pavement today (chalk drawing) … kind of strange-feeling.

I mean, why are there suns just somewhere, when it's all about me being the sun and Bob the moon or the other way around? I'm always referring to Bob's and my song-refrain "You're the sun, and I'm the moon … play me".

Plus I have been finding s**ingle shoes** on the streets … today I found two, tied together. What are the odds? It was Bob's and my big theme over the years, ***that I would always find shoes*** everywhere! Haven't found any for years, but now, that I need for Bob to communicate with me?

Also, I just **realized** that the thing with "**feeding Aumakua**" and possibly other mortals through "projecting" invisible substance, is a major part of the first installment of my Sci-Fi-franchise "**Regents of Clouds**", where "Frederick" feeds the unborn baby while "Amarin" is all over the world and doesn't have "time" to take care enough of herself and her baby …

Let alone the strange license plate numbers I keep seeing … And **strings** …

And **beads** … spilled on the ground …

With **beads**, actually, my Maui adventure had started: I lived with my friend H. on Konale Place in Kihei, before I had even met Bob, and I'd buy beads and string them up, and I made a deco-curtain for my mother … like thin water-traces of bead-droplets … And we'd listen to a Nana Mouskouri tape with very sad and longing songs with lyrics like "Oh my trials, Lord, soon be over" and "There's a place in my heart I wish that your eyes could see …" And those songs keep haunting me today … also "A Ye sleeping, Maggie …" some Scottish folk song.

And weeks later, after sitting in that little cottage close to the beach and stringing beads and discussing Hawaiian culture and the Talmud with H., mourning the 9/11-events and the death of my beloved dog Kimba … I'd see Bob for the first time. He came stepping out of our beloved housie, walking through the car-port … handsome, smiling, like an "angel", and a bit strange, in his hermit-like demeanor and that so very very fragile air to him … But we fell in love at first sight, me, on Yolanda's truck, delivering the chairs and table to him that we'd take our last meal on, together,

sixteen years and four months later … I will forever hear the very distinct clunking of plates and silverware on the glass surface of that table … and the rain …

I have a picture of Bob of our last week together, when he entered through that carport and the same door, a shadow of himself. I deleted that photo, that wasn't Bob, there, that was … a remainder of his body that I used to love so much and that was expiring, fast.

May 14, 2019

What a horrible, **horrible dream**.

After getting up, I still feel it isn't over. Walking my dog I even considered that it reflects Bob's own sadness, because he was so present in the dream, that I woke up crying.

Also, I suddenly **recalled yesterday's dream**.

Tonight's dream:

I was in a home in a **forest**, and somehow I was sick or just very devastated, and it was after Bob's death. A woman was there, can't figure out who it was in real life, but she looked familiar (kind of slender with brown hair in a bun, reminded me of my former boss Lisa K.), and she brought visitors to the house, who were at the same time kind of **producers** or had something to do with Bob's work. But I didn't know them …

then the dream got garbled. I was sitting at a table drawing what I think was a **rooster** (?) or some kind of animal … and she came to pick me up that I would talk with the people. The house was in a forest, so there was a aspect to the events that *I was running outside*, across the pathways (*where I had been in a previous dream, longtime ago*) and over clearings, and I remembered, in my dream, *that I had been there with Bob* … and **Bob was there** suddenly, and I saw him sitting on a sofa with the people I was supposed to meet, but he was smaller and shorter and lighter, as if he was some kind of fog, and he did his familiar gestures and smiled, with white hair, wearing something light blue … and I sat down next to him, but at the same time I was observing … and I *realized in my dream* ***that I was only talking*** *to the other people* ***about Bob*** … and I started crying.

The whole duration of the dream was that I was so horribly sad and desperate, that I didn't want to live anymore, and I think I intended to kill myself. But there was that **woman** who *wanted me to meet those men*, one was a big balding one in a gray suit …

… so I kept trying to escape and roamed the house and *at the same time* I was outside in the forest, looking around and recalling being there with Bob.

When I woke up, I had the feeling that the situation (in real life), was unbearable. And I was crying as I woke up, sobbing, actually, *and it felt like there was no difference between the wake-state and my dream.*

Right now, as I think about it, I feels so sore inside, but the whole story feels so different than just a dream … it feels like I didn't dream it, more *like Bob had dreamed it*, or that Bob had told me *about how he feels* (while I'm writing, the **crackling** has begun at my window, that often happens when I want Bob to connect) …

I remember some more now … I felt so close to Bob, sitting next to him on the sofa. Then he

disappeared from the sofa … but I told those men, we then were in some kind of living room or kitchen, that was lower than the rest of the house, like down a little slope, *about Bob's work* … and there was some kind of **document** I had to deal with … and they showed me newspaper-pages with stories about Bob … I was so desperate, and *I was wondering what the hell they expected from me …*

And the pain got so overwhelming, that ***I started crying in my dream***, *and I woke up, sobbing.*

Last night's dream:

I was **midway up** a **mountain** (actually, like Pukalani, where we used to live, halfway up mount Haleakala), by myself, but I belonged to a group – who was ahead. I arrived at some kind of **village**, a tourist destination for hikers, and the *path split there*, one straight **up** and rocky, the other to the left **along** the mountain, by some houses, more easily walkable. I waited there and looked around, and as a couple came back from the mountain along the left path, I asked them … but I don't know, what, I think whether or not they had seen the group? In the dream, I assumed that ***Bob was in that group*** I was pursuing, but lots of other people were there, too. The couple tried to advise me, but nothing came out of it.

It was a little dreary and foggy, and I just couldn't make up my mind. I started out straight-up, along the rocky path that lead through the village and beside some church … but I don't remember what I did next, only that I didn't continue upwards. All others were together and ahead of me … and I just remember how hard it was feeling left out and behind and *not knowing where they had gone.*

May 14, 2019

My dreams (and pretty much my experiences since Bob's death) will be the stories for the sequels of my "Regents of Clouds" Sci-Fi-trilogy.

May 15, 2019

Intense **dream** about Hawaii … horrible headache in the night … the **Hawaiian song,** that was sung to me in Waldviertel, went on and on in my dream.

It was about some famous US-**filmmaker** who live in a **beachfront home in Makena** … and it was like I was reading about him in a newspaper or hearing about him on TV, and somehow I was supposed to connect with him. At the same time, I kept flashing back to the screenshot "C" had sent me, something relating to Netflix, and in the background is some kind of shadow that reads "Hawaii".

The dream also had to do with some kind of **artwork** and a big house, I think it's reflecting my visit at the lawyer's office yesterday (I was inquiring about having them pitch for me, in substitution of an agent or manager), but that Hawaiian song and the Makena home … it's really very intense, "going there" … strange, that I must. It makes me just cry.

For the first time I'm also thinking of really trying to finish my film "*Making of Barricades*" that Bob started high-resing … after the conversation with a technician at a Viennese tech-company (R., very much a Bob-type, who took a lot of time to talk with me …), he'd help me do it, re-digitize the faulty footage, too, for a price, of course, *but he advised that I should try myself, first*. It was a little like talking with Bob. Okay, maybe I'll try.

"C" is reading the White-books now, which is great. Actually, it's wonderful. I'm so happy that she's "in on it" now.

May 15, 2019 **– The Penis Stone, Right at the Beginning**

Noon, gray and cold day. I was dead tired, lay down … and couldn't fall asleep, but with a strong emotional flash suddenly was near the **Pukalani** pool, remembered so intensely the feeling of being around with Bob on our beloved field … so I walked or rather *moved* around that field in my mind, thinking the whole time that I should put something on my eyes to shut off the light … and suddenly *a long forgotten memory was just there,* calmly had come to my mind … in the first or second year with Bob, on **Molokai** with Ken B., at **the big rock that looks like a penis** … it's in my Hawaii-docu-film-series …

It was such a shocker, in a way, remembering how I had by lying onto that giant rock penis, and Bob was there, too … only to think how everything ended with Bob, his penis being weighed down and covered by a giant tumor … and I returned to clarity thinking "**Wow, that's a good way of saying hi**", and as I got up I said to myself "**What was that about that penis stone?**" … so ***there***! Right there! Penis. Stone. Can it be clearer? And not in a dream … but in a phase of sleepy drifting I got that image … and I haven't thought about that in at least ten years.

I'm always again stunned by those things … stuff that comes up. "Subconsciousness", I know. But then, that's the part of our Self that is always connected with the energetic realm, so it had the line to the "beyond", too, not only the subtle aspects of the material realm of us mortals.

(*Note: I just flashed back to the plane trip back from Maui in September 2018, when I told to a fellow passenger briefly Bob's and my ordeal, and she only looked at me and said "You must read "Being Mortal" by Dr. Atul Gawande". And I was upset and pissed off, because she let me know that I'd have to deal with death soon. I did read that book, later, and it did help me a lot.*)

The image of the "**phallic rock**", just emerging from my memories … I'm supposed to "hear" something in that message, I think. Or is it just a **greeting**? Those strong emotional flashes that come with "being" on Maui again … as I was lying on my bed looking into the gray light I also flashed back so strongly to being in housie, on one of those dreary rainy Maui days … Bob in the edit room, me writing or cooking … then we'd go for walks around the field. Yes, in the rain, too.

I can't believe those days are over.

I was all about looking forward to doing those things with Bob again. We'd finally be together for good. We'd been looking forward to that so much.

I also had the thoughts come to my mind like "kulia i ka nu'u", "strive for the highest", and the secondary meaning in Hawaiian is sexual, "Kulia", the wife of king Kalakaua, on top of him in sex … and here the penis stone is again … So the memory of me being on top of the giant penis stone … must mean something, right? Bob had made a joke about his desperately ill stadium: "If you can fix it, you can use it."

(*Note: I need to put a remark in here that relates to the chronology of this work. Now, that I'm editing the raw version of this c. d., in January 2020, I'm experiencing things that relate to the contents that I'm actually editing, too! But I'm only relating to that at the spot where it actually occurs, so when you'll be in January 2020 on this journey, you'll read reflections back to this time, where you are now, on the timeline*.)

May 15, 2019 **– 24 Beads**

"24" again! Walk with dog in dog park, spotted pink dots under a bench … turns out: 24 (!) **pink beads** of the same size, and a large pink one and a turquoise small one! So there! 24 again and the "sun" (big pink one) and the "moon" (big turquoise one) … that's from Bob.

And right after that I met M. with her dog, and I told her about the phallic rock incident of earlier … and she said *that's because I'm translating erotic novels*. Well. Sure. Possible. Why am I dealing with penisses now, though? How did those jobs end up with me, in the first place, as Bob died of a penis-related "complication"? And, more importantly: ***Why would she immediately try to find an "explanation" that would make sure that I would not believe that it's some kind of communication from and with Bob?***

This hurt me. And: It gave me the clear insight that I can't expect anyone to care … like I do. They simply don't have my experiences. They don't want to hear about them. Like my friend A., back in February. She has a dog, too, that's why I know her. She kept telling me how much she liked me, but soon I figured out that this meant that she'd talk about herself all the time because I was so quiet. Never did she ask me how I was dealing with losing Bob. Once I called her on it, and she said that she hadn't ever dealt with a grieving person, and that's why she didn't know. But did she try? No, she kept ignoring the subject altogether. She only contacted me when it was about her stuff. I've felt entirely abuse and ignored and disrespected. Eventually I told her my opinion and how hurt I was, and wouldn't hear from her again. Then I connected again … same game. She would keep coming up with her problems, that were really small compared to life-threatening things and death … I visited once and realized that her poor dog, who had been limping ever again, but she didn't want to spend the money to go have him checked by a vet, that the dog only got the same dry food … all his life. Cheap dry food. I brought him his first and only healthy cow-meat-stick of his life …

It's beyond me how people can simply ignore that someone is grieving in dealing with them. It's this experience that drives me away from people. I start to see them differently. Humans are not the same. Not at all. But the differences are not in race or color or education. They are in interest, attention and attitude.

Humans are of different "quality of consciousness". That's the point.

May 15, 2019

Today I brought DVD to be copied to a professional company that does that kind of thing, plus printing labels onto the DVD … And I gazed at original and the printing Bob had done. I was "cold" when telling the customer service guy to omit Bob's phone and email.

When I got the proofs to look at, later, via email, **they had not taken out** Bob's phone and email. So I had to emphasize it. Felt like some kind of exercise. And it was incredibly disappointing how careless those people did their "work". I had to think back at being with Bob in his studio and office, watching him do jobs for people and how careful he was … (*Note: This brings tears to my eyes, suddenly, and the feeling of loss is huge, all of a sudden. People kept telling me, when I shared that I had spent several weeks with Bob, that I "got to say good-bye", and that's fucking bullshit. I exactly did not! Because I left, after he had asked me, big-eyed, "But you're coming back?" And I had said "Of course." And I never returned. He didn't wait for me. After I had just broken out in tears, and more came, suddenly a lout sound here in the kitchen startled me, and I have no idea what it was; But I broke out in the angry despair that's so deep inside me, and I asked "Are you fucking kidding me?" I can't even cry as hard as I should, actually. And it's January 2020 now. Watching "The Good Doctor" about all those people who had the right doctors to help them, is kind of addictive right now … so much went wrong with Bob. He is dead now. I'm sitting here, writing this … and I don't know, really, what to do with myself; nothing makes sense without Bob.*)

May 16, 2019 **– Remainders of the 24 Hearts**

I walked with Jacqui on Satzberg, where I had found the **24 hearts**, and they still were there, spread out. Today I found **five or six …**

I realized that the talk with the tech-guy yesterday (when I picked up the DVD and talked about the possibilities of finishing my film on my laptop) had some encouraging and comforting effect on me.

I googled him today, and I found that his name is Robert E., and that he has a studio just like Bob had and does video-production, audio fixing, everything. That feels uncanny that I met someone whose website actually features so much of what Bob's website did as of expertise. He has some name clients, too. Also I found the man nice, gentle and kind and patient.

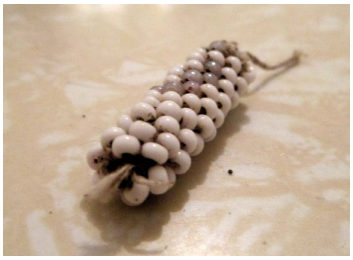
Maybe I will try to use the deck Bob had bought (and J. had sent to me). (Brings tears to my eyes right now.)

I just looked into Stewart White's "**With Folded Wings**" … wow, that's so dense and intense. I can only scan through it and pick parts to read in detail … it feels like right now I'm "hungry" in a way and kind of "devour" those books … filling a void, getting the basic information. I don't have the patience right now. I must create. I think I'm forgetting a lot of what I'm reading, and only certain basics get stuck for good. Maybe that's the point right now.

I realize that the entire story in my "Regents of Clouds"-beginning, of "Amarin finding her father", is a foreshadowing of what happened in real life to me.

Clouds are right now my main comfort, as Bob and I had always looked at them and interpreted them, and I had always said "Clouds are thoughts!" and we looked at them and wondered what people were thinking to create those clouds. So it's all coming full circle …

I have written, also, about what I've read in those books about ancient native Hawaiian lore, that "**thoughts**" are like "**grapes on a vine**" … and I found, the other day, don't remember when, but will look it up, a kind of "**grape vine**" with **tiny white beads** on it … you know, white beads, on some kind of stalk making them look like grapes, and I immediately thought "thoughts", picked the thing up and took it with me … and the beads are *white*.



So *white thoughts* … does that have something to do with me reading the books by the *Whites*?

So ….? Is that what has been prophesied to me so long ago, in my mid twenties …? I somehow feel that I don't have the mind-capacity right now to deal with "With Folded Wings", in detail, maybe my online-friend "C" can.

<u>May 17, 2019</u>

Amazingly dramatic **dream** …

I was with Bob on a **production** … just like it was, so cozy, we were so close, on the **island**, in

sunshine and fully committed to each other and the work … ***but while dreaming, I realized that it was only a dream*** *and that Bob was dead* and that it won't ever be that way again. So when I woke up, I was completely devastated.

I realized … already last night … if I didn't have my dog, I wouldn't see a reason to carry on.

The sinking feeling as soon as I think of Bob and remember that he is no more … it's horrible. When I ask myself what for I should even try to do anything about making films or with my scripts, the answer is (as always) "to pass time here until it's my turn to pass over, to make that time as short as possible and stay busy in the meantime". (*Note: But it's not true, I began to think, more and more; as me writing this contact diary began to feel like some kind of documentation of a scientific project.*)

It's frustrating, feeling so lost … I mean, we would have had it all, Bob and I. We had started making a full fledged Hawaii-feature movie and were developing the Hawaii-series, in a professional studio with Bob as the absolute expert … and it all fell apart. I can't handle that well, I'm aware of it.

Last night I worked on taking excerpts from "The Road I Know" (for my woken-up project "We Creators of the World"), and suddenly – like with the snipping of my finger – I was **back on Maui**. *So clearly, as if I was really there.*

I walked where I had always walked, *"knowing" that Bob was at home* and I was walking towards him. I don't know where that kind of torture comes from … it makes me so desperate. Looking down the hill …

… and I feel it so intensely, the "being there", as if it was reality … but it's not. That said: Betty White wrote that later, in the **beyond**, *we'll be able to recreate whatever we want of our mortal life, because we have the energetic substance of our memories surviving as part of our consciousness*, and that **substance** is the medium where we always **live and keep living** without the obstructions of the body.

But I'm not seeking those intense flashbacks to Maui. They happen. It was the only home I know. Why, in the fucking world, did I have to build all that, meet Bob at all, to then end up so devastated and in complete loss of everything?

And it's not the first time this kind of catastrophe happened in my life now. And it breaks my heart more everytime. I have just dust of splinters left. I love that Betty *emphasizes* that "**There is only one universe**", and the immortals are not somewhere suspended in space, *but they are right here*, just not in the obstructed version of "reality" that our physical parts perceive, but in the essence of it all.

"What is your idea of where I am now, anyway?

"Why," replied the young woman, rather vaguely, " why, I just think of you as suspended somehow, in space."

"I AM RIGHT HERE!" stated Betty vigorously. "There is only one universe. There is no separate 'heaven.' My world is your world plus."*

The books are very overwhelming to read … for clarity sake, they are (in order that they must be read): Our Unseen Guest / The Betty Book / Across The Unknown / The Unobstructed Universe / The Stars Are Still There / The Road I Know / With Folded Wings / The Job of Living / Anchors to Windward. The last four deal with the same subject (Stewart's and Betty's work over decades), but with different main topics, regarding to the teachings by the "Invisibles" themselves or the circumstances of the Whites' work and life.

It's probably my kuleana to spread that knowledge … to help mankind advance? Who helps me? ***And why me, and why without Bob?*** It's like I'm not a full person anymore. I sometimes don't really "feel" myself … except when I'm "on Maui". But then I'm so sad and heartbroken that I don't know what to do with myself.

May 17, 2019

Just struck me that in my "Regents of Clouds" franchise I named the man who would help save mankind and fight the ultimate battle evil against good "**Hillmoon**".

Moon. Bob is the moon. I'm the sun. That's what he sang to me when we first met. And Bob and I lived on a hill. A definite **hill**, in Pukalani, Maui. Door to heaven. Well. It's … odd.

Have the strong urge to take excerpts from "The Road I Know" and make dialogues for my scifi-franchise …

Just found two spots in the book, regarding things that have been on my mind a lot in the past days, like earthquakes (Betty wonders if she could *be* one!) and that I had seen a **cloud** that looked like "**DNA**", like interwoven strands (the photo shows the cloud already disintegrating, but before, it was a stunning **double-helix** … and mind you, this in the days that I'm reading "The Road I Know", see excerpt below …

"The simplest expression I can reduce it to is in the word reciprocity," she decided. "That makes an actual thing, like an electric current. I must have very simple things like that, so they will stay in my everyday mind."

4.

"I am," said Betty in her next approach, "face to face with this vast level of consciousness that is back of human consciousness. They show me a great rope twisted of many strands. . . . I don't understand it. It runs through us all. . . . It is the connecting link. It is the connection through which we act on each other on this level. When we touch it, it is charged with life and vitality, an open way of wisdom and understanding. If you touched, reached this level, somebody would answer somewhere if you had a real need they could supply. It is the universal conductor in some way.

"Never mind how simplified your consciousness may become," the Invisibles told her, "nor how clear your aim or your comprehension of what you are after, nor how devoutly you may follow it, it does not work unless you have sympathetic comprehension of the inter-relation."

"I am almost afraid to try to put the relationship into words," said Betty, "and yet I must struggle with it." She attacked the problem of expression from many angles. "The great ocean connecting all islands and continents-all the parceled-off objective things, of however great magnitude, are but the islands and continents among and around which flows the great carrier," was one effort. But that did not work; for,

May 17, 2019 – **Busy Liz Found!**

Evening: Just came back from a walk with my dog (11pm), and I **found a red-green plant**! It's called "Impatience Neuguinea" (written on the pot)!

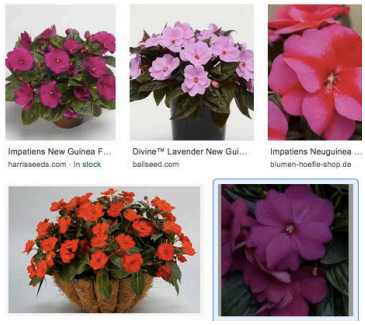
Now, here it is: Yesterday I spent several minutes at a local market looking at the **Mangold**-plants, which are **red-green** and look strikingly like that plant I just found! And it has always been Bob's and my theme *that I'd love to nurse plants that I had found*, and he had often told me on the phone how the plants that I had planted were growing out in the carport or at the stairwell … I had been thinking of that a lot, recently.

And also … today I found on the **website** of the lady therapist, who has been giving me anonymous advice online, a picture of a **rolled up fern branch** … and one of the last pictures I took in 2014, when I was with the healthy Bob for the last time, was of a **rolled up fern** just like that and it grew

next to our front door … I loved to touch it … it felt amazing and was so beautiful. I remember being fascinated by it and taking several pictures, observing it everyday …

(*Note: This is not my original picture, can't find it, but it's the same Hawaiian "giant **fiddle**-head" fern … okay, now I just had a thought: The movie Bob and I wanted to make back in 2014, but couldn't because I needed to help him finalize "From Trauma To Peace", was a comedy about stand-up comedians … called "Ka Nui Puckerfiddle", "The Big Puckerfiddle" … Sometimes I do think that everything that happens or that one perceives, has potential meaning in the future …)*

And then I find (!) a **potted plant** in one of those little doggie-toilets along the road … (*Note: They are small soil islands at the corners of walkways, often with trees in them* …)



What are the odds? I always go that same route in the evening or at night. I barely saw what it was, in the dark, then I bent down, and it's a pretty precious plant!

Okay, googled it, it's called "*Edellieschen*" hereabouts, or "*Fleißiges Lieschen*", and that means "the noble little Liesl" or *"diligent or busy little Liesl*", and **Liesl** is short for "**Elisabeth**" … like "Betty" for "Elizabeth" … yes, ***Elizabeth White***, like "Betty" from Stewart White's books … who was an avid and **famous gardener**!

So do I have every reason to believe that Bob and Betty and Stewart are working together and with me? And – yes, I've been *asking Betty and Stewart to let me know* if they are "here", too.

<u>May 18, 2019</u>

Dream of Hawaii … similar to many dreams of the pre-Bob-days (a recurring dream with me in a pension in Kihei, but not the real Kihei and another recurring dream with a certain beach, also not one I know in real life) … I ended up in Hawaii, in a small village, and I made my way between the houses to a long and wide **shore**, connecting towns I could see on either side in the distance … and unpacked to swim, but had a **not satisfying swim**, the water was too shallow and too murky, and it was getting dark and cold … so I tried to move in the water, but it was not pleasant; For some reason I really wanted to swim, and I was so disappointed; A **woman** came walking along the beach, tall and slim, seemed familiar, to go *spend the night on a small island off shore* and asked me to join her … but I had to first pack up my things from the beach, and there was one very *heavy* thing in my bag, like a massage table, so I had a hard time getting towels and stuff into my bag. Another **woman** came, small, some celebrity like Sarah-Jessica Parker and went ahead of me with that other woman, **ridiculing** me for staying behind; And as it got dark, people were swimming in the remaining **sunspots** in the ocean … and although I longed to swim, I was in a hurry to *follow the two women.* But there were several small islands suddenly, and I didn't know where they came from or how to get there … and so I walked along the beach, desperately.

The dream has a second part, which I don't recall right now … very dramatic, had something to do with S., a real-life acquaintance, dog-owner, former drug-addict, sweet, but entirely unreliable, and I had helped her, but when it came for me needing help, she'd never call or email. She had lost her husband in 2015 due to complications from a hospital-stint (very horrible story of school-medicine fuck-up) …

I walked Jacqui in the morning, and on our path: a huge plastic sun - a **sunflower**! Wow!

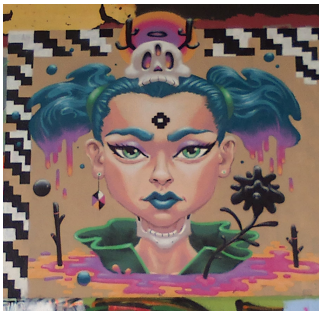
Also I thought this morning about the moon stone that two acquaintances, L. and N., had given me on **Danube island**, in 2017, and that broke in halves, right after they had given it to me, and as I had put it into my pocket. It seems so significant now … stone … moon … moonstone broken.

(*Note: L. and N. are an elderly couple with a very strong inclination towards magic and natural healing and the angels* …)

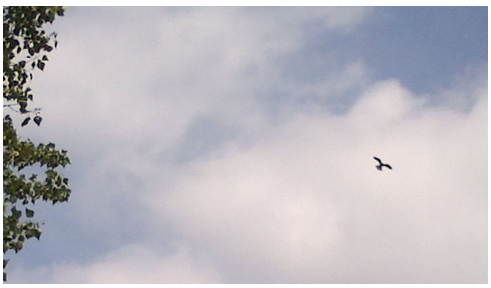
May 18, 2019 – **When It Ended: 1934 & the Red Balls**

Took a walk on **Danube island** with Jacqui …

Amazing … phases of absolute sadness and despair, but also motivation. I'm sort of ashamed of myself that *I behave as if I was doubting that the dead are alive* … I don't doubt really. However, I asked Bob again, to **prove** to me that he is here … and I walked on along the river. Interesting **graffiti** …



Suddenly I felt compelled to look up … and a **bird of prey** was "standing" right above me! Never ever have I seen such a bird do something like that on Danube island! It jolted me a little.



Right after that, I found another **sun**, a drawing on a wooden table … Of course I'm aware that the sun is a common symbol, yet, it keeps feeling meaningful because I'm constantly aware of Bob having sung to me *"You're the sun, and I'm the moon … play me!"*

For example, a beautiful ground graffiti of a **frog** seemed interesting – right after I found the *dead frog* the other day, with the word "wholesome" along with it … as if Bob*, who I had seen in the dead frog*, wanted to tell me that he was fine and having a good time now.

Also, a print on concrete “**1934**”, but it only startled me because *I had read last night that Betty’s official education by the Invisibles was finished 1934.*

Recorded sessions of formal instruction, as such, practically ceased with 1934. This ended fifteen years of rigorous schooling. Apparently Betty's "outfit for eternity," as she had once called it, was complete. She had come into possessions, and she had gained conscious use of them. That use appeared to boil down to the ability to COMMUNICATE with her fellow beings, visible or invisible, here in our obstructed aspect of the universe, or elsewhere in the unobstructed.

One thing more, however, remained to be brought to the forefront of her consciousness; and that one thing was in the line of attainment rather than of instruction. Betty had not only LEARNED something, she had BECOME something. And what she had become possessed its own power of action, by the very nature of its own substance. This was the last concept Betty must get clear for me and her own conscious understanding.

Plus **a red sparkly very light ball** … next to a *man with a black beard* who had a big **gray cat** on a *leash*, some pedigree cat, I think they are called Karthäuser …?

I suddenly stood facing a **wall made of rocks** leading into the water … exactly like the walls of the "**loko i'a**", the fishponds in Hawaii. When I saw it, I was struck by great sadness, because I was wondering why I had developed that closeness to Maui only to be expelled so brutally.

And very intriguing, too: **Street art** with (all in pink chalk) a **skull**, an alien **figure** and a **light bulb** … as if it was some kind of *evolution*.

And in fact – I have written about that in my book "We Creators", many years ago, saying that the aliens we've all been trying to ***find are actually our own dead*.** There! The image pictured that just perfectly! What are the odds? What are the fucking odds to run across something like this *when that's what's on your mind all the time?* (I know what you're saying: I'm not the only one dealing with this kind of stuff. Still, it's synchronicity at it's highest.)

Had a major insight …. about the "nature" of "**love**" (*Note: Later I'd read about the actual energetic properties of what's called "heart energy"*)… it's a process that relates to events that are elements of forming "the bridge" and that creates our spiritual body during our mortal lifetime …

I've made a habit of smelling the pink and white roses of the wild bushes and "dedicating" my sensual impression of smell to Bob, to Betty, Stewart, my brother Peter and others … and it dawned on me, that the realm of the "afterlife", that Betty describes, **consists** of that stuff – perception mixed with emotional energy? – that I'm able to **create** with my sensual tools and "send out" there, where it becomes part of the subtle realm where those, who live there, experience it as what it is – pure energetic substance.

And something **bitter-sweet** happened … maybe because I asked Bob to tell me *directly* that he's here.

I had to figure out why the FinalDraft screenwriting program, that I had just updated (for the first time in my life myself, Bob always did that for me), was so slow … Got to mention before … I had the feeling, sitting there, dealing with my "*tech problem*", that something *touched my foot* …

I immediately said it out loud, because in the last summer with Bob, when I had come from swimming, I had always told him that "Something touched my foot!" and it was always funny, and true. Actually something did touch my foot in the water, several times … so when I felt that, just earlier, I immediately had to say that out loud …

So long story short, trying to solve my FinalDraft problem, I weirdly mis-saved a document *somewhere*. And as I looked for it, I suddenly came across a folder named "Media100"-backups. First, that's a very precious note from Bob to me, for when I'm going to edit again on Media100 I must remember that Media100 makes automatic backups (and yes, he had told me that before, many

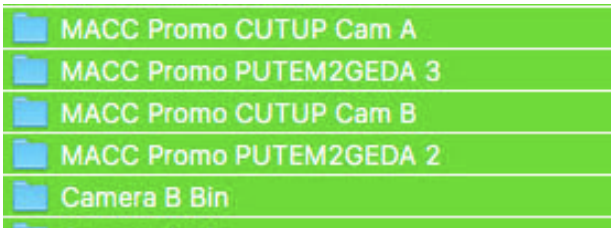
times) … and then, that folder was full with stuff back to 2012. The laptop's harddrive got copied from my former laptop's harddrive in summer, by Bob, when he bought me this laptop, that I'm working on, and the previous one had been his, and he had given it to me in 2014. So I found safety-copies of his work … and the bummer: Just in the past two days, I'd been recalling a shoot that Bob and I had done in 2013 with you island women, at the Maui Botanical Garden … **and of that shoot I found editing-footage!** It was right there, as named by Bob, and there was one other thing … that makes me nearly suffocate with the urge to cry, but I can't.

(*Note: As I've been editing this section, I felt a few sharp pinches in my left arm … and I'm alone here, and I never feel pinches* …)

Bob had always had a *sweet way of speaking pidgin for fun.* And sometimes he'd even name something pidgin-style … so I found a backup for a show he had been putting together for the MACC, and he had named the folder "**PUTEM2GEDA**" ("put them together", meaning: using all the clips shot or received to make a promo or commercial).

It was like literally hearing Bob or seeing him at his editing spot … so painful, and yet so sweet. Was that Bob, greeting me? At the same time it feels like my heart is breaking some more. Look at the dates … he was working through the night. Like so many times …

Hula SD Bin Aug 13, 2013, 8:51 AM
MACC Promo PUTEM2GEDA 4 Jul 26, 2013, 3:37 AM
MACC Promo Cam A Perfs Jul 26, 2013, 3:24 AM
MACC Promo CUTUP Cam A Jul 26, 2013, 3:24 AM
MACC Promo PUTEM2GEDA 3 Jul 26, 2013, 3:22 AM
MACC Promo CUTUP Cam B Jul 26, 2013, 2:22 AM
MACC Promo PUTEM2GEDA 2 Jul 26, 2013, 1:28 AM
Camera B Bin Jul 26, 2013, 12:55 AM
Camera A Bin Jul 26, 2013, 12:45 AM
MACC Promo PUTEM2GEDA 1 Jul 25, 2013, 9:36 AM
MACC Promo PUTEM2GEDA Jul 25, 2013, 8:34 AM
Compounds Bin Jul 25, 2013, 7:42 AM
Palaka Mix Program 1 Jul 16, 2013, 7:10 AM



Just now the **crackling** in the window happened again … and I don't know exactly, how to feel. It's also what I was doing, earlier, "put 'em togeda", the excerpts for the new dialogues to finalize the trilogy "Regents of Clouds", having added some of the insights of the last months in this spiritual trilogy. The second trilogy, named "Creators of Stone" will contain more about the "beyond", and the third one, "Masters of Choices" will reveal – "the Bridge".

I don't know how much my heart can take. Seeing the "PUTEM2GEDA" makes Bob's voice ring in my ears … I feel him and I see him … it may be that he is talking to me … wanting to encourage me … I just don't know. (Yes, I'm finally crying.)

May 19, 2019, Sunday **– The Original Red Balls**

As above, so below! Today a **praline** fell out of my hand and rolled across the table … and suddenly

I realized why I felt so compelled to pick up that **red sparkling ball** I had found *yesterday*, along the New Danube … and had even taken a picture! It reminded me of the praline, that I just now felt compelled to pick out!

It's not "normal" and "usual" that you find a red ball exactly like the red ball grapefruit pralines you're eating! At a time when you're "**sharing**" those **pralines** with your **dead** loved one! Is it Bob letting me know that he is receiving my "gifts", or simply telling me *that he sees what I see?*

And then there is this thing with the inside of the praline … on a whole different note: Bob had broken off a piece of his **tumor** one morning and had showed me the inside … that tumor had consisted of some kind of "chambers" or "bubbles", tiny, though, ***but they looked just like the inside of that praline***. (*Note: And yes, I have lots of photographs of the tumor and also of its inside … but if I'd make you look at just one of those pictures, this would spoil your life forever, trust me.*)

I practiced today on **Danube Island** again the sharing and hurling out and projecting out of *sensual impression* and experiences, and I did that using the *scent* of roses and the taste and small of a certain kind of **sweets** I bought and that I'm taking with me.

And I've been "asking" Bob and the others to let me know if it's okay for me to **share** like I've been doing (based on the ancient Hawaiian tradition of "feeding Aumakua" at every meal). Maybe the "**red ball**"-thing is kind of the answer?

(*Note: It's really a kind of "projecting out" a sensual experience, like smell or taste, but also the very fact of doing something like chewing and swallowing and that way savoring …)*

I have realized that it's probably what we actively and easily can do to build that bridge between the unobstructed and our obstructed universe … based on the connection with a person we love and miss and we can **imagine** very clearly! I do believe that it's via our sensations and emotions … and how they are part of the energetic invisible realm and can be used there … that we can be in touch with the discarnates! I've pretty much written my entire book "We Creators" about that … without knowing.

I've found, in the recent days that I have actually written many years ago a whole lot of things that very much reflect what I've read recently in White's book … just from a *different angle.* I feel some kind of urgency … Maybe that's why I found that plant the other night, whose name is "*Impatiens* New Guinea". Are "they" telling me, that they know that I'm not the most patient person? I'm totally not patient, but Bob knows that. I hate meditation because of the looooong phases of just sitting around.

In a meadow (on Danube Island) saw some strange "spittle" coming out of certain blooms …

May 19, 2019

Big black insect with **iridescent blue wings** upside down on the floor of underground U6. I picked it up with plastic doggie bag and saw that its legs were entangled in dust-fluffs … so I took the time to free it from the dust, wasn't easy … but it took off, and I only hope it made it out. It was strange to be watched by all those strangers, the other passengers on the platform … but I turned my back at them and freed the insect.

(I googled it, and I think it was this here, a "Blue Wood Bee". *Would be*, haha!)

May 20, 2019

Two really weird **dreams**:

Verena, the actress with who I've worked several times, and a handsome guy who resembled "Matz", a guy with who I had a kind of disastrous relationship in real life in the 1900s, and there was some large **courtyard** in front of the house where they seemed to live, covered with **snow**. And that snow-cover looked like baked eggwhite heaps. So I just stood there as they told me about their many great and happy **Hawaii-travels**, and I felt so sad that they didn't even bother to ask me about mine, so they had no idea how knowledgable I actually was. But somehow I started to talk about my work on the Hawaii-documentary and all … and Matz just looked at me and then fled! To the bus! To get away!

Later, I found myself driving in a **huge car** – whose **brakes didn't work**! (*That's actually a recurring dream, too … horrible, horrible, so many times have I dreamed that I was in a big moving car or truck, and the brakes just wouldn't work, and I had no idea how to avert crashing into another vehicle in front of me or into a building … and mostly I just managed to slow down enough that the damage wasn't too big, but the feeling of helpness dispair in those dreams … yikes!*)

So I got out of that big car – and I saw that the right back wheel was missing! So I thought, geez, how stupid of me … how could I even expect those brakes to work?! The street, now that I looked around, looked very familiar, like I had been there before … and a **dark slender and tall man** (who resembled real life "Gerhard" from my Africa-trip in 1989) showed up and took me into some kind of roof-apartment – and he took me to bed with him! But I can't remember anything about having sex. und geht mit mir ins Bett. As I woke up, a **woman** was there, somehow busy in that room … and I was ashamed and had the feeling that my right **nostril** was somehow clogged. I wanted to clean it out, but I was ashamed to do that in front of that man who still was next to me in the bed. So I tried to do it secretly, trying to turn away from him so that he wouldn't notice. A **mirror** was there, and I urgently wanted to check my nose … but that would mean that he'd see that, and I couldn't let that happen.

Strangely, suddenly **people** showed up, but I didn't see them directly and they **took** the man with them! And suddenly the feeling and impression In had of him resembled real-life **Sigi** very much … so now I begin to clean my nose, and I see that some huge yucki stuff is in there and I struggle to get it out.

And then I was back in the **huge car**! And I knew in that dream that I had to bring that car to the other side of town, and that there was an animal shelter that I was heading for … In the dream I remembered that **animal shelter** (*where I had actually been in another dream, months or years ago!)!* And that was it. I woke up.

May 20, 2019 **– Jo and the Penis**

Walking with Jacqui in Künigl forest, a **raven** landed on a table where I was just passing my, and he came after me. I offered him food (some dog yummies), and he laid his **cheek** on the table, twice … and took the food.

Then I saw "**Jo**" written on a fence next to a building site and next to it a very strange image of mirrored spots, like "as above so beyond" and – a **penis**! Not just any drawing, strange drawing … I felt contacted, again.

The **dreams** …! I don't have time to write them out …

I felt so distressed today, trying to work on "Regents of Clouds", but having to deal with corrections and editing. And in the morning wrote to my online-counselor a lot of grave things. Then I was dizzy and felt bad. Longing for Bob is very bad today.

We have a major political crisis … it can't even be expressed how disappointing it is what people are doing who are "ruling" us. The more I think about it, the more paradox and ridiculous I find it that we should be "ruled" by anyone anyway!

May 21, 2019 **– Hazelnuts**

It's interesting that I found a **hazelnut** yesterday, on Danube Island. A real ripe hazelnut.

As a child it was always my striving to find that perfect hazelnut, but never did. And on Sunday, on Danube island, suddenly, I found one … and I ate it. It just now came to my attention … because today I found **two hazelnut candy pieces** on a table where normally the junkies are sitting. Does that mean, it's from Sigi? (*Note: That's a bit of a stretch, I see that, but it's my diary-entry.*)

All those thoughts are suddenly coming, as I just had looked out of the window (while working on RoC), and I remembered that very **strangely pointed cloud** I had seen. And the term "*pinpointed*" just came to my mind. Pinpoint it, I said to myself. But what?

Just earlier, my dog showed that strange look again, lying in his bed, so strange, like "not him", and then the eyes-thing happened again: I close my eye, **he closes the same eye** (not mirroring, but right eye, like me, or left eye!) … and I wink, he **winks**, and I keep one eye closed, and he does! That is so strange.

I found a **tiny plastic sack-of-money-pendant** today.

And I saw a new drawing of a **shark** (!) along Wien river … We walked there with another dog-owner, G., and I realized that it was impossible to say anything about why I photographed that drawing … and how "sharks", to me, are greetings from "Aumakua" and "Hawaii" … so I only said I found it cool. Only with Bob I would talk about everything. He knows me very very well.

A small **mirror** and an image of a **saint** that I had found about two weeks ago also came back to my attention … as I had put them somewhere in my apartment and just found them again. I don't remember where I had found them.

It's not that often that **sharks** show up along my path, only when I'm very desperate in my longing for Hawaii. Yes, I'll pinpoint … my efforts.

Have gained a new "feeling" while "sharing my food", projecting it out there, into the invisible realm. It feels like "streaming" differently.

May 22, 2019

Third **hazelnut**! Walking Jacqui in rainy weather, and just there, on my path – another **hazelnut**! So three times hazelnut in a row must mean something, but what?

I do *flash back* to a certain spot, a meadow, with hazelnut bushes, lush green, but I can't remember where that was and why I was there. I do remember, though, that I was very intensely in some kind of emotions and thoughts, and because there were hazelnut bushes, I did what I had done since childhood, checked if I could get a perfect hazelnut. I think those on that meadow were still green … but the ones I've been finding, were perfectly brown and mature. Oh, yes, and in my uncle's garden near Graz there were some kind of special hazelnut, like "pedigree" ones, but we weren't supposed to eat them …

May 23, 2019 **– Sharing the Adventures of My Senses**

I think, Bob is telling me, that he is with me, everywhere, and that he is listening, because in my **dream** tonight he *answered a question* that I asked him distinctly.

Now I'm asking him to confirm that it was his answer and not "just my subconsciousness". Also …

wherever I go, I experience special things. Like: *I've been fascinated with **roses** and **herbs** in the last weeks*, because it's the time of new blossoms, and I like to smell them wherever I find them and send the fragrance, the energy of it, to Bob and to "the others". I've been doing that for months now, sharing food and sensual experiences. And I've been *picking **herbs** and drying them*, and I've made a Thuja tincture and have been using fresh elderberry and stinging nettle as tea, so those, roses and herbs, are my main subjects when I'm outdoors.

Today I had a washing appointment at the *women's center* (Springergasse 5, I also dropped off a USB-stick with all my docs and screenplays and all to be put into their safe along with my other docs and the spare key). And I was going to take my usual seat, but a homeless woman (I had seen her before) refused to take her bag from that seat. The social worker there tried to speak for me and have the woman free my seat, but I waved it off and said I was fine and went to take another seat, ***next to the TV***. I never watch TV, and I don't own a TV. So I had my coffee and Danish watching TV, and what was on? A program about the **wild roses** that are now blooming and about the **wild herbs** and *how to make syrups and tinctures and stuff!* Holy cow!

It *was for me to see it.* It was a greeting. Because what are the odds! They **only** time ever I watched TV *in years* (!), it's a program about *herbs and roses*! Exactly in this time, when I'm doing the roses-smell-communication with Bob and the other Invisibles and am totally into herbs! *That's a message.*

And then:

I had asked Bob the **question** *whether or not he had been having mental problems* during the time we had been together or after a while, and especially in the years before his death. There are reasons I suspect that, especially since I've read so much about the conditions he had, from Psoriasis over sinus problems and insomnia to cancer, and I know that he had TIA (transient ischemic attacks) in his last year, but probably had suffered from a condition that has appeared in his family and is Alzheimer's. Also his mood swings and terrible emotional problems may have had clear physical reasons in his brain, and also he may have had more silent strokes throughout his life. He did appear strange many times to me, especially in 2013 and 2014, and that's because I wrote a whole checklist for him to figure out what was "wrong" with him.

So I had asked that question distinctly, since we've been communicating … and I hadn't really thought about it recently. And here is tonight's **dream**.

There was a **house**, like a boats-house, almost, but then, really a solid house that Bob and I walked out of, hand in hand. I was on his right side, holding hands with him, and the *scenery was very dense in colors,* like a strong saturation with colors stronger than "normal", and a lot of shadows, like a Caravaggio-painting. **Bob** was his absolute handsomest self, so **handsome**, tanned, young, like when I met him in his forties, and he was strong and healthy, and we were so close. So we stepped out of

the house, coming from the left, and right next to the house was **water**. Like a lake or the ocean, it was like the house was standing in the water, somehow, and there were big lush trees and plants in the background, it was definitely a tropical setting. So I was so happy to walk with Bob … but just as we stepped outside, a huge **helicopter** (!), **black and chrome and yellow, striped, looked like a giant bee or wasp**, dropped into that water! All the splashing, the noise, the danger of us being hit or cut to pieces by the rotor blades – ***Bob did NOT notice!*** And I pulled him aside by his hand and said something like *"Geez, Bob, careful, don't you see this?"*

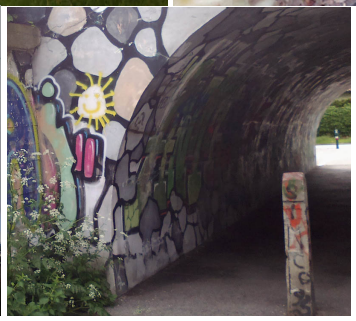
And he barely looked over and then said to me, quite calmly, "**You know there has been something wrong with my head for a while"**. Wow! *You know – wow!* Even in my dream I sort of "knew" that this related to his death … but then I already woke up!

I was soooo stunned! So of course it's my *subconscious* talking to me, because there is no other way to deal with excursions into the afterlife than through the subconscious … ***but I think I was with Bob, while I was sleeping***, and that impression, that my dream gave me, was, what my subconsciousness could come up with to "tell me" about that meeting. From what I've learned (through Betty and Stewart) so far, is that that's how it works. Of course it does. We don't remember being in the unobstructed realm during our sleep, but that's where our consciousness goes!

The helicopter, that enormous danger … To me, it tells me that it was a big problem Bob was having with his mind for a while. And the *helicopter* has another meaning for me, relating to Bob's work on *"Taylor Camp", where he excluded me from the Kauai-shoot* with the helicopter and the swimming along the shore, and I was so heartbroken about it. **That** I have expressed towards him **recently** … and I also in our last weeks together.

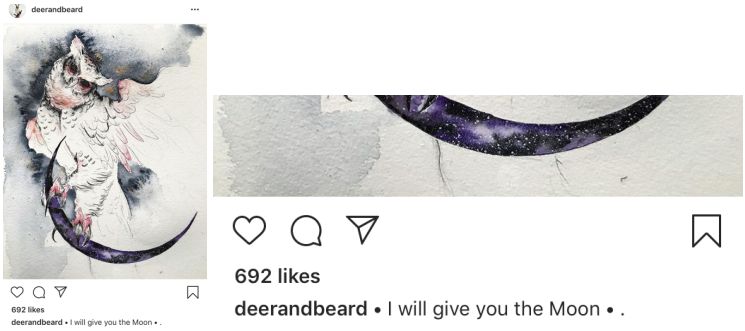
It's so interesting that Bob didn't notice the "helicopter", so maybe it has to do with *him simply not having been aware of a lot of things that relate to me and my feelings*, and that in my dream he "told" me that … and I understand. But then, it has been my suspicion, for a long time … I've even suspected that ***he has really "forgotten" me***, for periods of time …

I took a hike to "Red Mountain" with Jacqui today … and there were again very amazing things to behold …



I also saw another **sun** today, sprayed on a **wall** next to a **tunnel**. I think that every word of what Stewart White wrote is the truth.

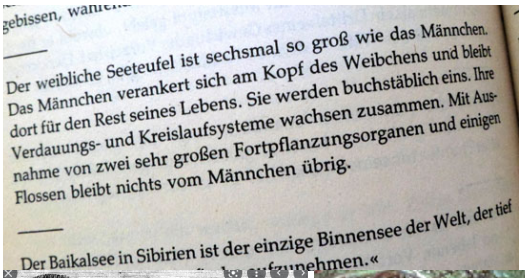
My online friend "C" sent me something beautiful that had crossed her path … an owl, holding on to the moon …



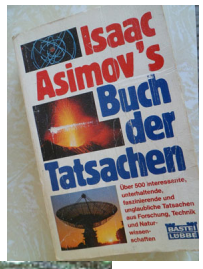
May 24, 2019 – **The Bee On the Lighter**
This morning, I found **a lighter with a bee printed on it**, on my path!

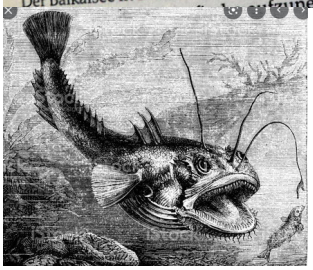
After I had asked Bob to let me know if I had interpreted the **helicopter**-dream properly, a **helicopter**, that was ***yellow and black striped*** and looked like a ***giant bee or wasp****!*

Most interestingly, just as I was writing the above, I felt the urge to go to the bathroom, and there I have the book "**Book of Facts**" by Isaac **Asimov** (1979), and I grabbed it and said to myself, *"Whereever I open it and whatever I read there, will be a message".* So I happened to open it on page 136, and it's about a **fish** (**Seeteufel,** Lophius piscatorius) whose female is six times the male, and *the male "anchors himself in the female's head and stays there for the rest of his life*, ***and they literally become one***". Note: There are diverse takes on this story in science. But it doesn't matter, because … see entry next day! It's about the *image*!


Der weibliche Seeteufel ist sechsmal so groß wie das Männchen. Das Männchen verankert sich am Kopf des Weibchens und bleibt dort für den Rest seines Lebens. Sie werden buchstäblich eins. Ihre Verdauungs- und Kreislaufsysteme wachsen zusammen. Mit Ausnahme von zwei sehr großen Fortpflanzungsorganen und einigen Flossen bleibt nichts vom Männchen übrig.

Der Baikalsee in Sibirien ist der einzige Binnensee der Welt, der tief



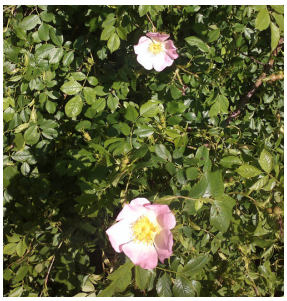


May 24, 2019 – **The Heart in the Heart**
Yes, it's the 2 / 4 day. And it's amazing. Because returning from my forest walk with Jacqui, I found in my street, a few meters from where I live, a **copper heart** with a small heart reaching into it, so *a heart in a heart.*

And that after reading the passage from Asimov's book how the ***small male fish is inside the bigger female***. There are no such odds, that one finds something like this after reading about something practically identical, in meaning.

That copper heart contains or rather is outlined with crystal (or glass?) "diamonds", and **from the big heart, four (!) crystals are missing**. And inside the small heart there are nine. Now, **four** will forever be a special number for me, because it's the day Bob died. And it's the number related to me, in a Kabbalah-sense.

G. asked me the other day *whether the number 9 meant something to me* (but I don't remember, why), it does perhaps, when I look at their explanations in numerology. But here suddenly it showed up, the "9" and the "4". And yes, "the number 9" has to do with an Africa-trip in my twenties, it was the number of a room where I was supposed to have sex with someone … but neither the sex nor that relationship were any good …



During my forest hike … again amazing views … of **clouds** and of **roses** …

… how it can be that the "Invisibles" have interfered all my life *to bring me where I am*, because I was so susceptible to "otherworldly" things from childhood on.

Maybe the current trend to "**entertain**" oneself by death and dying (in movies, video games and novels) is actually a step of ***evolution*** into the right direction?

The *merging* that I've been envisioning … on an energetic level … can that happen to consciousnesses, when one is in a mortal body and one is not!? Or is it only my wishful thinking? But maybe ***that wishful thinking is a very strong force***, directly applied on the person it relates to? Bob and I – *ha*! The **crackling** in the window just happened! – were very close …

And another thought: *Maybe Bob wanted to get rid of me so badly* … because I was the factor to keep him on track, and he wouldn't stay on track … at least not on the kind of track I thought was for him and – for us. He knows so much better now than me. I can only fish in the muddy waters.

But then I look at the "heart in the heart" and the "ring" and all the other amazing finds … and I think, "Wow, something is really going on here".

(Note: writing break, same day.)

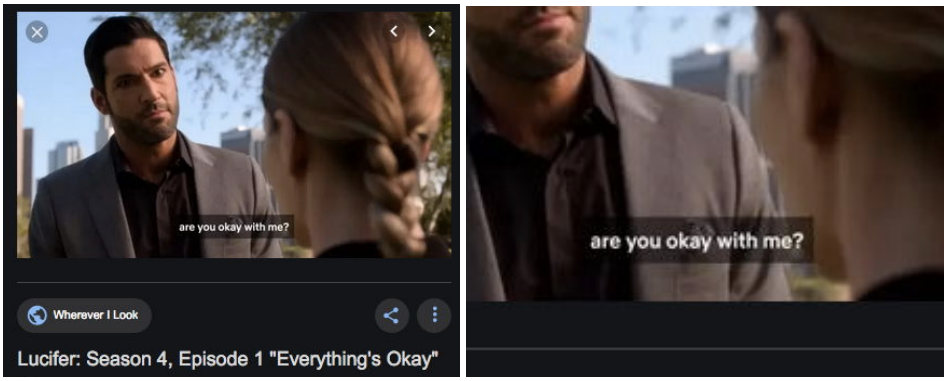
May 24, 2019 **– Beekeeper Bob and another Bee**

Pinnacle!

I just came out of a surprise that surpasses a lot of what I've experienced so far "after Bob". So this evening, just earlier, I decided to go to the **callshop/internet cafe** to watch a movie, but I only

watched trailers, couldn't make up my mind … felt compelled to check out the TV-shows.

And about those: After "Dexter", "NCIS", "The Americans" and "Westworld", Bob and I had enjoyed "Lucifer" so much, he had told me how much he liked it, and he and I were both so disappointed to learn that it was cancelled after season 3. So today, among TV-shows I saw "Lucifer" **season 4**! (Yes, I know, the number 4.) So I was happy! I thought wow, Bob would have loved that … so I watched "**Lucifer"**.



And here it comes:

It was about a man by the name of **Bob** who had been **killed**, so I heard expressions like "*Bob is dead*" in variations a million times. And: He had been a **bee keeper**! I found a **bee on a lighter** yesterday! One of the first things people said about the dead Bob "**He was such a gentle soul**", and "**People didn't really know how Bob really was!"** Also it was said that *he had secrets, about being violent*, that is. Even the term "**Queenbee**" came up in the film, and that's *a title of a film that I made and edited with Bob!* I thought, how in the world is that possible? So many things that totally relate to Bob and me in an episode of one of our favorite shows?

There is no way that's a coincidence. The fact that I did go there, did check TV-shows is unusual in itself, but I just followed *impulses*. And then … there was a scene, where the angel Amenadiel, Lucifer's brother, comforts Daniel, one of the characters, who has just lost Charlotte, his love, and the angel tells Daniel "*She is in heaven now*" and he puts his hand on Dan's chest and asks him to believe him. And Dan gasps and does believe … *"Bob" was a beekeeper, and I found that bee, and then the helicopter dream, that looked like a bee.*

If people still want to say all that it's just coincidence, I must laugh at them.

It's all just amazing and magical.

Bob knows that I would watch "Lucifer" and be happy to see it, and that it would comfort me. Maybe he **used** the episode from the TV-show to **connect** with me? (*Note: Oh, the future would bring incredible synchronicities in that regard, breathtakingly so*.)

So … in one scene a person holds a little **bee-themed pillow**, and it reads "**Bee yourself**". No kidding.

Tomorrow comes Rebecca. So that's going to be a milestone.

May 27, 2019

My friend Rebecca was here since May 25, we spent much time together. She is very sick and allowed me to recommend cell salts to me …

At the hotel's lobby, I found some sweet **decoration** that took me right back to Hawaii … and the times Bob and I were at hotels, as video-crew … and a **pearl** in the middle of it. Just writing about it makes me doubt the meaning of any mortal existence for me anymore …

… as I left Rebecca's room, I looked at the wall, and there was a hotel-paper, some kind **of blue strip**, with the words "**feed my soul**" on them. It felt like a distinct greeting.

Rebecca had told me of amazing experiences of after-death-communications with her late husband Papa K. and other people. To her it's entirely clear that it's all real, and she is a trained and psychologist. I just love her.

Breaks my heart seeing her so sick, barely able to walk. But I think the cell salts I gave her will help … (*Note: Turned out later that she didn't muster up the discipline to really take them.*)

We also went to visit **St. Stephen's Cathedral** … and there it was: The art installation I had seen advertised weeks ago (and that I had entirely forgotten about) … "**Sky of Stones**". I kid you not. Stones suspended in the air …

May 28, 2019

Dream of woman with daughter by a man who was a mix of Werner (R. a flame of mine from my very early 20s), Sigi and Bob!

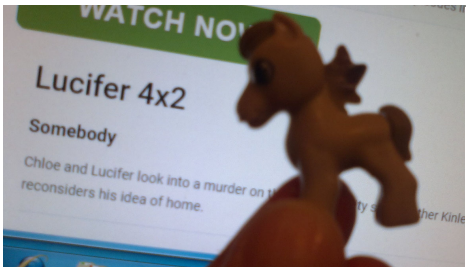
I befriended her in some outdoor kind of setting with wide pathways, and there were small cats involved, and some danger, like electricity, and she was on her way home, but didn't arrive, somehow, but kept showing up, and I ended up helping her. (I don't know with what, but she needed me.) The mix-man was, somehow around, but also not, and it seems as if he had abandoned her. On the other hand I "knew" that they were having a nice and happy life and home, and I was heartbroken and envious. Yet, the woman kept showing up and seemed to like me, but also knew that I was the "ex", and et, we felt weirdly drawn to each other.

Seeing the license plate number "**Horus 9**" I flashed back to an early time in my relationship with Bob when I had gone blind on one eye due to a staph infection (*Note: … and the "eye of Horus" had been all over the place, back then, and I did some "magical stuff" during the night, that I had learned from ancient Hawaiian tradition, and although my eye was supposed to be extracted the next morning at the clinic, it had rebuilt itself over night. It was a big deal at the hospital … and looking back, I'm kind of surprised how quiet everybody was about that even that was actually a development that was pretty much "impossible" in terms of medicine, biology and physiology*.)

May 28, 2019

Went to the callshop to watch "Lucifer" to do something fun. Had a big cry before that, horrified by the return of reality, missing Bob. I asked him to absolutely connect with me.

On the way to the callshop I found a **plastic horse in a water puddle**.



Half a horse, literally, but split vertically. I thought that *if that's a sign* (because Bob called himself "horsie", as he is a "horse" in the Chinese astrology), then I'll find some other half of something soon.

So the case was: A woman starring in a TV-reality-show had supposedly drowned (*horsie in the water puddle*), but it turned out that the camera-man of the crew had hit her on the head with battery! Now, that was the ultimate flashback to Bob and me working together, even the blue Sachtler-bags were there. And right at the beginning, the character Ella talked about her **turtle** named "**Bob**" who hadn't gotten along with Margret, her chicken. Now … I had just told my friend Rebecca about **Bob and the turtle on Babybeac**h, last summer, a huge sea turtle had come to the shore, right there, were Bob was sitting in the sand (he didn't make it walking any further than to the beginning of that beach), in his bright blue jacket, watching me swim … "Honu", in Hawaiian … related to "honua", meaning "Earth".

And he didn't get along with Margo ("Margret"?), and old friend, who he involved in the production of "Taylor Camp" instead of me, and *I had thought about just that* several times. The relatedness of things is so uncanny … Remember, that episode 1 of season 4 that was all about "**Bob the beekeeper is dead.**" It's just too much of a coincidence.

I have the feeling that Bob is telling me this way that he is here and watching and listening … and yes, I know, timing and "how can a dead person influence the making of a TV-series?" … but in the realm beyond the realm that we perceive and that we actually think into being at every instance, there is no linear "time" like we "have" here, among us mortals …

May 29, 2019

I wrote today the first bit of a concept for "Creators of Stones", even found a name for the third trilogy: "Bridges of Magic" besides "Masters of Choices".

May 30, 2019 **– "222", the House of Laughter**

Wondrous insight!

This morning, I found my **Betty-flower** withering. Last night, when I was already in bed, I looked over at the plant, in the dim light of my nightstand, and I thought the leaves looked drooping, but I went to bed. In the morning the flower was in bad shape. I felt so bad! I watered it! I hadn't been aware that during the days that Rebecca was here, I had neglected the plant.

I went for a walk, and I had a cry for Bob, then I found a **playing card** with three times the "2" on it! And "**222**" is the number of our beloved housie, and it is and will always do stand for "the house of laughter".

That was Bob, cheering me up. So I was thinking over the withering plant, and I realized that the hint that I've been neglecting something was meant just that. So I thought I neglected the communicating with "them", and I did many good sniffs at roses and sent the fragrance to them. But suddenly I realized, that it was **me**, who I had been neglecting, in terms of my "kuleana"!

I realized, before going on that walk, that I had to continue working on "RoC" …

Then …

While I was walking, the concept of "Creators of Stones" came to my mind so strongly, and I realized: *Ten years ago (2009) I've already written the first installment of it*, in a screenplay entitled "**Below Our Sleep**", about a woman who falls in love with a drawing of a Polynesian warrior of a different century, and she then finds out about her relations to people long dead and how **a spirit "rules" her life**! I wrote that! Ten years ago! "Below Our Sleep", and it perfectly fits as continuation as "Regents of Clouds", but as a *flashback* into another line of ancestors of the Regents, the story of "Kanani" and "Little Ben". So I only need to figure out how to get to Ben being Hillmoon's ancestor … but I felt very very inspired!

I also had another **dream** with a romantic story, where I was in love, and it has something to do with me being very young, around 1983, when I graduated from Commercial Academy. But I can't remember the dream.

It's an interesting day.

Started with a flare of anger at my dog, who was so scared at me, only because I made myself get up and took him outside, only to see that he wouldn't even poop, at all. But I disciplined myself, and I wasn't violent to him.

Still, I have in my mind that I'm actually only living until I die, and that's the wrong attitude. Then I took Jacqui to *Danube Island* for a hike … and facing this **street-writing**, I was so aware all of a sudden, that "they" are all around. All the time.

May 30, 2019

In the S45-train on the way to Danube island I listened in on the conversation about **superhero-movies by two girls**, both maybe 13 years old, and I learned from their talks that the blond one's name was "Sarah", and her friend's name was "Milena", and they were talking about watching Pokemon, Aladdin and The Avengers and Captain Marvel.

I was so inspired by them … they were so into it, and also into *filmmaking* … they discussed camera work and lighting and directing! It was heartwarming and reminded me of my "kuleana". The way they were talking it was *like they were talking to me* or put on a play for me. And again I shared the **fragrances** of **roses** with Bob, and the beauty of the yellow lillies.

May 30, 2019 **– Lost in My Maui Forest**

A very strange thing happened!

The story of a **woman having gotten lost in Hawaii in the wilderness** has been in the news for a while. She was rescued after 7 days … now that's the story of "Amarin" (the first installment of "Regents of Clouds"), getting lost in the wilderness.

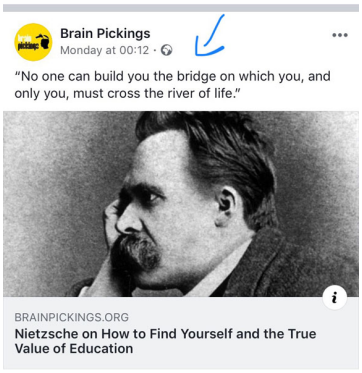
foto: apa/afp/facebook.com/amandaeller
Amanada Eller und ihre Retter Javier Cantellops, Troy Helmer und Chris Berquist (v.l.) am 24. Mai im Makawao Forest Reserve auf Maui.
Maui – Eine Wanderin hat sich im US-Bundesstaat Hawaii im Dschungel

Now it came out, that the woman, *Amanda Eller*, was lost in the **Makawao**-forest - where Bob and I meant to film "**Kaweli**"! How is that for weird? Kaweli's protagonist's name is "Ellie" … So why, just now, do I get to see a story about a place that has been on my mind so often? I had been looking forward so so much to work with Bob in that Eucalyptus forest in Makawao …

… and of all places, that's where that woman "gets lost" (*Note: … which is pretty much impossible, because it's on a steep hill, and if you just to downward you will end at a road … it's a very small island! So whatever that woman was all about … getting lost on Maui is an art.*)

I haven't been mentioning how many **poignant materials** my online-friend "C" has sent me recently … I share something with her (stuff that I've been describing in this c. d.), and *she responds with*

something similar that had just happened to her, or a song or a picture or a line that had just ended up in her awareness, that entirely relates to what I'd told her! We both find it very very uncanny. (*But I don't share this for reasons of her privacy*.)


Brain Pickings
Monday at 00:12 ·
"No one can build you the bridge on which you, and only you, must cross the river of life."
BRAINPICKINGS.ORG
Nietzsche on How to Find Yourself and the True Value of Education

May 31, 2019

In a **"Lucifer"-review** I found the mentioning of "**Stay Gold**" … the last musical project of Bob's (a music video for a female musician with the hit song "Stay Gold", one of the last things he had shown to me)…

The episode's case involves the murder of a mob enforcer who has not only been shot, but had his back broken as well. The detectives bring in a hitman known as Ponyboy for questioning, and Lucifer immediately makes a nice reference to ***The Outsiders***. "Stay gold indeed," he utters though I'm not sure why Lucifer would even be aware of the 1967 coming of age novel. Nonetheless it's still cool. It doesn't take long to put the pieces of the puzzle together, and guilt now points towards Julian's father, the shipping magnate Jacob Tiernan. The highlight of the scene though revolves around Eve who is positively giddy with excitement and doesn't quite understand why they can't simply torture the truth out of the suspect. The humor is short lived, however, when Lucifer realizes that Tiernan killed the man he thought paralyzed his son.

I wanted to give away a *nightgown* I had bought at Sears on Maui many years ago but barely ever worn, but couldn't do it, brought it back home.

Very strange **dream** … about Bob and me *causing a car accident while being in Hawaii,* knowing that I had to leave, and I had such a hard time packing and couldn't tell anyone about the car I had wrecked … it's already all mixed up and confused, how it was. But Bob was there, and it was just as *uncertain regarding our relationship* like it had been in real life.

I'm relieved that "C" is reading the White-books. It means a lot to me. She also wrote that she is a fan of "walking meditation", oh, yes, me too. And Jacqui.

May 31, 2019

Walking the dog at night, I found a very strange kind **of twirled silver thing**, like a wire, but not a wire and thicker, but it looks like a curl of sorts … and today, at the women's center, *a woman told me that she liked my silver hair* … so is this "silver hair" a message telling me that Bob is listening and around with me?

Recently I've had encounters with **silverfish** *(*Lepisma saccharina) in my apartment, and on the way to the walk in the elevator. I must say that I have rescued many many silverfish in my life, when they get trapped in a sink or the shower basin and can't manage to run up the dry walls anymore … I've often offered sponges or tissues for them to crawl up … I like them. I just googled that they can get up to 8 years old!

Just before I had that thought about the silverfish being symbolized by that curly long silver thing on the ground, a **silverfish** swirled away from me, on the wall, as I was entering my bed to read and write some …

I asked him distinctly to get the word "make" to me, which means "dead". It came to my mind … Right after the silver curl I found a **pink heart** on the ground.

(Right after I had written the above, I opened the pdf-book "With Folded Wings" on a random page, and it talks about "**gold**" (like in "stay gold") earlier and about making choices.

FUNCTIONING 45

time you allow another to determine for you what is within your own choice, you have allowed that man to dip his hand into your pocket and take from you a bit of property you cannot replace. You would think hardly of a friend who took from you gold pieces. I am your friend, and I would not take from you what is more precious than gold. So I shall not answer those questions."

And similarly, to a similar request on another occasion:

"Would you thank anyone who was to take from you an opportunity to make money? Why should you thank us for taking from you a legitimate and never-repeatable opportunity for progress? It will not come again. If that moment is taken away from you, you are that much poorer for all eternity. You may steal a man's purse, and you can make restitution. But if you steal a man's opportunity for making a decision, you take that which you can never return to him. Each decision made is a step in your development, a moment in your eternity. Once passed, it is gone forever."

(*Note: It relates, probably, to me asking the "Invisibles" to help me along the path to manifesting "Regents of Clouds" … but I do know, that this is really my chore in my remaining life, it will come about and I will make all the relevant and proper decisions.)*

June 1, 2019

Heavy heart, it's summer again … often I can't stand even thinking of sunshine … and then, my parents … nobody cares about me …

The tradition of "**Eating after a funeral**" … is it "feeding the spirit"?

June 1, 2019

Woke up with great insights of how to write "Creators of Stone" and the third trilogy "Masters of Choices" or "Masters of Magic" or "Bridges of Magic" … It makes me excited and nervous … last night, in bed, I read a tiny little bit in "With Folded Wings" … and it prompted big insights about the nature and purpose of choices.

And I had an amazing **dream** …

About me hiking over a wide **highland**, like in Norway (back in the day with Kimba), and there was some kind of a master involved, who I either chased or tried to escape … it was gloomy and with much atmosphere (certainly something I'll use in the screenplays) and he was some kind of arrogant mix of "John W., Bernd P. and Bob", weirdly. There was some slight threat against me coming from him, but it was vague … so I ended up in that **highland** with **Jacqui**, my dog, and he just ran around, when a **boy** came with some kind of machine, like between a lawnmower and a tractor, and it was puffing out dark smoke, and he was racing across the meadows and hills. His parents were there, two

young people, and I was shocked about how much he put everyone in danger, and the parents didn't stir a finger. And I asked them … when Jacqui suddenly disappeared, and the boy drove his dangerous vehicle straight downhill and into a house, basically chasing Jacqui. I was so horrified … but there was no crashing sound. Me and the parents ran down to see what had happened, and there was Jacqui, just lying there, calmly, waiting for me, dozing. And he was fine. The boy was nowhere …

But I found myself suddenly, still in a similar setting, in some kind of **big car**, about to escape that area and the threat that **strange man-mix** posed, and there was a whole group of men, sort of high power (*Note: meaning "authority"?*), attractive, sexy, somehow related to the mix-man, and threatening too. And I was in their big house in that highland, but I don't know what I did there, I had some job to do or something to find or to take, and I lost something of myself, like a shoe (?) … and an old (real life) friend seemed to be there, Christine J., best friend of final school days, who was always a little bit of a *rival* to me … *and she was on the men's side.* Somehow I managed to find what I was looking for and was about to *flee* … outside of the house was again that **dreary highland setting** … and some scenes included wild chases with fast cars or boats (like last night, when I escaped with a car downhill and crashed it completely, but I don't remember, how, I only remember that I had to keep it a secret from Bob …)

Anyway, so I was about to take off, had found a way to get out of there, could be some big SUV or a bus, and I think my **mother** was there, too, when suddenly someone (a woman) came with the *news*, that ***the mix-man had died***! I couldn't believe it, in my dream … *because all I had feared and all my plans were suddenly changed*. And it was said that he had been taking so many **pills**, *that he had* ***poisoned his heart*** *and himself and had died of it, obviously*, he had been in so much pain. I was even kind of sad … and suddenly, there was an **ocean**, and I felt in a way free but also confused, because everything had changed so much, and the major enemy was gone.

And I woke up with a total reluctance to get up … but once up, I felt a flash of inspiration to work on my trilogies. I even "felt" myself living in Los Angeles.

(*Note: Looking back, this dream seems to be very revelatory in terms of "why did Bob die and of what, actually"?)*

June 1, 2019 **– Fire Fish**

I got a greeting: In the tramway a man right in front of me opened a magazine, and the headline read "**Frisch wie der Fisch im Feuer**", meaning "**fresh like the fish in the fire**" … and that after the story of the fish of a few days ago (May 24, *Seeteufel***,** Lophius piscatorius, and "Seeteufel" means "Sea Devil" … here we are with the "*fire*") and after having found a "heart in the heart" piece of jewelry.

Fisch
Frisch wie der
Fisch im Feuer
Wasserbewohner sind ideale Grill-Kameraden auf dem Rost. Beim BBQ heißt es ja nicht entweder-oder, sondern sowohl-als-auch. So grillen Sie Lachs, Saibling, Krustentiere & Co.
I believe in the contact. I do.

June 2, 2019

Interesting effect of me asking last night to "give signs, like moving something in the kitchen". So this morning, sitting at breakfast, something moved in the kitchen three times, making noises. That never happened before. *Ever*.

And then I went to the bathroom and opened a **magazine** that had been lying there for weeks, and the headline on that very page read "Über den Tod hinaus", meaning "Beyond death" …

I felt so much heavy sorrow about Maui today, waking up, the sunshine makes me very sad. And the house and everything … I had a hard time waking up. (*Note: Still, after a year, it's oftentimes only looking at my dog and his hopefulness for another good day, that gets me going …*)

And my **dream**! The sound of **Bob opening his socks-drawers**, with the metal handle dangling and hitting the wood – it was in my head as if it was real. So maybe that was also a response of me asking you, Bob, to make noises, too? (*Note: As a result of realizing that the crackling in the window next to me is not a "normal crackling", because it only happens at certain times, and only when I'm dealing with Bob in a certain way … I had asked Bob to find out other ways to make himself "heard", preferably with his own voice, though.)*

Hearing that sound in my mind – I can recall all sounds so clearly, anytime … made me so much aware, again, though, of how much I long to be there. (*Note: And of how much I longed to be there in the years we were apart, but I didn't believe anymore that I was welcome; I was, though, probably*.) Like right now … the insight hits so deeply, that I'm choking up and my tears are coming. I can't believe that my life with Bob is over, my real life. I have to dig myself into working the screenplays to occupy my mind. I'm passing time to my death … and it shouldn't be like it, I'm supposed to enjoy life. But all I can offer is the promise that I'll make the best of my mortal lifetime, because I can't wait to be with Bob again.

Tears and *major insight?*

Bob messed up with **communication** in his lifetime, so that's why he has to stick with me and learn how to communicate in his discarnate condition. Ha! That's *wishful thinking,* sure is! But what if even "wishful thinking" has roots, at times, in "messages"?

That's why he is working with me! *We are working together, we belong together*. And he promised it to me! But he messed up and left prematurely. So that's why his "kuleana" now is to finish his business here. (*Note: I'd really like to believe that, and even though I have received a lot of time that it's just like this, I still am yet to experience a real break-through … so that I can really be sure of the reality of my thinking.)* And I call him to that. I **insist**. So maybe that's some kind of harmony we're having, after all, me, still stuck in this body, that I see aging every day, but that's also feeling strangely rejuvenated time and again, and him being on the other side now. So this is a great … fucked up fate of ours.

I still can't believe that he took everything from me, my home, my joy, my hopes, my love. Himself.

My dog distracted me, when Bob was beginning to get so sick that he'd later die of it. That's when Jacqui got so sick to almost die, and my attention was on him. That's how I missed what happened to Bob, and Bob wouldn't speak out … maybe also because he didn't want to admit that he was in such big shit …

But then, Bob! Everything I loved so much and would fantasize about returning to, is gone. That kind of emptiness and despair is *your* doing. You got to make up for it.

And maybe he's screaming into my ears right now that he knows and, like he said with during our last phone talk (when I kept insisting he eat and move and get up), **"I don't need the speech, I'm doing my best here**".

Yeah. Your best, huh. I'm very bitter. I admit it.

June 2, 2019 **– Spilled Beads**

Very strange movie-watching night!

First I watched "**The Professor**", with Johnny Depp, playing a man with cancer … and a lot of what Bob may have wanted to say, was said. And it was about never giving in to mediocrity … it was very touching.

Then I skipped through "Long Shot" … but before that I stumbled upon "Always be my Maybe" … and it looked like an Asian movie, but I watched the trailer and saw **Keanu Reeves** in it. So in the end, I found a full version of it … and I was so so so surprised to see Keanu Reeves actually play himself! And he was making fun of his celebrity persona, and in that, he was seen kind of "personal", in a hotel room … but there was a scene where he was greeting his "love-interest", *and they said to each other what they missed about each other* … it struck me so much, because for me it's all about missing everything about Bob and asking him to make up for the loss … hey, he should get me in contact with Keanu, who has been appearing in my dreams for years (and Bob knows about that), so that we can do "Regents of Clouds" together, because he is supposed to be "Donvelin", the "king of the world".

And in the movie he said "**I missed your heart**", "I missed your spirit", "I missed your soul", and also "I missed your smell", while the girl was saying more physical things, like "I missed your mouth" and "I missed your thumbs" … funny, because Bob's thumbs were of some interest or rather concern to me … So it was kind of tear-*pressing to hear Keanu of all people say over and over "I missed"* when inside of me it was all about missing.

HERE IT COMES: Weirdly, after writing this I realized that the film *had just come out,* and the articles have a June 2 date! Also – just read about him actively wanting to be in the project because he was impressed with the comedy persona of the female lead, Ali Wong …

Even stranger! Ali Wong is famous for the Netflix-standup-special **Baby Cobra** … and guess what? Today I saw **again a boy with a rubber snake**, and I was really wondering what the thing with the **snakes** is all about … yesterday, at the **tramway**, Jacqui and I were next to **a girl who had a huge snake**, and she dropped it *and I picked it up for her*. Then I saw **someone with a snake,** and then the **boy** … and today Ali Wong with "Baby **Cobra**" … and just recently, a **cobra** was found in a meadow in **Vienna**, too … !? Including a colorful rendition of the "**Snake on a Pole**" as symbol of doctors on a children's doctor's door yesterday … and I looked at it, but I didn't take a picture, although I thought about doing it.

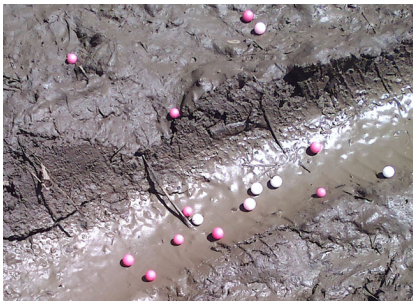
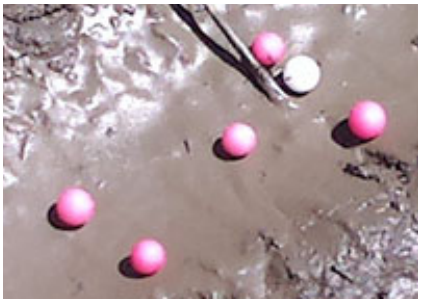
And actually, the curly **silver thing** I found, can also be a snake! It sure looks like one! And yesterday I found another one! Again a long silver thing! Is someone "talking" to me?

Also, Keanu is delivering this line: ***"The only stars that matter are the ones you see when you dream,"*** … and actually, he is the only "star" that I have been dreaming of for years now. And we always get together in my dream. How weird.

Going back home with Jacqui I felt so totally out of … well, my life. Right now, can't believe that Bob is no more. It's like it can't be. And although Keanu's world in the movie seemed so remote and a different planet, the fact that I saw it in a movie was some kind of "manifestation" of sorts, because I had imagined how it could be to actually meet him … and the movie scenes were playing that out. Again … what are the odds *to even discover those scenes in that movie*? I would normally **not** watch trailers of movies with Asian leads, and it wasn't announced that he was in that movie. But somehow I ended up clicking on it …

But another part of me is in disbelief yet again. My longing for Bob and Maui wants to suffocate me. Sometimes my heart is hurting. I'm wondering why I had to fight the symptoms of sickness of the past weeks … Not sure, what to do. Except for continuing with my trilogy.

And then: A **walk in the park** with Jacqui lead me to this …



Yes. **Beads** (pearls) again.

June 3, 2019 – **The Day I Stepped Towards Death & Bob in the Sky**

Half asleep last night, I suddenly heard a *female voice call my name*, just once, it was a piercing voice, had it been a color, it would have been intense pink, but it was "**Deniela**", not "Daniela" …

And as I was lying in bed and *trying to recall* the moment when Joyce said that Bob had passed away, because it's an event that I still haven't ***gotten*** … suddenly there was such a loud and full force crackling in the window (*Note: I had only one room, so it was the same window like the one that crackles at other times*), that I startled out of my dozing, and said out loud "*Okay, that was clear. I'm not supposed to do that*". And I stopped. It felt like some angry kind of *intervention*, like a scolding, that I should really be past doing that …

(*Note: I should mention that in that time I was in contact with an entertainment attorney's law office, and there were three lawyers trying to pitch for me to certain LA-companies, and they totally didn't know what they were doing, so I had to tell them everything, and it was only about them, as official entertainment attorneys, to pitch on my behalf … but in the end, nothing came out, and I spent a lot of money. No pitching to big movie production companies except through industry agents. I was very frustrated many times, because of the fact of how uniformed and in many ways ignorant and clueless those lawyers were, and I kept being pushed around, because of vacations and work load … I felt really fucked over.*)

Those **coconuts** (in the park near the dogzone where J and I are almost daily) reminded me of what Bob used to call me … his "coconut girl" …

And then: ***Near death.***

This afternoon I almost got run over by a tramway, with Jacqui, I stepped right in front of it, thoughtlessly … although I've been at that crossing many many times and am always aware of its danger. It was a very strange event. Kind of … a blur. I don't know what happened. (*Note: Later I came to think about that I may have received the option of death … and my reaction was to avert it?)*

It happened at a tramway stop that's related to a traffic light … and it has the kind of junction where the tramway coming from the opposite direction can be hidden by the one that one had just exited, so that one must really heed the warning signals … and many many times I've watched people run across the tracks recklessly, dumbly and almost getting hit by the tramway coming from the opposite direction.

Jacqui on the leash, I had just left the tramway, and I waited for it to move on, crossing the

highway. There is the fact at that junction, that one can cross the free track before reaching the actual traffic light related to the highway that runs along the tracks. And that's the point: If you were to cross the tracks exactly after "your" tramway" had passed by, you'd have the risk that the tramway heading in the opposite direction would be on it's way and you'd run right in front of it. It can be entirely hidden from you by the train on your side of the tracks.

So Jacqui and I stopped to wait for the tramway on our side to be gone … but suddenly I saw a bicyclist at some distance move (*Note: I realized later that he had merely taken his chance and cut in front of the incoming tramway speeding away!*) … and I simply walked on, **stepped** behind the leaving train over the tracks and – **right in front of the incoming train.**

That's actually *exactly* where it happened, I had just exited the tramway and walked in from the left … in front of the incoming train from the opposite direction

Looking back – it's like a little bit of a blur in my mind, as I "knew" that this could be deadly, and the one **split second** that I had to make a decision *felt strangely long.*

So the tramway made *a hell of a noise with it's warning signal,* and it was only at maybe a car-length *away*, and because it had just crossed the highway, it had quite some *speed*. I looked to my right … like in *slow-motion* … and I saw the **huge train towering right in front of me**, like a mountain! The choice was to jump forward and pull my dog with me, or step backwards and also pull my dog … I did not have a moment to hesitate.

So that split-second was used by my **consciousness** to make me **run**! I jumped ahead, and shouted at Jacqui, and luckily he just sped up enough so that he and I could cross in front of the train … **and I felt it brush by me** … literally.

Had I tried to go back, me and my dog would likely be dead now.

So I moved forward, fast.

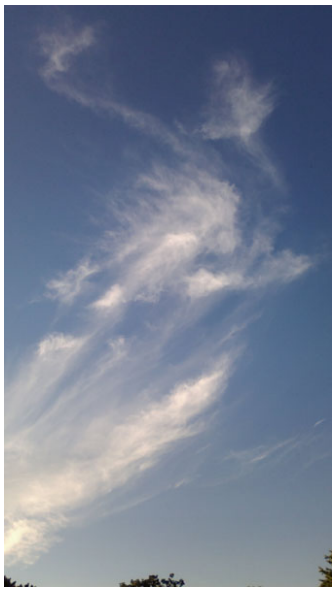
Hey, is that the message? Me moving forward? Or was it about a warning how fast life can be over? Or was it about telling me that it's simply not my time yet? Or was it – a **choice**?

But the worst part: No faster pulse! No excitement, not flustered, not in shock. Nothing. Calm as a stone. Ha. Pun.

I walked through one dogpark (Hadikpark), met a few people, told them that I had just walked right in front of a tramway train, and they simply looked at me weird. I felt weird. Then, I walked to the big dog meadow at some distance … past the Schönbrunn Castle … maybe twenty minutes had passed … and I still felt off, strangely.

(That's the park.)

I sat down on a bench. Jacqui didn't really want to move away far, he stuck around, watching me. I still was not excited or nervous. Like I didn't even had a heartbeat. At some point, I looked up … and I saw … **Bob**. In the sky.



This huge **cloud formation of a man with a pointing hand and appeared right above me. And it hovered there for half an hour.**

The way Bob had held his arm … it's like … well, I supposed I don't have to explain anything, as you can see for yourself. There were no other clouds around this … it was a **man in the sky**, above the dog meadow … **just when Jacqui and I had narrowly escaped death.**

The cloud formation took its time to move right above me and then dissolved. It was a man, slim, head, shoulders, torso, ribs, two arms, one hand lifted in a "stop"-gestures. And while I was sitting on the bench, I had the feeling several times ***that someone was sitting down next to me***, and everytime I looked, there was nobody. It felt like ***someone familiar***, maybe Bob, but certainly a ***man***.

Tears came very briefly … because I felt sorry that *I had put my dog in such danger*. He was the one in double luck, because I had been faster than him, and I had to drag him, ***and the collar had moved half over his head***. Had he stopped and not trusted me … he'd be dead now.

That was a very unexpected turn of events.

Just before I had found out that the actress who I found to play "Alexis" in "Regents of Clouds", Samantha Lockwood, has a business on the island of Kauai, and she has also a business, so I wrote to her. (*Note: She did respond, but she wanted to first a funded project to even read the script; Her mother was very active in supporting female filmmakers, in Palm Springs, where J., Bob's sister knows so many people and had lived for a while … but she had just died! Geez! I thought, why does everything have to be so fucking hard for me?*)

So very strange, everything.

Very strange.

The lovely Evi was there in both parks, with her three-legged dog Artus and her strange boyfriend L. … and I sat down with them and chatted a bit. I told her about the event of us having nearly be killed. She was amazed and observed me, kind of worried.

Also, I had to think about that **female voice** that I had heard last night, in my head. She only called out my name, "**Deniela**", with an "e". That's not a German pronunciation.

June 4, 2019

Intense **dream** of Bob and me … we were in the **mountains**, with deep **snow**, some kind of research or production, we shared one room and seemed close, but Bob would always leave and explore on his own … sometime we'd meet in some kind of hotel **corridor**, but we were always again *separated* … and then I ventured outside and saw that a huge **avalanche** with masses of loose snow was kind of "glued" to a steep slope. And I threw myself into the snow and got all covered in it. Like that I went back into the hotel, and I even put my jacket over the snow to preserve it, *so that I could impress Bob*.

Somehow, our stay seemed to be connected with **Tennis**, as we had been playing, too (in real life, we used to do that, in the early days of our relationship, but Bob always felt awkward, although he was very good and sportive), but I didn't see us play, there was just the impression and maybe tennis balls and rackets, and it seemed to be a tennis hotel in the mountains … *So I kept losing the snow from under my jacket*, and when Bob finally showed up (the hotel and the corridors were all strangely dim and reddish lit), I had lost all the snow, and it was time for me to hurry up and get ready for leaving … we were about to leave the hotel.

Then I woke up. My dog woke me up several times tonight.

I think that this story is an account of **Bob and me meeting in the invisible realm tonight**, and my subconscious is using those images to tell me and to memorize. It feels comforting, somehow … and I remember Bob in my dream being ***so clearly Bob***, but in a way very serious and somehow even "*concerned*" …

I feel inspired today, to work on RoC and on making connections.

I will have to write a little SMS *to my mother though*, about the incident from yesterday, with the tramway. It really feels like something significant. (*Note: My mother had sent me a letter in February to leave her alone forever, but I'd been worried about her mental condition, for a while, actually; but everytime I had gone for advice, I'd been told by psychologists that I had to respect her wish to be left alone. I thought many times, what if she isn't … well, normal? So I've started to send her text-messages about things I'd been doing, just to somehow keep her, I don't know, alerted, in the loop …?)*

I was so close to being with Bob … when I look back and see the massive train right next to me, an instant from hitting me, it's like **how the hell did I get out of there**? And why?

June 4, 2019

I suddenly had an *insight* regarding the incident yesterday, about narrowly escaping being killed by a train.

Because I was asking myself, what had been ***different*** *than usual* that I ended up in that situation

with my dog. Well, there was something distinctly different. *I had taken the tramway to that very spot where it happened. And I normally don't do that*. I did it to spare my dog the long walk to the dogpark along that ugly road. So – already before even taking the tramway to that spot, I did something unusual: I *hurried*.

Earlier, I had seed that the tramway was in the station, and I started running towards it, across the (empty) street and the railway, and the driver opened the door again for me and the dog. Normally I wouldn't have run. It was only for one stop. I don't know why I did. So we went by train to the next station, then got out. Then I was waiting kind of numbly to let the tramway I had used passed by. Only when the bicycle next to me – on the wrong side of me, actually, as it was on the pedestrian side, not the bicycle side! – moved to cross quickly right behind the tramway, then I let myself be "**pulled along**" (!) and I walked too. And when I realized that ***of course*** the other tramway was coming, I was already right in front of it. The noise! Deafening signals ringing! ***The train didn't brake or slow down, there was no time for it!*** The driver must have been dead scared … he must have thought that he'd hit me. Because where I looked up, I actually saw the train right *next* of me!

There had been a moment of "blank", where I had forgotten about that other tramway, and I just did what I saw the bicyclist did: move. It was baffling, how I felt in such a short instant, realizing the big big mistake I had made … and in that instant, I chose to move forward, so I pulled my dog with me, and we made it, narrowly.

But the insight, actually, that just entered my mind in a quiet moment this morning, is, *that I should not try to rush things.* Why rush? It leads to making wrong decisions because of ***not being cautious or thoughtful*** enough. I must rely on **myself**, not on someone else, ***not copy*** what others do … (*Note: and boy did that become relevant months later*!)

That bicycle driver also crossed right in front of the incoming tramway … but he was on his bike and much faster and *just a second a head of me.*

And right now, that I wrote that word "**incoming**" … I have said that many times in the last days, mostly when I saw a **flying bird**. That was Bob's thing to say that, when we sat on the lanai (veranda) on Maui, and the **Myna**-birds would swoop in to join us …

"Incoming!" *he would say, when a bird was swishing up to us* … that's what happened with the tramway. It was ***incoming***, and then it swished by … (but I almost stopped it). In 2013 there was one Myna-bird with a crippled foot, and he'd get very tame and attached to me. He'd sit at our breakfast table, and we named him "Jerry". If I didn't get up early enough, he'd come and knock on the table or just sit on the chair and scream into the room. Bob got so much of a kick out of it. Sometimes he brought his fiancee … In 2014, he also came back, when I was there, but Bob said that he hadn't seen him for a long time … and after I left in 2014 he stuck around for a while, Bob said … Strangely, all that seems connected to the "near-death"-incident … or rather, the near-suicide-incident ….

So in that "near-death"-incident … I had almost stopped a lot of other things, too, because of me having done something unusual, against my nature. There it is! *Against my nature.* I'm cautious, aware of everything around me, *normally*. So I did something unusual that doesn't fit me … and it almost went badly.

Big learning, I guess.

Also, that **dream**, me *wallowing* in an **avalanche** that could have gone off and burying me anytime … It probably related to the near-death-tramway incident … that force, irresistible, violent, out of control … and me, mortal?!

I think that's a *big* warning, too. *Or a greeting*. A warning to not let myself be overwhelmed by my own thoughts of a certain kind? Is it a reminder about the forces out there, that are so very *present*, but must be dealt with in a certain way?

An "**avalanche**" is pure force, **power**, made of water, the ultimate carrier of **information** … it's a very very powerful image.

Remembering what Keanu Reeves said in that movie, where he played himself: "**The only stars that matter are those that you see in your dreams**". Okay. Got it. And now?

June 4, 2019 **– Sigi and the Eye**

Before the insight as described earlier, I had a the strangest experience this morning, as I was working on "Regents of Clouds", part 2 ("Welina"), and it was about "**abuse**" … suddenly, I was totally back on **Maui**, my **emotions** were so intense, the feeling, the knowing I was back in the time working on my documentary, and the image of **Rubellite** Kawena Johnson (tried to recall her name a while ago, it came back just now only) was on my mind … *I felt like "pulled" out of my reality in my room …* that's hard to describe, but back in the day, working on the documentary on Maui, there were certain experiences and feelings that were typical for the work … and as I went right into that, it felt like I was "overcome" by some **force**, something, and I even looked up and said out loud "*I'm right back on Maui in the past now*" … and I started to feel **nauseous** and lightheaded, *but I held on to the images of reality around me* … and I slowly started feeling better.

It was like having been "**mugged**" by some … **cloud of memory-emotions** … *without warning*. So intense. So clear. Totally me but back then. What was that?

Also, coming from walking along Wien river today … and I was surprised to see a "**Sigi**"-writing.

… and waiting at a tramway station (52 line) I looked up – and the **clouds** were forming an **eye**. Not "something like an eye", no, ***an eye***. I took it as a signal "**I'm watching, Dani**".

I had the thought that the **cloud** formation from yesterday … "the man in the sky" … was a huge effort … a masterpiece. Whoever did it.

I keep saying "**Play me**!" to Bob, and that means "Come and communicate!".

June 4, 2019

I saw a **real snake** today, with yellow patches on both sides of her head … snaking away at the Wien river path. (After all the toy snakes of the past days … It's a "Ringelnatter", "Grass Snake", Natrix natrix, stock-photo.)

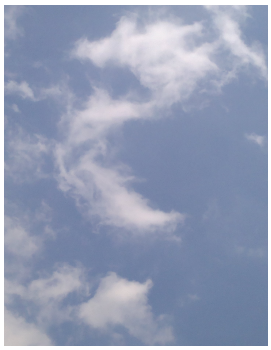
June 7, 2019 **– Questionmark in the Sky, Shoes and Toys: Remembering My Finds**

Very dark days. Very sad. Very much in disbelief.

Sluggish lawyers with bad work doesn't make it better. I just realize how much would have been possible with Bob but now is gone. I'm not sure how to move on.

Today I *asked* Bob distinctly to **prove** to me that *everything is as Betty White described.*

And I got a perfect **question mark cloud** formation and a **dragon** in the sky. It's like okay, Bob is now good at either influencing clouds or … getting me to look at them *when something is there that I may take as a message*. He knows that I have many questions "**?**" …



I "found" **two pairs of baby shoes** on the window sill in the house where I live …

… and I used to find shoes everywhere, Bob was always laughing about that) and on the next windowsill over in the corridor I "found" a bund of **plush animal toys** …

… and I used to find those also everywhere, had a **whole huge collection** of **found toys** on Maui … the last two ones, a blind **bear** and a **girafe**, I had just put in the car Bob and I had bought and registered last summer (2018), the white Toyota Echo named "Chiqui" …

My heart may break after all. Sometimes I do wish for it. Not sure I can stand the summer feeling

and realizing what happened.

Really.

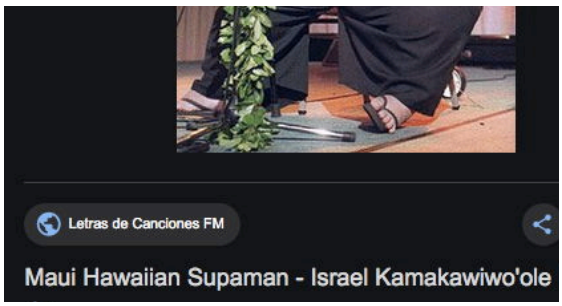
Something big must happen to get me out of this.

And then still I'll be only passing time until I'll be with Bob. But until then … **a sun next to Keanu's face** … what's that supposed to mean? And what are the freaking odds?

June 7, 2019 **– Hawaiian Supaman**

I've been seeing the **Horus-symbol** a lot, recently, and it played a big role in my life, also with Bob … (mentioned before,)

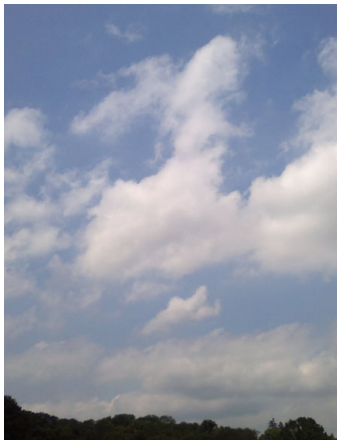
Plus more greetings from Hawaii, like the word "**Supa**" on the ground, for "Maui - Hawaiian Supaman" …



And my **birthdate** and "**SD 1702**" … A black and a white dove together.

Plus amazing clouds, like a **tidalwave** and **birds** as well as **clouds that fit together** … all that Bob and I would often talk about and see.

And clouds “**gesturing**” … “trying” to become something I’m supposed to “get” …


And a "**puka**" and "**penis**"! Clearly! I mean ***clearly***!

… and others looked like trying to get my attention …

June 9, 2019

I had the most horrible **dream**, consisting of two parts, about **Bob**.

It ended with me waking up from a clear vision of how I would "return" regularly to *help and treat Bob*. (Yes, I want to think that the "returning" meant to travel in my sleep to the afterlife, where I actually met Bob … the dream did feel like an interpretation of my subconscious of actual events …)

In the first part of the dream I was with a **woman**, someone from my youth, didn't recognize her, and it was something about *walking long roads*, to some garden with a house, and inside was a very sick man. I think his name was **Richard**, and I knew a Richard in my childhood, in the forest home where my grandparents also lived. That Richard was somehow Bob, though, entirely emaciated and so sick, and his back was open, literally. Long scratches, and it had to be drained, somehow with some kind of brush with a long handle, and the woman also was in charge of him. It seemed like he didn't like me around, and somehow his bed was out in the open or near a window to a meadow. And at some point I started treating him … and then there was some impression of a large tumor, and there was the Bob-version of the man. In a way almost a bit arrogant, but so very very sick, dying, like Bob was. My heart is aching so much right now.

So in a way the man and I started to get along, and I was so optimistic …

Somehow, the dream shifted, then. (*Note: And yes, of course I do see how my "subconscious" is reflecting on my real life situation … but it seems so very direct, so that it feel like "why bother giving me the same story in my dream, how can I then ever heal? So this kind of dream has a different "feel" to it*.)

And I was on a train with my **mother** and my **niece** Julia, knowing that I had given my dog Jacqui into some kind if dog-pension-care.

My mother wanted to get out of the train, and she threatened to spoil the entire travel plan, and I got so angry at her. But she would not listen and even snap at me and utterly disrespect and disregard what I said, insisting to get off the train … but why? In my despair I *hit her in the face* many times, it didn't work. The whole time the thoughts of my dog were on my mind, and I said that if we didn't travel, I would, of course, get my dog. I saw some dog-caretakers with other dogs on long leashes on some kind of country-road …

And my **mother** really **left** the **train** at some station … and somehow that was the place where Richard was (but the Richard part of the dream had played before that). I was so desperate, because *Julia was still on the train* and didn't know that we had left … but my mother came up with some kind of explanation why it would be okay. So Julia was gone, and I wanted to reach her and call her … ever again fighting my mother to get back on the train … somehow we could have taken the next train and still reached Julia … but it all fell apart.

And suddenly I was in some kind of **castle** or a building with **thick walls** … and there was a **monitor**, like one of Bob's monitors, for video-production, and I was looking at something I had filmed, together with Bob, in a production. And there was **Bob**, ***right there, behind me, for a short moment*** *… he was not that sick Richard guy*. And we were in the middle of some production, and I knew that I had to go on (okay, I see the reference to real life) … and I looked out of the window, but at the same time it was the scene in the monitor (they gray one, a little old-fashioned professional studio-monitor) … and there was a **sports-team** playing outside. And *in my dream I thought wow, that looks familiar, is that from another dream?* … and the sports guys didn't see me behind that deep window (like from a basement), and I pulled back, so it was clear that I was actually filming …

And Bob had left the room, *but I called after him …*

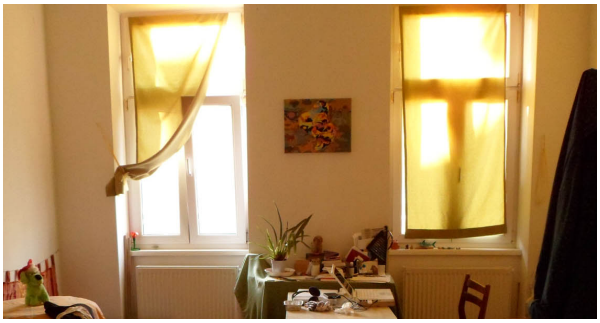
… and weirdly, somehow, then I was back to the man, Richard, from the first part, somehow, in my feeling, but I didn't see that Richard, and I **said** to myself or to him or to Bob, who had just walked out, *that I would come back regularly in the future to treat him, and it would be all fine.*

So today my sorrow is deeper than ever and my longing for Bob. At the same time I know that I will never content with a regular life again. I want to do the scifi-franchises. That's my purpose here. But how? With Bob everything seemed possible. Here I feel like … nothing. Nobody. It's all very very hard.

Sometimes I think I can't bear it. I look into the mirror and think that I've grown old, but then I'm glad.

June 8, 2019 (Saturday)

Today when I was sharing a wonderful **beef broth** with Bob in my *energetic* way, like I had learned in Hawaiian workshops years ago … I felt that Bob was here! I asked if he wanted to taste the soup and was open to response, and just as I started eating, the window **crackled** again. It kept **crackling** while I was sharing the soup, and then stopped. Hasn't crackled before that and not since "we" have been eating soup …



But while I was doing that, like I had entered a certain "space", suddenly the image of *Keanu* came into my mind, as if I was feeding ***him***! That was strange. I never think of the guy, the image just came. Now, maybe that's what I'm supposed to do, energize him more, if I want to connect with him (**crackling** *right now*, as I wrote this)!?

Also, today, on the way to "Red Mountain", a **woman** walked up to me and said to me "Can I tell you something about your ***aura***? What you're wearing fits you nicely, but you've had a lot of stress lately, so your aura is beautiful, but …"

And what did I do? I walked on (with my dog), thought "Yeah, great, I need some fortune teller right here". I mean, of course, there are people around, offering their hand-reading services, but I had never met one before. And interestingly, I was actually wearing a new blouse, and I didn't feel good in it. Later I realized: I could have "used" her! *They* may have wanted to use her! She looked somehow Romanian or some other Eastern European ethnicity, quite nice, actually, with a headscarf tied back, and her smile was nice … and the way I fled her, was strange, too …

It feels like *the woman herself* was some kind of sign or signal, some kind of communication. After all, I 've been wondering where I could find people who may be mediumistic … yes, that woman may have been a professional **fortune teller**, but so what? She may still have skills and abilities, … and I walked away. I regret that.

I have to … imua, move on with the project "Regents" and becoming that bad ass super influential filmmaker. *(Crackling!* Right now!)

Right.

I also realize that I don't need food to get into that "mode" of connectedness with "them", even with Bob, maybe.

Bob's image has, at times, recently, appeared so intensely and so weirdly versatile in my mind, without having been called … as if he was alive. And today when I imagined him being here, me hugging him and kissing him like back in the day, it was such a strong flashback.

Him being so human mortal … and I'm talking to Stewart White right now … how it still will never be okay that Bob is gone. Because he is *gone*. Even though he may still be here.

Also, the *"heart in the heart"-pendant* that lies on the central symbol of the Ouija-board, sparkled at me so strongly today … I really had to go and touch it and adjust its position, and I did have a thought of "them" wanting to connect with me.

I have the feeling that I'm right about that.

June 9, 2019

Took a walk with Jacqui at **Danube Island**, and for the first time since last year (right before I left to see Bob) ***we went for a swim*** *(in the New Danube, which is a clear ground water lake, not the river itself)*. The water is already warm, about 21 degrees Celsius, and it was above 30 degrees Celsius air temperature today …

And on the way home, walking along the river Danube, we met a **man with his dog, female "Lady"**, and he started chatting with me and walking along … just about dogs …

And I don't remember what question I asked, but suddenly he said, "Well, for me everything is different now, *because my wife just died*". Oh geez. I had been wondering how long it would take until

I'd meet someone like that. She died on March 16 this year, after a fight against cancer for 18 (!) years, that's longer than I had known Bob. And in the last three years they had been fighting especially hard. It was that kind of man, though, who'd just gaze at me when I mentioned the *survival of consciousness*. Clearly, he had never heard of that or considered it.

And he is really lost. His family doesn't give a shit about him, and he is alone with all the stuff, the new car they just bought, the dog, all the dishes his wife had bought … they used to make music together. She would have been in retirement last week, he told me, and they wanted to travel Europe in a mobile home.

Fucking shit. I told him that. I couldn't give him consolation, but told him, "*No, it won't get better soon. It will get different, but better, no*." I also told him that I'm just passing time. If we meet again, I'll ask him for his entire story, I know he wants to tell it. He broke out crying a few times.

I so can relate. His late partner's nickname was "Inka".

June 10, 2019

Horrible intense **dream**.

Last night, I worked on RoC, and suddenly fell leaden tired, so I thought, with some kind of sarcasm, "Well, it's the time for a message?"

I lied down on my beloved broad mattress, and focused on "being" Bob … sharing with him how it feels to lie on my cool bed, the way I had imagined it for him. It was about 10.30 pm. And *I went so deeply into being him*, that my face seemed to change to my own feeling, and I "felt" his typical smile, and I touched my hair and had the feeling it was his. I felt so connected … and I fell asleep.

Dreams dreams dreams and I can't remember much … just in the end:

I was in some kind of love-relationship with a school-comrade from long ago, **Stefan** M., so strange, that I thought of him – but (*Note: in addition to his strange last name that relates to "death"*): In fact, of all people I *ever* knew he may be *the closest similar to Bob* in his ways, character, demeanor. I remember him smiling … and our relationship (in my dream) wasn't easy … it was erotic, but somehow impossible …

And suddenly I was with Bob himself. And he was already deadsick and with his parents.

At the same time, *he was a* **horse** *(!), a big brown horse*.

Bob is a "horse" in the Chinese astrology, and we'd often joke about it, and he made neighing sounds and called himself horsie. And I've found several horses since his passing.

So he was a real large horse, but still being Bob with his face … and he knew he was so sick and quite desperate, and he was so heavy … not like his emaciated body, the horse's body was big and his fur shiny, and he had muscles. But I had to support him.

Somehow I had made it to his parents with him, but it wasn't really his parents' place, and Stefan M. was somehow involved, and there was a problem with getting Bob to accept my help, and I wasn't supposed to be there.

And *in my dream I realized*, and I was so horrified, that **Bob was beyond saving**, that he was dying. And although he was a big horse, I went under him, because he was breaking down. And there was that intense moment when he needed to lie down, but I supported him, and slowly *I was buried under his heavy horse-body*, and I tensed my own body and took all my strength to not be crushed. And I managed to hold him and lie under him, while his face expressed that he wasn't happy about

that, but that he couldn't help it … *and he was lost, anyway, no matter what I did.*

Being buried under his dying body, I still thought that I could manage to stay under him and support him for a while, if I kept focusing enough …

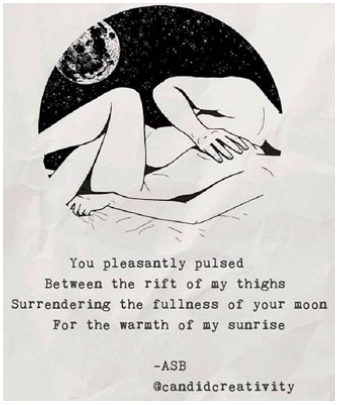
Somehow, what surrounded me was a place where I was a stranger …

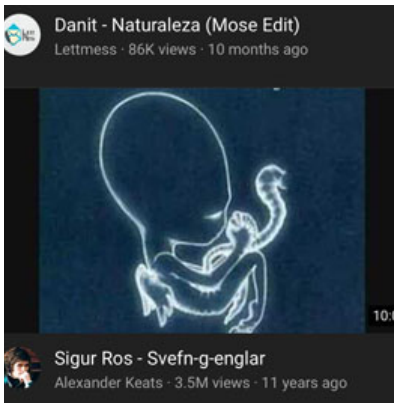
It was a very strange dream. It was like my subconscious interpreting what I must have really experienced, in the "beyond", maybe some kind of discussion with Bob …? In real life, I had loved his **big body** so much … and holding him, feeling his weight …

I didn't want to get up, though, but there was a **crackling** at the window! And it was entirely quiet otherwise. And it doesn't crackle usually. Only when I think I'm communicating with Bob … and after waking up, I certainly "talked" to him, and the crackling responded.

June 11, 2019 **– Comfort On the Concrete**

Amazing experiences - just through communication - with "C", my online-friend. She thinks about a certain song, and I send her links that totally feature that song! … she calls it "spooky". She has been having amazing experiences, energetically, spiritually, shared many of her stories … she is like me, 20 years ago. She is actually about that much younger.




Danit - Naturaleza (Mose Edit)
Lettmess · 86K views · 10 months ago
Sigur Ros - Svefn-g-englar
Alexander Keats · 3.5M views · 11 years ago

I had told "C" about a **tantric experience** with **Bob** many years ago, which connected us energetically so intensely, that it hasn't ever left us, that kind of "charge" that happened back then … and suddenly, the above image just "happened upon" "C" … she was stunned, too. And the picture of the woman with the **bird** … so interesting, I'd received a postcard so many years ago, from Werner R., who had been in my dream, recently, once … of a woman who looked like me (like this one, too), and who was holding a **pigeon** …

Today, walking along Wien river, discovered **the writing** "Nimm es nicht so schwer" right next to the many **"Bob"-writings on the bridge-railing!** It means "**Don't take it so hard**", meaning "Don't be so sad that it happened" … well, I wish.

I'm leaving for a **holiday** with Jacqui in **Mitterbach** at the Lake Erlauf, just for hiking, swimming, writing. But its incredibly hot, storms everywhere … so I hope we'll be lucky. But in any event, we must leave here for a while. I can't stand Vienna anymore.

June 11, 2019 **– Power Out!**

After an intense writing about Bob and messages (it had gotten dusk), I got up to **switch on** the light and – **the safety-switch dropped**, and the light-bulb of the ceiling light blew!

Wow. **No electricity** in the room. That's a first. I don't even know whatelse to say about this … I can't explain how startling and baffling and chicken-skin inducing it was … it was … as if I was, for a moment, kind of "included" in the world of the "invisibles". But I'm not.

June 12, 2019 **– Close to Passing Out**

Wow, the "power out" was such a foreboding. Trip to Mitterbach am Erlaufsee … **this was on the edge. I really thought I might die this time,** *and I fought for my life,* literally, because I was with Jacqui. My heart stung and hurt so badly, and my blood pressure seemed to zero, so that I was constantly about to pass out. I had to gather all my focus and strength to stay conscious … for hours. It started right on the way to the railway station … it was so very hot …

Already in the night before the trip I woke up **with heart-pain**, real pain, hard pain, but I ignored it away, moved a bit around Feldenkrais-Style and slept again.

It was totally hot, and I had a hard time carrying my backpack and a heavy bag with stuff for the dog to the public transport station, that's at a distance of an about ten minutes walk from where I live. The ride of the S-train was already tough, and I really didn't feel well. Then, at the Hütteldorf Railway Station, I barely made it onto the platform, and I had blurry vision, barely breath and then a system-breakdown.

I sank onto a bench and **felt passing out** … but there was my **dog**, and I couldn't do that to him. So I hung on and I moved in slow motion and sipped water and ate glucose candy… and I managed to not pass out. I considered cancelling. But then … I thought that I wouldn't make it back home, I was afraid I'd break down and die if I moved too fast. And the train to St. Pölten came. It was right next to me. So I managed to get in. I found a good spot to sit and stretch out in a part of the compartment that's meant for bicycles … but there was enough space.

I had the feeling of suffocating the entire time, being entirely nauseous and close to passing out, I kept feeling my consciousness … fade. Luckily I had a little bit of **hawthorn drops**, and I took some, but the alcohol didn't do well with me. I also had water and glucose. It was a struggle. I quickly ran out of the hawthorn, and I did breathing and focusing exercises the entire time. I was so weak, that I

felt how the saliva was getting thin, like it happens when you're close to vomiting.

I think I've never had such a struggle in my life.

In St. Pölten I made it out of the train and of the station … and just across the street, there is the start of a shopping mall … and I saw the signage of a pharmacy. I bought more Hawthorn drops and took them, but still, I barely could walk and breathe. It was so incredibly hot … I recovered a little, but the close-to-break-down-feeling came in waves.

I went onto the Mariazeller Bahn (for a 2-hours trainride!), and only because it was so cool in there and **I got the spot for the handicapped** and close to the SOS-button, I stayed on the train. I told the very nice female conductor, that I might become an emergency, and she told the train driver and they were prepared.

So I struggled against those waves of break-down for two hours, fighting to not pass out, because I had the feeling that if I did, I wouldn't wake up again … a **family** settled down around me, with a little child who insisted on chatting with me and crawling onto my side of the seats … and they distracted me some, but often I thought I'd have to tell them I'll faint and that they must help.

But I always pulled through. I seriously thought I'd die.

Interestingly: The conductor said *that she knew me and that I was riding that train often.* (?) But I had never been there before.

I was picked up by the **hostess**, and we went shopping, and the altitude and the climate helped me to recover.

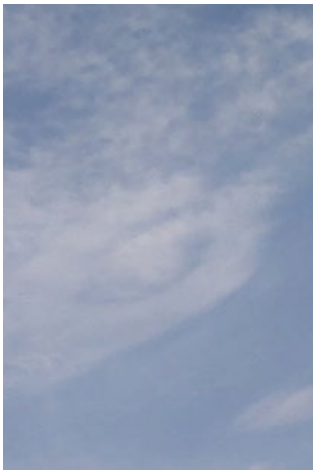
Wonderful air!

I suddenly realized: I had taken a **Johanniskraut-capsule** in the morning (St. John's Wort, *thought to calm down the heart)* but it also probably totally wrecked my the blood pressure, and many people are allergic to that plant. That could be the explanation. I sort of ruined myself in 35 degrees Celsius and desert climate.

And then … how often had I wished to be dead … and well, I had been coming very close to that, too. But one thing I realized … my heart, as much as it stings and hurts at times, must be quite strong, because to make it through this ordeal … congrats to myself. I did the heart-mudra all the time (pressing the thumb and the index and ring finger of the right (!) hand together) … and it did help, too.

I arrived at my vacation spot … and luckily the big meadows around there had just been mowed, it was wonderful for Jacqui!

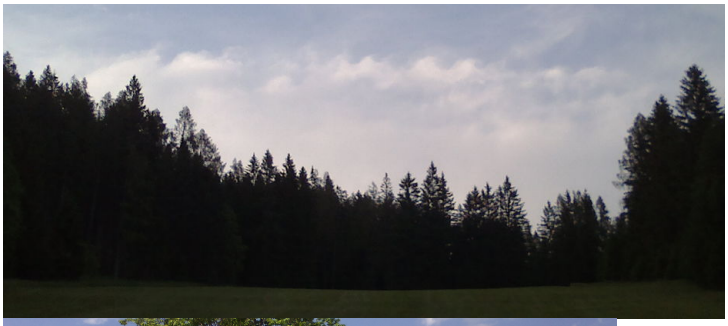
And during my first meadow-hike I saw an **eye**, right above the place where I was staying … a **cloud eye** …

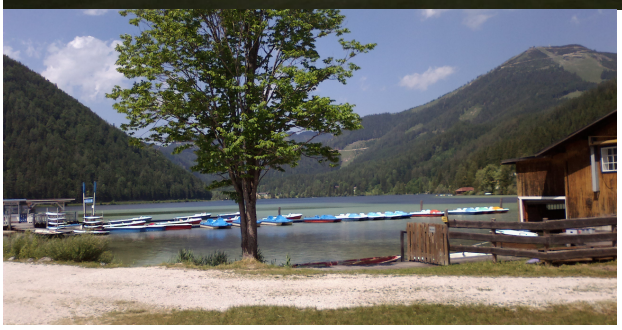


June 13, 2019 **– Honolulu in the Middle of Austria**

Slept wonderfully … amazing **cloud-messages** last evening!

Like "**puka lani**", in fish form and others … **waves**, like in the **ocean**, and a huge **penis**!





Today, we took a hike to **Lake Erlauf** – and went swimming! In **17 degrees Celsius**! And I was fine! If there would be a heart-problem, I'd be dead.

Walking through the forest I found a **huge stone**, and I got so sad again and told Bob that he **must** give me a message.

And a few minutes later, a **man** shows up (with his wife), in his sixties, and he wears a **T-Shirt** with vintage "**Honolulu**" writing on it and a row of surfboards! Weirdly: They said *that they knew me*

and that I was hiking there often! (?) Like the conductor on the train!

On the way back (J and I went *around the entire lake*) I met the man and the woman again …, and the man said "Aber jetzt sind Sie es!" meaning "But now you are ***you***" … which has a strange meaning, now that I think about it … and I walked on, and a few steps further, a **"mo'o" (lizard) sits right in front of my feet**!

And mo'o and Bob and Maui and me … that's a team and entirely meaningful. Plus I'm a mo'o, a dragon. So … yes, I guess I got messages.

Including things in the place where I'm staying …

Four **hearts** with the **pink roses** I've been sniffing on the wall … right under the image of a **horse**! A **photograph** of "**2002 Year of the Mountains**" on the wall (the year I met Bob), more pictures of **roses** and of a horse (of course, it's rural here, but still, all that speaks to me).

I spent time at the **tiny wood-cutter's hut** on the large meadow opposite the house and was so close to Bob … could swear his was there … and as I asked, there was a **crackling** in the garage container across the street … it was uncanny, indeed.

And in the garden - the most beautiful "**mo'o**" cradling a light …

The forest is full with **herbs** and **tiny pink roses** that have the most intense smell … and I've been obsessed with the scent of roses and sniffing them in Vienna, for the last months.

It's like "someone" telling me that they can also give me scents … and I haven't smelled anything like those tiny roses before … almost some unreal kind of scent …

Plus, altogether I saw three **snakes** in the last days, the same kind, with the yellow "ears", but one of them dead.

June 14, 2019

A hot day. Walked the wrong path today, but again made it to the lake, and J and I swam.

First I was *angry* at him, walking, because he wouldn't piss, or shit, or sniff, or show any interest in his surroundings as we were hiking. I was aggressive.

Later, I calmed down. He maybe doesn't want to bring the wild beasts on his track in a place that smells of wild animals and strange things. He did piss and shit in an area where we'd been yesterday.

Bob sent me the most wonderful **cloud**-formations … amazing playful images of double clouds, of sharks appearing out of nowhere …

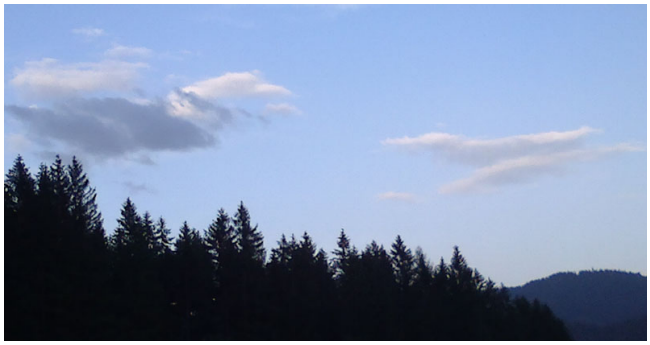
I shared apricots and the scent of flowers with him and the feeling of swimming.

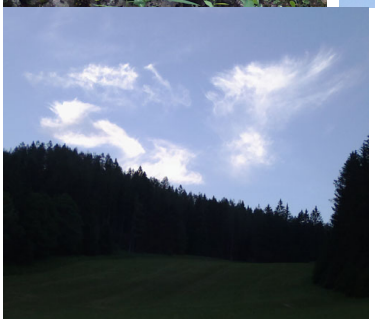
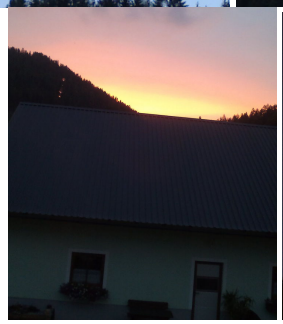
And all is horrible, because *I'm left alone in the mortal realm*, without Bob. I just feel so … down. Took a good look at my body. I'm old now.

In the water, though, I'm back on **Maui**, back being me, so full of hope and love, for Bob, the house, our plans, our future. It's all just unbelievable.

Last night I watched the **TV-series "Der Bergdoktor",** about a *singer with a brain tumor*. I was totally fine watching it. But I realized that Bob had made a *conscious* decision to not do anything against his condition … yet, he did tell me. In his way, he did tell me that something was wrong a long time ago. And I noticed years back that he was changing, his voice, his strength, and I never spoke to him about it to not put him off or offend him. I'm not better than his family who didn't talk to him about looking half-dead when they saw him last, exactly a year ago. Joyce said, they didn't say anything because they were all so "polite". So they let a dying man leave and yet they had the chance to save him.

Fuck it all.



June 16, 2019:
It's wonderful to not wake up or go to bed in Vienna.

Other guests arrived … with an interesting car license plate number. I don't socialize … I hike, swim, and in my room I read, write and watch TV, … incredible crap what's on TV.

June 17, 2019 – **Bob and Jo in the Forest Hut**
Amazing "meeting" with Bob today, along a **path** that I had walked before, but I hadn't realized that a **small hut** contained "messages" …

It was kind of uncanny, looking around and slowly "seeing" … A **drawing** of "Bob" in profile, below penis and balls and next to it: "**Jo … Da**". Yes, that's me. (*Note: I just realize that Bob had told the medium Dr. A. about my ability to draw …*)

("JO … DA": That's me, Jo Danieli.)

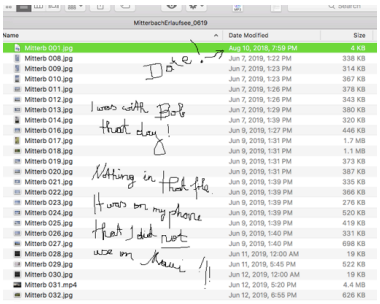
Breathtakingly baffling. ***So I had to end up here to see this?! To see Bob!? Look at the profiles, that IS BOB!*** I had a lot of "closeness" with Bob … beside periods of utter disbelief that he is gone.

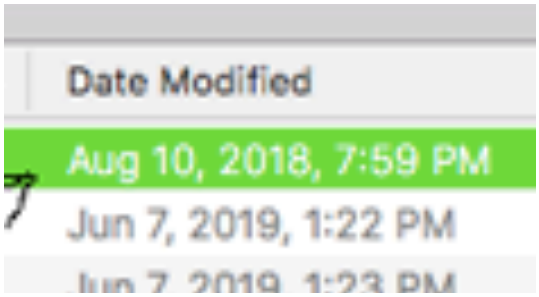
June 18, 2019 – **Stairway to Heaven**

Return trip from my holiday … the train ride back was actually nice, with wonderful views of the landscape … I realized that the name of the special train that goes through that area is called "Himmelstreppe", "**Stairway to Heaven**".

View of the **Ötscher**-mountain, from the train … with penis-head …

Weirdness: In the evening, I got my **pictures** out of my phone at the callshop, of my holiday. They start at June 9, but I had always erased all pictures out of my phone when I had taken any. But in the list of photos is **one "jpg"** that barely has any size, just 4kb, and it can't be opened, and **it's from August 10, 2018!** *That day I was with Bob on Maui*. And I did *not use my phone* on Maui!





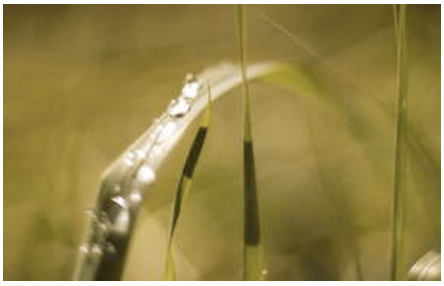
I told the computer when importing the pics to name all "Mitterb", so that I could later detail-name them easier, so that one also is named accordingly, "Mitterb 001.jpg"

So that's *some* ***weird tech-thing*** … that I actually like.

Aside from the blown light and FI after my intense writing about Bob right before I left.

June 18, 2019

Before leaving Mitterbach, I saw a **sparkle** in the middle of the large meadow, like a diamond. And I walked right toward it. There, in the late morning sun, was **one single drop of dew or water**, and it had attracted me from far away. I was really telling. I felt Bob so closely. Also, later I realized that it's just like the sparkling heart in the heart that I had found and that *sparkled at me for no reason before I left for my holiday.*



Then, back in Vienna, as I walked towards the callshop, when I saw **a guitar pick** … just as I was thinking "Well, Bob about time you got in contact again". And I picked it up, and it read "**firestone".**

I had to smile. And I thought to myself and to Bob, that I take this as that he is working full throttle on our goals. Right now. Because I'm very very sad.

(Note: And here is something absolutely amazing, as I'm taking you right now into the future, I'm re-editing this for layout for the first draft, and it's February 23, 2020 … Here it is:)

February 23, 2020 – ***Return of the Sparkle in the Meadow***

Wow! Baffling "deja-vu": The sparkle in the meadow that I had written about and that I had just reviewed yesterday … the June-18-2019-entry!

In "Grey's Anatomy", season 5, episode 17, "Meredith" says to desperate "Derek": "I'm not bailing, we're in this together." Oh, yes, that's exactly what Bob said to me, literally. And yes, I know, a gazillion people have said that before, but … here it comes: "Derek" then hits the diamond engagement ring he had intended to give to "Meredith" with a baseball bat, and it lands somewhere in the meadow … and that's exactly what I've seen, last year, in the meadow, at Mitterbach … wow!

There are no (!) odds that all this comes together "by chance", because there are no odds that I'm writing about that diamond sparkle in the meadow and that it was so special, and the next day I watch an episode of a TV-series that I meant to quit many times but keep watching and that's where in a meadow, an actual diamond sparkles! There was no way for me to know this! Bob is telling me that he "sees" what I'm doing and that "time" doesn't exist where he now is … in that dimension. He is right here. Right here.

June 18, 2019

I also realized that the host (husband of hostess Erika) at the pension at Mitterbach was very similar to Bob, with his chronic sinus-problems and the suppressed anger, as his wife had told me.

June 19, 2019 **– "All For Activity"**

Today I had a realization about the **number 4**. It's actually a "**for**".

Bobs key to certain passwords was "Aloha 4 Theme", like "Aloha4Paypal". So today I found a **card** on the ground that read (photo) "4 Activity". Suddenly I realized the "Aloha4Activity", and that's an encouragement.

"C" sent me a picture of this beautiful **purple** plant … one of Bob's favorite colors, aside from "teal" … turns out that those are "C"'s favorite colors, too!

June 20, 2019
Another "**Aloha-Hawaii"-T-shirt** on a man facing me at a tramway station.

Walk on **Danube Island** … I asked Bob to "talk to me", very much stricken by the gravity of loss … and I told him what the Bockshornklee-plant looks like, "**Fenugreek**", a famous spice, but also an immensely powerful healing plant … which we were using on Maui as part of Bob's "routine" as a treatment … *and I asked again for a sign* …

So first, a cloud curled right in front of me, and **mimicking** the **Fenugreek**-seeds I had shown to Bob! (*Note: Turned out, that what I had thought was "Fenugreek", was actually "Luzerne", Medicago Sativa, the sprouts known as "Alfalfa", and it was that plant that had been on my mind, for weeks … I did bring real Fenugreek to Bob, though, and the plant grows on Danube Island too …*)

Then we met a group of people and dogs, and one dog was a white Retriever, and when the owner called him, his name was … "**Maoli**". Maoli (a Polynesian word) is the name of the advanced human society in my scifi-trilogy "Regents of Clouds", **the most advanced are the "regents of clouds"**! WHAT ARE THE ODDS? That's Bob's doing.

Then, *on the train*, a man sat down opposite me, with a huge **wart** (not a mole) on his cheek! I mean, a wart! That really points at Bob.

Later, back home, during a very tired spell where I asked Bob to talk to me, I realized that I was imagining things, in my dream state, although strange things came to my mind, no idea how they belong together …
… and suddenly **half a face** emerged from all of it, like real picture, very calm and quiet of a different "thought"-quality than the other inner images. A very stiff lipped pale man's face, from the nose down, and it resembled Bob, lips tightly closed. Strange, too.

Also, tonight I **dreamed** of being somewhere at an **ocean shore**, many people, tourists, very reckless, and I had some kind of **red bag** that I forgot on the beach, while I left to do … something. Don't know what. But when I got back, the bag was gone … and I realized that there must have been

some **big wave** or a flooding, but I also realized that people must have seen my bag, and nobody had cared to rescue it. Suddenly I saw it *in a lagoon-like puddle*, and I reached for it but didn't pull it out … like *I was afraid of finding it empty.* Which, of course, I would. Half my red glasses case was in the ocean too …

Now, that I think about it, it just came to my mind, that in my first year with Bob, we went to swim at Baldwin Beach, one of our first times, ever, and I went into the ocean too fast and careless, with my glasses on, and a not too big wave took my glasses off my face, and I never found them again.

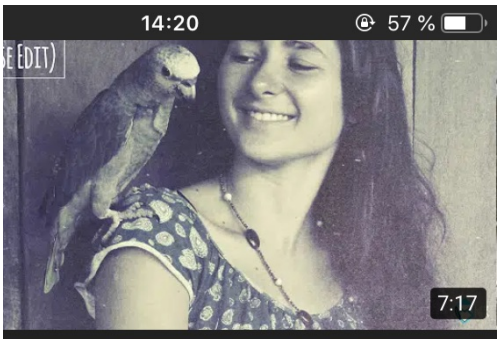
Bob and I talked about that often.

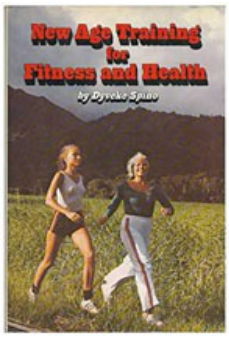
So I grabbed the half red glasses case from the puddle, but not the bag … I was so afraid of the agony of realizing having lost keys and money and all.

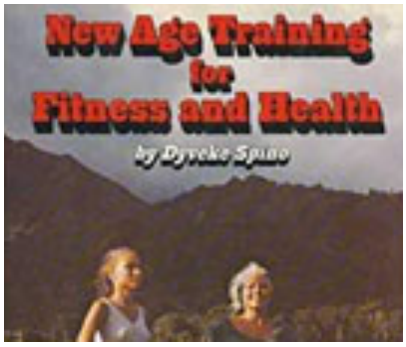
I miss Maui and Bob and our life there so much.

June 21, 2019

I also realized … looking at the image "C" had sent me recently, of the woman with the bird on her shoulder … that it made me think of a woman I had met long time ago, Dyveke Spino. She had been one of the first authors to write about the connectedness of physical fitness and spiritual attitude. She had told me about her daughter who had died in an accident.







Her first name means "little dove". And she was a major aspect of my work on my book "We Creators of the World", before I even knew Bob. I actually met her on Kauai, where she was a guest at the same place where I had rented a room, and she had told me about her daughter's death … and she said, when I said that I was "finishing my book": "Your book will tell you when it's done, and it's not".

She was right. It isn't to this day. She must be dead, was already elderly, about 20 years ago. So … maybe it's a greeting from her, a picture that *makes me think of her?*

June 21, 2019 **– Movie-character on the Dog Meadow**

On the dog-meadow I met a woman with two kids, a girl and a boy, lovely and a Peruvian nude dog named "Wauzi". She told me about the *Inka* having used those dogs, an original breed. So "Inka" appeared in my life for the second time recently. (After the man whose dead's partners nickname was "Inka".)

And then she called her daughter, whose name is "**Cosima**". And that while I'm working on the character "**Cosima's" story** in "Regents of Clouds", being in the process of finalizing it. Just today I

thought about how I would construct the sequel, and it's going to be Cosima's continued story. I mean … how many people are named *Cosima*? And I met one, today.

There.

Read about a movie "**The Dead Don't Die**", a zombie-movie, but a main protagonist is "**Hermit Bob**", a gentle soul who thought "the world is a fucked up place". Oh no shit. That would be Bob.

THE DEAD DON'T DIE

NOTE: This spoiler was submitted by Samantha

In a small town called Centreville two police officers – Chief Cliff Robertson (Bill Murray), and Officer Ronnie Petersen (Adam Driver) – are responding to a call about a stolen chicken. Farmer Frank Miller (Steve Buscemi) reported the missing chicken and his belief that Hermit Bob (Tom Waits) is the thief. Officers Cliff and Ronnie confront Hermit Bob in the forest he lives in. Bob shoots a warning shot at the officers to leave him be.

noviespoiler.com/movies/the-dead-dont-die/

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the cemetery in Ronnie's small Smart car, easily maneuvering to avoid the zombies in the street. The zombies begin to move away from the parole car when a UFO arrives. Zelda is beamed up, and the UFO flies away. Cliff remarks that he always thought Zelda was weird. The two remaining officers decide that if they are going to die, they should do so fighting. They get out of the car and begin killing the zombies together. Hermit Bob watches the officers fight and comments that with everyone being obsessed over things, people have lost their souls for gold. Ronnie and Cliff are overwhelmed by the zombies, and Hermit Bob remarks that it's a "fucked up world."

June 22, 2019 – **Brown Bear**

Walk along Wien-river … talking to Bob … it's a horrible day today, felt catapulted to Pukalani Foodland while shopping at Spar, and it was very very bad … feeling so lost and desperate and can't believe the reality …

I stubbed my toe, almost fell, and I cursed … said to Bob, what does he want, so I looked at the sky to see cloud-messages, but nothing … but a few steps ahead, suddenly there was a **sticker** on the rocky ground, a big one, with a **brown bear**! And it has been Bob's and my running gag that – in a previous life ***I'd been a waitress in a cafe named "Brown Bear" in Montana.***

Weirdly, a cafe of that name has opened in my neighborhood a few years ago …

So why and how does a **brown-bear-sticker** get onto the ground next to a riverbed? When I'm walking there?

Also found a **silver ball** (like a Xmas-Deco) before the walk …

June 22, 2019

The man's face:

Today, walking back from Wien river, after visiting the Ferdinand-Wolf-dog-park, I saw a **white-haired man** sitting on a **bench** at a distance. He was alone … and when I spotted him, my heart skipped a little bit, because he so much reminded me of Bob.

So I barely dared to walk closer … there was nobody around … and there it was! He looked over, and it was *Bob looking at me!* His face was so so ***so similar***, as if he had just put on a mask being Bob. As I walked on, took a little detour to not pass right by him but at a few meters distance, so that I could look at him again. He was really similar, but still different, too. His expression, though, was strange. Like … distant. Not friendly, not grumpy, he simply gazed at me … like a man who knows he is old but doesn't want to be treated like an old man. So I wasn't supposed to greet him, because I wouldn't greet a younger man.

But that moment, when he looked over to me, just when I wanted him to, he had **Bob's face.**

And the interesting thing is that I had talked out loud before that, while walking, how ***I need to see Bob's face***, hear his voice, feel him, walking there … not him just being a fucking spirit.

And then there was that man on a bench, like ordered … very strange. Bob wouldn't just give me an *apparition* (because I keep asking him to not spook me or Jacqui), but a real man who looks similar, that's a possibility! A real face, that's what I got. Just not the real Bob.

Böhme's correspondences in "Aurora" of the seven qualities, planets and humoral-elemental asso

- 1. Dry - Saturn - melancholy, power of death;
- 2. Sweet - Jupiter - sanguine, gentle source of life;
- 3. Bitter - Mars - choleric, destructive source of life;
- 4. Fire - Sun/Moon - night/day; evil/good; sin/virtue; Moon, later = phlegmatic, watery;
- 5. Love - Venus - love of life, spiritual rebirth;
- 6. Sound - Mercury - keen spirit, illumination, expression;
- 7. Corpus - Earth - totality of forces awaiting rebirth.

I also stumbled across some interesting info (about Jacob Böhme), and there was the number "**4**" again – and it **unites the sun and the moon!**

June 23, 2019 **– Brown Horsie, Moondog & his Penis**

Maybe I should give up wanting anything in filmmaking … that's my day's feeling.

A bad day, emotionally. Although I had a sort of **nice dream** … but very complicated. Including a man who was some kind of **superior** or unapproachable man, who I got close to, anyway, somehow being some kind of guest or renting party in his house or business, ducking into my little cove/bed to get out of his way and the way of some woman there … but he kept approaching me and having interest in me, and I discovered that and began to play … and at some point he wanted to say to me that he was interested in me … and then something strange happened … *I tried out in my dream what he should say*, sort of realizing that I was the one *making up that story* … so he said "I'd really like to fuck you", and I said "No, can't say that because it's not true, he is in love with me and I with him" so I changed it – and tried it out myself in the dream, as if he had said to me rather – "I would like to sleep with you", but *I said that to myself* ! That it sounded weird, so he said "I'd like to be with you", and it was a very interesting and exciting situation because he was so out of my league, really, but we were getting together, and in our minds we were together already …

… as I'm writing this I'm finding that it's quite the meaningful dream …

… and we sort of had to hide our blooming relationship, but I enjoyed so much being observed by him and his **awareness** of my **existence** … it was wonderful …

And then the setting changed, and *he disappeared*, but I suddenly was **outdoors**, on some **meadow** facing some huge **mechanical thing**, like a **spaceship** or an **engine** or some **ship** … and a man came, a *scientist, in a wheelchair*, to deal with that thing, he came with his (male?) **assistant**, and he asked me to deal with that thing and make it work. And I said "Wow, you think I can do that, because I don't know", and he said "**Of course you can, just do it**". And I went to it … and it was huge and like iron or steel … and I woke up.

Today I went with J in the forest … and in the evening, back home, I felt very lost.

And at the corner of the street where I live **I found a brown toy plush horse**! At first, I thought it was a bear – and I had found the brown bear sticker yesterday! – but it was a horsie. Like Bob was a horsie. And *I wanted to keep it,* but I felt sorry for the **child** who had lost it, and I picked it up from the street and *put it on a window-sill.* When I walked by there later, it was gone.

The toy horse looked like this one … Still, I saw it as a message … wish I had taken a picture, but it didn't occur to me.

I went to the callshop to watch … ended up zapping through "**Beach Bum**" (with Matthew McConaughey), whose name is "**Moondog**", and I ended up at the one scene, towards the end, where *the Bum reads a poem to an audience,* and it's about his – **penis**! His *penis*! It's a about *writing*, and "Moondog" **screwing up his own talents and boycotting himself** all the time, and his partner **dies**, but he realizes too late **that he really loves her** … brr!

If that's not Bob talking! He said something like that at 3 am he came home from a club in Havanna and *looked at his penis adoringly, because it had been in a woman* ("you") twice that day, *"and that made me feel beautiful".*

That's actually very wonderful. And it's about Bob's wonderful penis who was in such a horrible condition with the huge tumor on it, but in the end, the tumor withdrew and the penis came out under it healthy (and that's reality, not the movie and not my imagination, because I have the photographs).

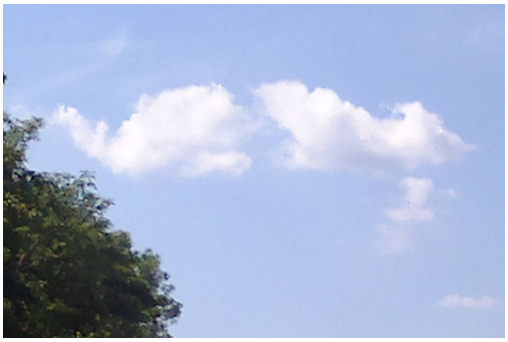
June 23, 2019

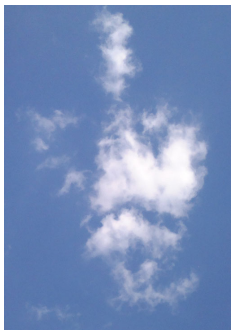
Also … I found a picture in some online-magazine that perfectly reflects my beloved Pukalani. I saw a picture of the Irish pub "Mulligan's" yesterday, and everything inside of me broke down. (*Note: Editing this in January 2020, I'm not much further in terms of grief, although I've learned a lot about the continuous life after physical death …)*

"C" told me that she also still often feels like shit, because of her father's death and missing him … and she has been having amazing experiences of serendipity involving her girlfriend in LA, me and herself and – doves, right after I had told her about Dyveke Spino.

June 24, 2019

Walk along Wien river … and again, **clouds**, speaking to me …





The text is from “C”, she said it had just crossed her path … and it’s very … confusing, only the last sentence rings clearly:

> **flowsofly** And that’s my eternal struggle with time: that I don’t want to miss it and regret it, that moment, letting it pass by to somewhere I can never go, the past, deliberately passive despite knowing that this might be the chance, for I have seen life end abruptly, but I can’t just take everything always as it is, as I could have it now, for meaning takes time to develop, so I must not rush it to let it grow beyond imagination, beyond expectation, and realize when ephemeral temptation tips into true meaning, when time is ripe I shall have my senses perceptive, listening to the moment, embracing the magic of life.

June 25, 2019

Dream … of Bob and me cleaning up a house, I was packing stuff of my former life with Bob, like some wooden item (now reminds me of “Kaweli”, our project) … and also I found a *photograph of Bob*, of his younger years, handsome, sweet, funny, the way I met him. (All that’s happening in the dream.) He was cheerful while swirling around and packing, but I broke out crying, and it even felt like I had to try crying, I was so sad, but couldn’t express it properly, *so I cried as hard as I could to show Bob how sad I was* … and Bob came to join me, and I asked him “But aren’t you sad … ***I know that you’re dead*** and all, but isn’t that horrible for you, too?”

So I was in my dream *aware that I was dealing with a spirit*, it was such a strange mix of lucidity and just dreaming … but I had totally **asked Bob** *before going to sleep to meet me on the other side and explain himself to me*. So his reaction to my question was, that, he, smiling and cheerful, came to me looking at the photograph I showed him of himself, and he was like almost shrugging his shoulders, still smiling, but in a way helpless and at a loss of what he was supposed to say. It was like *“No, I’m not really sad, I’m right here, so …”*

Was that really you, meeting me, Bob? Before sleeping I had read Pim van Lommel’s excerpt from his book where he explains that life isn’t over with death, it goes on, but without a material body.

Also in that dream, I think before that, I was sort of **skiing** along very steep **slopes**, but *sideways*, *like in other dreams before* … can’t remember exactly, but other people were there, too, I think, two men, but not Bob.

I woke up with some kind of *cheerful* feeling, too … it really felt like I had met Bob. But***: I did have a hard time waking up,*** like I wasn’t free yet to get back to mortal conscious being.

It’s very cool.

Found those two together! (see also June 28)

June 26, 2019, Wednesday

I had such an intense feeling of **Bob's presence** last evening … that I was *flooded* with memories and so "real" impressions, as if he'd appear out of the thin air any moment. And I felt like "beaming" back to Maui all the time, seeing myself in all my beloved places in Pukalani … and seeing them from my point of view, too.

My **dream** … was intense, but can't remember.

I keep telling Bob, these days, that I don't set him free and don't release him to do his stuff in his realm, because he **owes** me as he promised to work with me and I insist.

I did have the impression, somehow, that I was supposed to work "film" with my means. I can't count on Bob anymore, fact, but I can do certain things on my own. I might have to finish my film. I could make other films …

Yesterday, doing correction work, I came across two people who were called "filmmakers", only for doing their own videos while doing sports … !

So just an hour ago, in scorching heat (31 in the shade, just like in Maui-times … oh, I miss Maui so much) … I stepped outside to go shopping. And I talked to Bob just then, asking him silently "So is it that you're telling me to move forward with my own means? Is that what you want me to do?" He had bought me the **laptop** I'm working on, with an updated Media100-editing-program and other utilities, so that, said he "you can do real editing".

So as soon as I had asked that question***, a man came across the street and towards me***, he was slightly staggering, looked like some homeless foreigner … and on his t-shirt it was written:

"UNLOCK THE REAL
ALOHA HAWAII"

What are the odds? None. It was Bobs way of really communicating with me. Right?

Now, what am I supposed to unlock, Bob? Maui, Hawaii, that was all about you. Ever since I met you, I didn't have any other interest than being close to you and working and living with you. It breaks my heart only thinking of Maui and how it is empty of you. I feel so broken. And each of these messages … they, in a way, break me more.

I thought, after the "unlock the real aloha Hawaii"-message, that I was ten years younger than Bob, and when he had been my age, he had totally thrown me out of his life. But I had kept coming back, and we'd have a wonderful time, everytime I came back to Hawaii.

Then, after my last stay, 2014, I didn't trust anymore that he wanted me around. That's when he really did, I think. But I was already damaged … and things happened to keep us apart.

And now Bob is dead.

That's unbelievable.

Last night, I did read in "The Road I Know", in more detail than just flying through, and there is amazing detailed experience of what the "life beyond" is like. It's quite baffling.

June 28, 2019 **– The Symbol Revealed**

Okay! This is some kind of **stepping stone** at a new **wooden bridge** on "**Red Mountain**", over a narrow swampy area … and it's the same symbol that I've found the other day, together with the paper bird … it's the symbol of a "**pathfinder**" group! Boy and girl scouts!
Kind of interesting … the combination of symbolism, pathfinder, stepping stone, bridge and me *finding* it all …

June 29, 2019 **– Meeting With Bob**

My brother Peter would be 53 years old today, hadn't he died in 1993.

And some **amazing encounter** happened, today.

I have been talking to Bob about him having been weird, and asking whether or not he'd had a mental problem … his constant *weird* behavior, his shyness and way of withdrawing, his angry breakouts … I miss him so much, that sometimes I think I can't stand it. I keep telling him that I want him to ***show himself to me***, if he is really around … I keep seeing him, in his **turquoise swim trunks**, a bit dorky, so tall, so quiet, so shy … on the beach …

So this morning … I walked my dog, barely anyone out and about, and after a few minutes, next to the "Reinl park", **I saw Bob standing across the street**, smiling, ***waiting for me, looking straight at me*** … **the turquoise swim trunks**, a t-shirt with print, very tall, like Bob (Bob was 1,90m), the kind of body hair that is somehow blond, but dense, long arms, carrying some kind of bag … *exactly Bob*. I first thought, wow, maybe I'm hallucinating. The man stood there in such a strange way, looking at him, *even looking kind of lost and out of place …*

And he moved a bit weirdly, when he noticed that I hesitated and gawked at him … like he was really waiting up for me but felt embarrassed about it … and I did walk closer, because it was my usual morning-route for walking the dog. And the closer I got, I saw he had bright **blue eyes**, like Bob, and his **teeth** where perfect and pearly … I had always loved Bob's teeth, that had been a little crooked, but so healthy … and also in the past days I'd often thought about how horrible it must have been for Bob loosing that tooth, exactly one year ago … He'd always been so much into aesthetics.

So I met that man, Bob's twin, with all the features that matter to me so much, how tall and strong he had been … even the turquois trunks were there, the loose t-shirt, the slightly dorky way of moving **… it was Bob**!! It was like a mirror image, and I wasn't sure, at first, if that could be real. His hair … so dense and long like Bob's, but that man wore it in a ponytail … like I had always wanted Bob to do! So I glared at the man, and he glared at me … nobody else was around, and I thought that maybe I'd wake up now …

Something was slightly off about the man, though, just his hesitant behavior, but my dog didn't warn me, so I thought it was okay – when the man stepped towards me, just as I was about to walk by him. It was so strange to look up to him to exactly they height Bob had been … I was breathless, in a way. And he started talking, in perfect, **educated** Austrian German … he had beautiful manicured hands, *but he was obviously having mental problems, because he sounded weird.* A little manic. He asked me if I knew where **a public toilet** was … I knew there wasn't one in the area … but see, even the toilet-theme, Bob had been all about his digestion for a lot of time! *It was such a weird, odd manifestation!* So the man was explaining himself, repeating that he was looking for a toilet, and he had known one, in the area, but it had been taken down, and he was babbling a bit about … how he had been at another park and about the subway station that was closed (which was true, as I know) … and he sounded like on drugs or some psycho-tabs … *but he was perfectly nice and polite* … and I

must have glared at him.

It sounds like a made-up-story to me, as I think about it and listen to myself, but it was real!

And: Bob had had a skin condition, **psoriasis**, also an his face. And that **man had that too!** While talking to me he kept touching his forehead with *peeling skin* … appearing self-conscious about it … and I thought, "**How can that be, that's Bob's twin** …"

His face didn't exactly look like Bob's face, of course not, because it wasn't Bob (hahaha) … but *how in the world does a man like that get into my path!?* Those details are just … too many!

I said sorry I didn't know about a toilet, and we both moved on at the same time, in opposite directions. I was very muddled … and then it came to my mind where a public toilet was, nearby … and as I was thinking that I wish I could have chatted more and looked more, **I walked around a corner, and I met him again**! This time I realized even more, how similar he was, truly just like Bob … so we chatted again, briefly, and he said that he had come out of the forest, the "Wiener Wald", Lower Austria, and that he was looking forward to going back there again, and that he wasn't going to look for that toilet I suggested but would just to straight north and wait for the city of Vienna to be finished and him back in nature … He said something about *going one direction* and *not wanting to change.* Okay, I said, fair enough. And as he walked away, even the gait … those long long legs … just like Bob. Everything!

With experiences like that … it's often a little bit like dreaming or … one feels a bit numb afterwards, because it's just somehow surreal.

It's called "evidential" in the "world" of spiritists and mediums, when a "message" contains so many details that totally relate to a deceased person, it's **proof** that it's them who are **communicating**. And that kind of person, that man, was a living and walking evidential. It's like **Bob sent someone my way for me to "see him",** because I can't see his discarnate version …

It's not like I was *trying* to see things in that man that weren't really there or that similar. On the contrary. I'm always the doubter … and that man was Bob's **twin**, all the way to his kind of noble and gentle and polite demeanor, although he was struggling to keep himself in check with that kind of mental thing going on. The turquoise swim trunks. That man wore turquoise **swim trunks**, and I have never seen Bob without them ever once, when we were on the beach! It's Bob's signature. I'd recognize him from far away by his trunks and his tall stature! And that man, standing there, in his turquoise trunks, so tall, waiting for me … it was like a dream come true. But then … brutally the contrary. Bob is dead.

And here it is: I've been thinking about moving to Lower Austria for days now. And just last night I was going to check apartment-ads online, but then chose to read more of "The Road I Know" … So it feels like "message" on many levels. It's not like I'm supposed to move to Lower Austria. It's more like Bob is telling me that he is "listening".

There was something else, interesting, that happened yesterday.

I had seen a **young man with a dog** in a dog park the day before yesterday, and those two were new, I hadn't ever seen them there before. We had a strange extended exchange of glances … as we greeted each other. He is also that tall (like Bob had been), and his dog's name is "Luna" (like many dogs are named, but it also has a Hawaiian meaning) … so I kept thinking that it would be interesting to find out more about him, and I noticed his many tattoos …

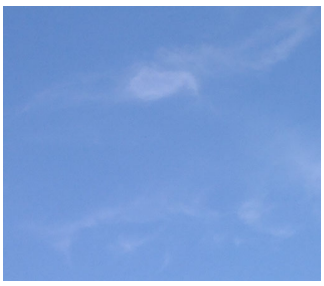
So yesterday afternoon, I went to the dog park at a very unusual time, and I met a friend, Evi, chatted with her … and that young man came by again! His dog, Luna, immediately came to Evi and me, and he also came closer. When he came to fetch his dog, I saw that a washing machine was tattooed on his arm, so I asked "Is that a washing machine?" He then explained his tattoos to me and Evi, they featured his life's story, so far, and all the things he'd done professionally, from writer over mechanic to fitness trainer … wow, that was unusual and interesting. It was exactly like me! I had done so many things … but just recently I had decided that I was going to stick with film-writing and maybe -making, because that's what I want to do. So I asked him where he was heading and what else he was going to add to his resumee on his body, and he said, no, he thinks he has arrived and will stick to his profession now, which is fitness-trainer.

So, I do believe that **messages** do come in the form of people, too. Messages from … anywhere. From me to me, for example.

Wow. So Bob is around. Okay. But as a spirit. And how does that exactly help me as a mortal, who has lost her partner and home and projects and all? I couldn't eat so much like I'd want to vomit … as the saying goes.

June 29, 2019

On **Danube island**, swimming with Jacqui, I saw the weirdest **cloud**, like a definite **eye**, and it wouldn't go away … and it ended up attached to some kind of **"long-limbed" creature** …



I did manage yesterday to *clean up my MacBook*, something I had seen Bob do all the time, but never dared to … I've got no choice now.

I really can barely thinking of anything else than wanting to join Bob …

Just saw a poster of the movie "*The other side of heaven*" (part 2), incidentally, I had just minutes before I had opened the internet thought about a movie that I hadn't seen but was dealing with a boy who had "gone to heaven" (in terms of a near-death-experience) … and that I wanted to see the film. That's not the one, though … but it's a film about missionaries! The only other film about missionaries I know is my own. Bob was very proud of our Owhyhee-series, in the end. I might have to do something with it … maybe share the links with some puritan/protestant communities? Also, Bob liked the actor Christopher Gorham a lot, who plays the missionary, and so do I.

The **poster** of the film is really devastating … a grave on a beach, the sunset, palmtrees …

I had sent the links of our Hawaii-docu-series to Ines too, and all she wrote, as a response, was "Thanks, someone may be interested in such stuff". What a fucking *sshole. I wish her long and horrible suffering … she is one of the people who think they are so "spiritual", but they are all fake. I'll never forgive her for her behavior in 2014, when she said she didn't want to stay in contact because it was too much effort for her to write emails with me, when she was already writing with other friends … and that after I had helped her out so much with her "business" … But she is one of the asshole people who just have all the luck. That kind of cold ignorance was also very hard for Bob to bear.

I still kind of anticipate to fly to Maui and meet Bob there and stay with him, and we'll laugh, and swim, and walk and work … and be happy that we have each other. Like we used to. But all that is broken and gone.

I've been having weird **dreams** …

… last night, for example, about **driving** my car **across a hill** (with a curve, a setting that I know from other dreams years ago!) … and Rudi (my first boyfriend!) jumped right in front of the car and fell, and I almost ran him over … and then, when he saw who was sitting inside the car, he was baffled … and so was I.

I almost connected with Rudi (in real life) via SMS, but the texting didn't work, several times, when I wanted to send it off, until I realized that I had written the message into the address-field! So I guess … no contacting.

In some other **dream** I was taken by some queen or high ranking women to some **palace** to the ruling king or president or something … in a strange place, may have been an island, but also there was cold and snow and dunes … and I was supposed to *retrieve or deliver* something, but couldn't get to it. I want to say it had something to do with a *scarf* or a jacket … but not sure.

I was around with that mature woman, who wanted to *introduce me to those very fancy people,* and I was so admired by all kinds of other people … actually, in a hotel, that somehow was adjacent to the palace, and that hotel also resembled one that I had been at in other dreams. It also included riding in a very fancy car, I think … not sure.

June 29, 2019

Today I found a **lighter** with feathers printed on it (design; and I found the cigarettes, too). So I was wondering what's about the feathers … no idea.

(*Note: Interestingly, today, as I'm editing this in January 2020, I had just re-discovered the package of cigarettes in the background of the lighter, among my stuff, in a box … but before the editing*!)

Tonight I decided to by a **membership** of **ISA**, International Screenwriters Association, it's 100 dollars for a year … so I did that and then pitched the shit out of my stuff, as there are several industry pros with big budgets looking for material. Now, that I'm finished, I realize that the logo of the ISA has a **feather**! Oh well.

I was actually pondering upon that in the morning already, subscribing or not. So was the feather-lighter a hint that it would be a good idea?

June 30, 2019

I woke up with a very *strange sore feeling* on my lower **lip**, like someone was burning a line into it with a laser cutter! So strange! I didn't completely wake up …

I have been having weird sensations, on my cheek, my leg, my shoulder … and I've been addressing them, in case it's an attempt *to touch me*, to get a frequency to reach me, and feedback is important.

July 1, 2019

Can't believe, it's July. This time last year I was supposed to be with Bob … and he would have been so well, but no, he had to choose again against me and visit his family instead of sticking to our

plan of me visiting from June on …

Had a **dream** that involved *both* of my **grandmothers**, Maria and Johanna, tonight. I have been thinking of them, realizing that they are "out there" too. It was also about some kind of business center with high **towers**, where I was dealing with a nice man, who had to go get something or I don't know why he left the customer area. It had to do with the fact that Sigi (!) and I were there (felt like Las Vegas) to rent a car, and while I was taking care of paperwork, Sigi took off with the car and with **two husky dogs** (I know them in real life, Kira and Shadow, Thomas Fantal's dogs of 2014/2015) … and he was back together with his **junkie** friends, a woman, in particular. That nice man wanted to help me, and because that kind of business center was closing, I snuck into a room to wait, and there, somehow I had that man's information about his car registration, and somehow that's how I managed to call Sigi … I tried to speak with an altered voice and called myself "Mariella", but I couldn't bring out the words.

I think I woke up briefly, and then I suddenly was with me grandmother Johanna, who at the same time was my grandmother Maria, and I was at her place, close to a very v**ery steep road**, that was covered with some orange sand material, right next to a cliff. I told my grandma about Sigi, and she – while she insisted on brushing my hair (?) – said that finally she could admit it that she never liked him or trusted him.

I just recall how often I had actually dreamed of my other grandmother, Maria, and her home in the forest that was such a refuge to me, until she also disappointed my trust so bitterly (I wrote a filmscript about that, "The Polandish") … but very often, in dreams, I'd walk to Völkermarkt, searching for my grandmother …

Just this minute I have such a longing for the "beyond" …

Anyway. The dream went on, I left my grandmother and walked out on the very very steep windy road, and *somehow I had to drive* (seems like I could have used a car, if I had wanted to) *upwards*, but instead, *I walked downwards*, next to that road, with those weird slurs of **fine orange sand** … like sandpaper …

And I walked onto that road, steeply upwards, now, and I realized that I was **sliding back**, *there was no way to walk upwards*, my feet wouldn't have any grip and I kept sliding back. And I saw how very steep that road was … so I thought that I did need a vehicle and back up, get some momentum, and then I'd have a chance, but not like that, struggling barefoot. So weird … I think I got into the car and tried to drive upwards using the momentum of driving a curve … but it's blurry.

July 1, 2019

Thunderstorm on Danube island. I swam with Jacqui, we rested in the shadow, then walked a bit, swam again, and twice I saw, *while swimming,* a **log of wood**, that was floating in the water, with a large swan's **feather** sticking upright out of it.

All that day I've been *telling Bob* that I ***need*** to know that he is with me and wants to be with me … I also realized that my "meaning of life" currently is just passing time. All the joy of wanting to write and make films, just everything, was about sharing it with Bob. I don't have joy anymore. I'm not suicidal, but there is no more reason for me to strive for anything. It was all related to sharing it with Bob. He was the one my thoughts were about, who I could share with, wanted to share with, talk with, laugh with … he understood me, he knew me, and he was my home. So now … it's about passing

time. I have to do stuff in that time … so I do stuff.

When I saw that feather while I was swimming, and a thunderstorm was brewing, I though, "okay, that thing is floating so close, I better get out of the water" … Maybe there was no danger … but somehow I followed my own thoughts …

And *right then* very strange **clouds** were forming …

Not long after: Jacqui and I were on the way back, when the **storm** broke lose *with a giant thunder clap*, obviously **lightning** must have struck the water or some structure closeby. It was so loud, that Jacqui almost ran away, I could barely keep him back to put him on the leash.

Then we found shelter under a bridge, and the **rain** was not just pouring, it was as if it was a constant heavy mass of water. A **black dog** came running and hid under a parked van-trailer closeby … and another **dog-owner** and I realized that she must have run away because of the thunderclap; Now mind you, there *were three other dog owners with their animals under the bridge,* but they didn't stir a finger about the obviously terrified dog under the trailer! The man and I struggled for a while to get the dog out from under the truck, because one more thunder, she'd gotten spooked again and run off, possibly onto the closeby highway. We did get her out –then some *homeless man* (who had been closeby) came with a towel, to dry the dog; The rain slowly stopped; A young woman (on a bike) came by and told us that she had seen that a couple desperately looking for their dog, so she to tell them …

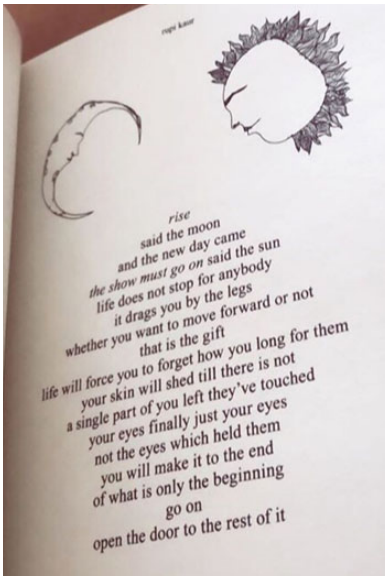
So the dog's name was "Bonnie", and when her owners came to get her, overjoyed, I noticed that both were drunk. And I was so disgusted that I had to leave right away.

And that man with the towel was a dark tanned, blond Viennese with piercing blue eyes … could have been the twin of the Bob-Lookalike I had met yesterday.

Later, in the subway, I crossed paths with a young woman who sat down right next to me on a waiting bench on the platform – and on her t-shirt was imprinted a **big feather**.

My online-friend "C" shared the most profound **image** with me, today, to the subject "**Play me!**", ***the sun and the moon, kissing***, a good-bye-image of the realms, so deep, so sad, so drastic, so dramatic, so tragic, and yet, so true. It's Bob there, his face … and me … and I could cry on and on when I see it. My longing to be where Bob is, can't be described …

And "C" sent me **a poem about the sun and the moon** … absolutely devastating in it capturing exactly what is going on. So is "C" some kind of … messenger? For privacy reasons I can't describe how our getting-to-know happened … but it's uncanny that she appeared in a place where I was already present just around the time of Bob's death …


rise
said the moon
and the new day came
the show must go on said the sun
life does not stop for anybody
it drags you by the legs
whether you want to move forward or not
that is the gift
life will force you to forget how you long for them
your skin will shed till there is not
a single part of you left they've touched
your eyes finally just your eyes
not the eyes which held them
you will make it to the end
of what is only the beginning
go on
open the door to the rest of it

That's about death and grief and missing someone, about yearning and devastating sadness. And it's brutally clear and truthful about loss and how it's only a part of one's life … Whoever wrote this, is a fucking genius.

Also "C" has sent me details of her private life … I'm not surprised that we ended up connected. She also sent me a song **"Dancing with Your Ghost"** … I'm afraid to listen to it. But the interesting thing is that these things just "cross her path" now, and she hands them on to me, as they relate to my situation.

July 3, 2019 **– The Energetic Wave**

Amazing night! Wow!

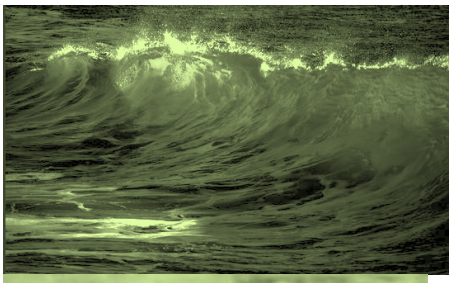
(*Note: I had started to look through my edit of my film "Making of Barricades", the one I shot in July 2018, then edited it in Bob's presence … actually while he was sleeping … and then he wanted to help me high-res it … but it didn't work out well, and he blamed himself. We had thought we'd have to re-do a lot of work, … but now I've found out that I don't have to re-do anything, I was able to repair most of the timecode-inaccurate spots, which were a lot, but because of the handles of the high-def-clips it was possible to make a working edit, and the parts that were entirely wrong, I simply deleted.)*

Last night, I finished looking through the film "Making of Barricades", and I told Bob that the digitizing had actually been *quite good, **not*** at all the big disaster as we had thought, and if I had had enough time on Maui last summer, I could have easily fixed the entire film. But I had to leave and get the meds for Bob …

So then I went to bed, and *I felt so close to Bob*, but also very desolate.

It was past midnight … and I fell asleep, but before that I notice that **crackling** that seemed a "response" to thoughts about Bob and communication with him. The crackling from the window, under which Bob's deck stands, still unpacked, since December 2018, doesn't come with wind or anybody entering the house. Also is not related to cooling down after a hot day. It crackles as if it was "speaking" … *so I noticed crackling as "response", and I told Bob that I thought he was present.*

I fell asleep … only to wake up to **loud crackling**, as if something was **pushing** against the window-frame, but there was no wind and nothing … and I, lying on my belly, **felt suddenly pushed from that direction** (of the deck) towards the head-end of the mattress and therefore **against the wall behind my head!** And I woke up in that state *of being pushed like by a wave of energy that was at the same time sliding over me* …



… like you're lying on a beach, close to the waterline, with your legs towards the water, on your back, and the surf pushes you further onto the sand and flows over you at the same time.

So I said out loud, because I was a little *spooked*, "I love you so much, and I can handle this" … I remember just now, that I had felt a **cold sensation** in my face that evening, *with no window being open …*

It felt so **heavy** and strong, that **pushing**, even while I was already away, and so I switched the light on … and ***a huge emotional flash came over me***, *rushed through my heart area as I was turning around, in a different way than I had ever felt.* It did feel "apart" from me, not coming from my memories … it was a **flash of energy** that felt **cooler**, ***in a color-sense it was green-golden-metal,*** somehow it reminded me of *pears* (yes, the fruit), and now that I think about it, the Asian pears is a big subject between Bob and me and will always be a "message".

The crackling with the emotional flash flared up again, and then it was silent.

And … I calmed down, just lay there, listening, talking to Bob, being grateful for the effort … I remember, when I turned around and switched the light on, I almost expected an apparition, but I had told Bob "No appearance in the night, please", because I need to take it slowly …

Still, that experience was just very uncanny and scary in some way because it's so powerful and unusual.

And then the **dream** … it's garbled in my memory, but it was about a **big water** (but no surf and no beach), like an ocean, and **me and two people**, a man and a woman, but other people were related, too, somehow *having to cross that water*, and there were **sharks** in it.

Two sharks. And we knew they were dangerous, but I only saw one fin … yet, it was this immediate, not danger, but challenge about those sharks. And yet I went into the water, and that man did too, and I was wondering why he did that when it was especially dangerous where he did it …

Weirdly, somehow a **coffee filter** (looking like a fishing net scoop or a strainer, a sieve, of a metal mesh, of the size of a large cup, with a handle, just like a sieve) **dropped** from … above. It sort of relates to the next part of the dream … but it was of major importance, that I found that **coffee filter-**

sieve. It was not mine, and but I picked it up and kind of hid it, or wanted to hide it from the other people, and I knew someone was looking for it … so I carried it around.

And somehow I was then by myself traveling, and I ended up in the home of my former sister in law, **Barbara** … she was pretty and plumper than I had imagined. My niece Julia and my nephew Patrick weren't there … but a **man** came out of her bedroom, and it was a *mixture between my brother Peter and Bob* … and I asked her straight-out if they were together again and whether their relationship worked.

It was clear to me, in my dream (!), that both of them were dead … but somehow this knowing was turned into the impression of a divorce, and Barbara said yes, they were together again … and I meant to ask about how the sex was and all … but I didn't, only thought of it. Just that she was happy with him and they were to remain together, was ***satisfying*** to me … and the only thing that was tough, was, *that they had a **home**, and I didn't*, and I had to leave, because they had to leave for work.

But before that … some other aspect came into the dream. The husband Peter/Bob-mix, and even a part of Sigi was in that man, who was dressed neatly and seemed to be a quiet person, **noticed the coffee-sieve** *that I was carrying around (from the other dream!)*, and I put it on top of the counter in the apartment. By the way, the apartment didn't look like any apartment I know, just that *counter-area resembles our Maui-kitchen-counter-area* … I don't remember what happened then or with the sieve, but the man noticed it, *and I said that it had just **dropped out of nowhere** right in front of it.* Somehow it had to do with the **sharks**, I knew it, but couldn't explain it to myself …

And then I woke up.

Well … sounds like some big events took place when I visited the unobstructed in my dream state … AND: Before I went to sleep, I told Bob that ***I wanted to get together today in his realm.*** And I think we did get together.

I just remember now how that weird flash that flooded through me as if it was a real **wave** of **yellow-golden-pear-metal-like energy** that rolled over me from the foot-end of my mattress from the corner where the deck stands, and somehow bounced off the wall behind my head, entered my body through my mouth and went into my chest and my heart and down my stomach. It was so ***real*** … like some actual energetic ***substance*** … it's not "just" a sensation like emotions are. And I have a vast vast experience with emotions … It was something *different*. Something was going on and woke me up and then the culmination happened … I guess I returned from the beyond and was accompanied, somehow, by Bob.

I have been telling him that I see us as the "bridge-experiment" or "task-force" …

I think, all that what happened tonight, was *an actual experience*, the crackling, the pushing, the emotional pear flash, the dream … right after working on **"Making of Barricades"**, which was *the* subject relating to my last weeks with Bob … and I have often thought that maybe I shouldn't have spent so much time on it … but then, I wanted us being together again feel "normal". And it was. Only that Bob spent a lot of time in his bed. But still we are regularly, we worked, talked and walked … and even made it to the ocean … and all the time there was that desperate strict "regiment" of his "medicine routine" … which did him good. The only mistake, then, was, that I left. But I had to … I needed to get him the medicine he needed, and I needed to get my dog, who couldn't stay longer at the dog pension, because the owner was going on a holiday … but in theory and with much effort, I could have probably stayed … yet, I didn't think that the upwards trend would be stopped by what Bob always called a "*brain fart*" …

Yes, that wave … was something concrete and big and like an effort from Bob's side. That's how I feel it. Also, when I woke up, I felt in a way more fresh than in a long time.

Something else happened.

I woke up again, towards the morning, and I heard *someone throwing up heavily*. It was my neighbor, and she sounded like she was really sick. That (just now, a **crackling**) neighbor is a heavily paranoid-schizophrenic woman, and there have been very bad experiences with her, and I saved her

life once.

No idea how that's related … but it feels like there is some kind of relatedness.

July 3, 2019 **– Mantra and Number 7**

On **Danube Island**, I thought about the meaning of the dream and the events … or rather, I kind of opened myself to insights. And I realized, that the ***coffee sieve / strainer symbolizes maybe the permeability*** of … well, of stuff, but then, it hit me, that it can have to do with coffee itself: the smell of it. Bob ***loved*** the smell of coffee. And maybe …?

Finding a "mandala" … that's about to blow away or be washed away … reminds me of one of the last things Bob and I did together … he showed my **sand mandalas** …

And I found a **card** with the number "7".

Also, I realized that the ***sharks*** in my dream last night weren't really scary to me … it was like I was ***closer to them*** than to the people who were afraid of them … also crossing that water avoiding the sharks seemed to have been possible for me, as I was able to float, in a way, above the water.

On **Danube Island** … wonderful water … On the way to the swimming spot, an "S" formed.

… but after the swim, I got so tired, that I literally couldn’t walk on. I had to lie down. There were the weirdest **cloud** formations ... and I was mesmerized.

I did wake up from a cold breeze and walked on, but then, after only a few minutes, I had to lie down *again*, that's how tired I was. Jacqui would stay awake and totally watch out, and he put a **paw** on my arm, when I dozed off and left the paw there until I woke up.

July 4, 2019 – **Tumorlyse-Syndrom**

Amazing **dream** of **Bob** himself …

Bob and I were in some **town apartment**, and somehow there was a group of **older women** involved, and Bob had to go out, and … oh shit, the dream is fading, I should have written it down earlier … so *he simply walked out* and *abandoned me*, leaving me with a **task** that he and I should have done **together**. Well, that's the fact of the present. But for this to be some subconsciousness-self-healing, it feels way too "direct". It was something about him taking ***something*** with him that I ***needed***, a *thing*, it feels like some clothing right now … (*Note: The **shark-T-shirt** that I gave him and that he loved to wear, comes to mind … I had originally bought it for E. and had sent it to Austria, from Maui in 2014, but E. was too stupid to pick it up from the post-office, and it got sent back to Maui; there it sat on a shelf for four years, until Bob found it when I was there in August 2018, and now he fit into it, because he had lost all his substance, but he loved it, and it fit him so well …)*

Clearly I remember that Bob was in good spirits, and he didn't see anything wrong about what he did. It was ***me*** who didn't deal with it well …

Then, at breakfast, I was browsing for jobs, and as a health-magazine was looking for an editor, I found the term "**Tumorlyse-Syndrom**". (*Note: Now, editing this, in January 2020, I realize that I had entirely blocked that information out right after I had received it.*) And, wow, that's something in relation to *healing* cancer I had never heard about before. It does feel like a ***hint from Bob*** … as just yesterday (!) on Danube Island I asked him intensely, and today while walking the dog, *if I had been a cause of his passing*, whether or not that was good for him (that he is in the beyond) or not …

So today I "stumble" across the "***tumor lysis syndrome"***: *If cancer cells die off too fast, that can poison the body and kill the patient*!

I mean – what the fuck? So whatever you do to save a person, you must always be aware that you'll kill them by getting rid of the cancer? Jesus fucking Christ, human life is really an energetic mess and so so so misunderstood. There is an "optimal" way of getting rid of a tumor … and a deadly one!

(*Note: Now I realize that it's another "way out", that thing about cancer going away too fast … when a person is supposed to "graduate" into the next realm, but someone else has the power to "save" him …*

*it's like a "**soul tool**", of sorts, against the human will and even against the individual consciousness, in the service of … well, human evolution which, to me, equals, "fate", as we all play a role in "history" … I almost said, but that's a sentence from my Hawaii-docu, no, I meant to say … in evolution.)*

So that insight just hit me … reading up on the symptoms of *tumor lysis syndrome*, like sudden loss of mental capacity and much more … that at the stage that Bob was in, whatever we would have done - not enough not fast enough - too much too fast - would have probably lead to death. Is that the learning, Bob?

(*Note: I've been wondering about Bob's metabolism and how the medicine may have affected his body … but all I can say is while I was with him, he had a normal daily routine of food, and a healthy digestion, and when he had started the mistletoe-helleborus treatment, he got even better, he went shopping, drove the car … and that might as well be the explanation: That the tumor got better too fast, and suddenly chemicals affected his brain again, causing a TIA, and he went to the hospital, and one lead to the other … we simply had way too little time to deal with all of it … and for me to …)*

The dream kind of fits, too.

July 5, 2019 – **Bob was working with me today.**

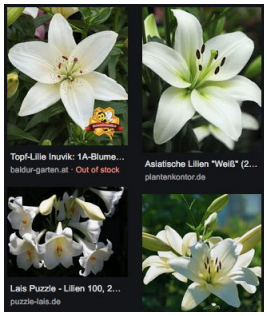
For days I'd been fretting with a computer tech-problem. I've contacted two Apple guys, and one wasn't able to help but tried to give me advice, and the other was willing to come and take a look at my laptop and all to try to fix the problem about the *privileges* (the laptop didn't let me render or accept new footage in the Media100 timeline).

I said to Bob that I had "**a tech question**", and I had to cry, too, today, recalling so many painful things, like Bob wouldn't respond to my emails except ***if I had a tech question***, then he'd respond right away … but to many of my other emails in the years we were apart, he never responded. And today it struck me that it wasn't out of viciousness or neglect, he simply could handle it and maybe forgot … having had mental problems and then his horrible health condition. *So in those moments when I had felt that something was wrong with him, I had been right,* and **not** in the moments when I felt neglected and rejected by him … like so many times before. And now he is dead.

This morning was a huge **earthquake** in California, and I had to think how his remains must rattle in the box … it's very painful for me that his sister J. is doing just like him and not answering or communicating ever on her own …

So last night I had talked out loud about **the tech question,** with Bob …

And today I took a **walk** in the **forest** (Dehnepark) where I actually didn't plan to go … but left the tramway before the stop I had intended to reach … That forest had been the place of the *most intense conversations* with Bob shortly after his death …

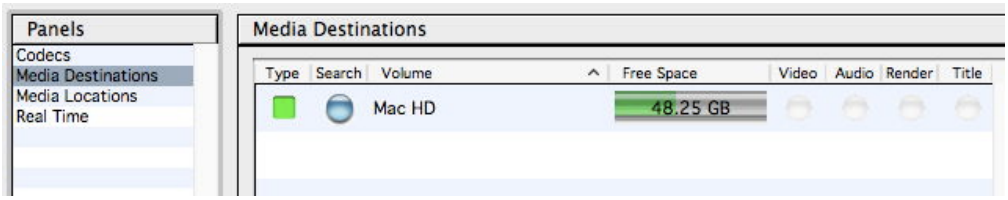


… and I had found a **white double lily** once, in a spot that Jacqui and I had always visited, a look-out, of sorts. Yes, really. In the middle of the forest, in **winter** (!), a white flower was lying on top of a hill – the hill where J and I always went! – and nothing else around it. Just that flower. I didn't have my phone with me, that day … which is just unbelievable, to me. It was such a special moment … in the forest, thinking of Bob, and then white lily flower with two flowers! Something like this …

And back then I took it as a *greeting* and put *the lily into a piece of wood, straight-up, so that it would look over a small valley, and I said that it was* ***Bob's memorial*** *place.*

(Now that I think about it, the **big white swan feather** two days ago also resembles that constellation.)

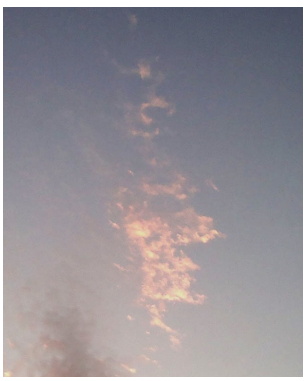
So today I was walking in that forest and *went towards that lily "memorial" spot*. I had been relaxing while walking, thinking much about Bob, but kind of calmed down … and suddenly, walking towards the lily-spot, *thoughts* came into my mind … *moving in like clouds, quietly*, ***just showing up*** in my head, so that I said to myself (in regards to my tech problem), as if someone else was talking to me, "*So what is actually really happening or what is not happening … in the computer or the program*". And I answered myself that "***the Media100 program is not accepting new data***". That's very unusual thinking for me, and it went on, me discussing with me. "*But then, why does it do that …*" And then I suddenly said it, like I had "always known", it flowed into my mind unnoticed, was just there, and I said, don't know out loud or not "*It's because the program doesn't know where to put the data*". And I saw in front of my inner eyes suddenly some of the last **sessions Bob** had given me in remote-trouble-shooting last summer … and that I had learned long time ago from him about defining the "media-destinations" (but I'm a very reluctant student, I always wanted to rely on Bob, never thought he could be gone one day; what a fucking betrayal).



And I got home and tried it out (to assign the media-destination newly) and it ***worked*** right away. It was like Bob troubleshooting again. When it worked, I broke out in a loud "***Yey! Give me five!***" and I did hold my hands up, for Bob to give me five. It seemed like his voice did the "yey" too, and the windows **crackled**! *Just* now it crackled opposite me, the *wall*, actually.

July 5, 2019

It may be strange, but I do feel that the **cloud** messages are following me around … from my window of my Vienna apartment I can't have a dramatic sunset … but some clouds did their best to give me one …



July 6, 2019

Very low spirit. Very intense **dreams**!

About me going to some kind of **hospital**, but it was also a refugee and orphans' home, with several caretakers and doctors. One was a **woman**, short and slender and one a **doctor**, with a name like "Willie" or "Wille". So somehow I walked across that large **field** at the outskirts of a city and ended up in that hospital or care-facility (looking at the field with the skyline in the background, it was in the right-hand corner, somehow) … at times I was *watching myself, actually*, and I went across

that field several times, at least, that was my impression left of that dream …

So then I decided that I wanted to bond with one of the boys there, and it feels like I wasn't the only **visitor** there, someone was with me, but it's like a vague impression … but I sort of wanted to impress that person, too … and in the hospital I connected with the female caretaker, and somehow it was about **numbers** and **concepts**, some kind of intellectual work that I had to work on … now I just got the image back how me and a guy are out and about somewhere near that field and getting something forbidden, like out of a locker or a bag … some paperwork … and somehow it had to do with that caretaking facility …

So later I talked to that female caretaker and told her that I wanted to contribute and be there for these **children**. So I bonded with that one boy, dark hear, wearing something red … and I tried to teach him something, I was so gentle and tender and soft … and after a while, the boy simply turned away and to the female caretaker and talked *with her* about the stuff I had thought I'd teach him. His way was crude and eloquent and he *knew* those things, so I realized that there *wasn't a point or a need to even try to "help" him*, and I was very hurt, disappointed and embarrassed.

I went back out to that field, where that other mysterious guy was somewhere, but I didn't meet him … and I realized that Doctor Wille (?) was looking for me.

Later I returned to the facility with something that looked like a small **black roll** (like for a photo film) and I had stuck an **empty white piece of paper** to it … but I meant to write a note.

So I put the small roll into the female caretaker's office, and she got it and realized it was from me, but I was hiding out, or I was **invisible**, because somehow I was observing her, and then Doctor Wille came, and the woman said that this was a message from me, and Dr. Wille asked what does it say, and she said "nothing" - which worried them. But, somehow, meanwhile, I had written a note on the paper on her roll, and I was so angry because I just wanted her to take another look, then she'd get the message! *And it was frustrating because she didn't see or hear me!*

(What a weird dream, right, sounds like a distinct ***message*** … quite direct.)

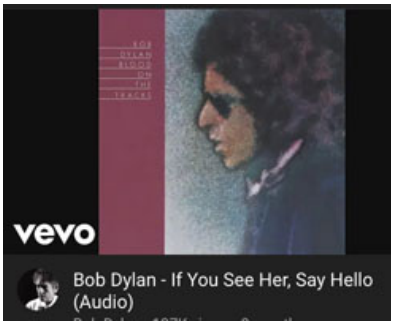
So she and the doctor were very worried about me, and I was so embarrassed. Somehow I turned *visible* again and in a corridor faced the doctor, who was happy to see me, and I was very happy to see him, but I knew that nothing could come out of this … and that I did **not** have a chance *to get to his roll to write the note to him …*

And I fled out of that facility, onto the field … and I sort of ***knew I couldn't return, ever.***

I woke up with a very very heavy heart, barely able to open my eyes and fell back asleep several times. Thank God Jacqui also fell asleep again with me and didn't have to go out too urgently yet. He is such a sweet baby.

July 7, 2019

Wow! Amazing synchronicity from "C"! … just when I thought I was totally lost and forgotten …

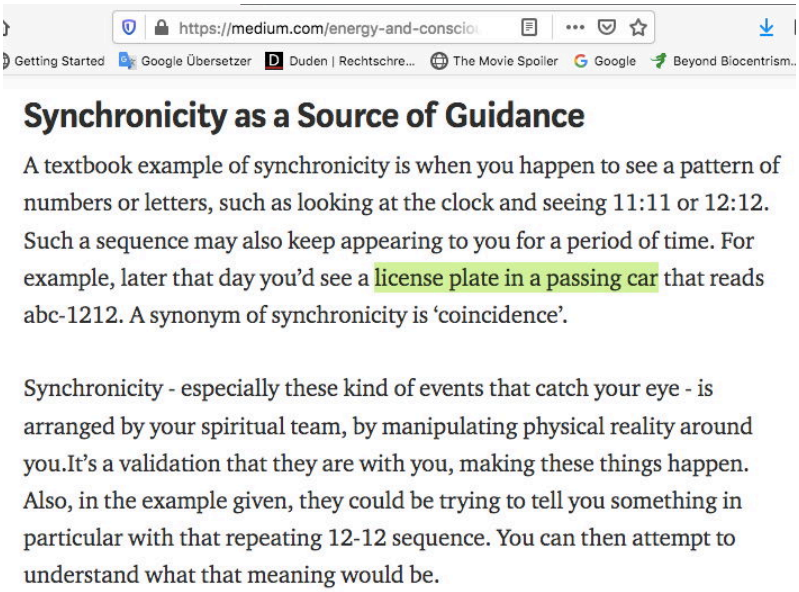


See that: "**When you see her, say hello**"!? "C" herself was amazed that this found her way to her, and she immediately thought it was a message from **Bob** *for me*!

"C" also mentioned that she had the feeling, after listening to the song and for other reasons, that I shouldn't "rush" things … maybe she's right.

July 7, 2019 – **The Rabbit Challenge Is On!**

Walked the dog at night - and saw a **car** with the license number **JO 847 GY**. It struck me, because I thought it was the car of the guests who had arrived when I was at Mitterbach, but upon checking, their license number was "**JO 242 GY**". Now both 242 and 847 have *numerological* significance for me … and: ***Just last night I read about the significance of synchronicities, as seen in license plate numbers …*** (in the writings of F. David Peat) …


https://medium.com/energy-and-conscio
Getting Started
Google Übersetzer
Duden | Rechtschre...
The Movie Spoiler
Google
Beyond Biocentrism...
Synchronicity as a Source of Guidance
A textbook example of synchronicity is when you happen to see a pattern of numbers or letters, such as looking at the clock and seeing 11:11 or 12:12. Such a sequence may also keep appearing to you for a period of time. For example, later that day you'd see a license plate in a passing car that reads abc-1212. A synonym of synchronicity is 'coincidence'.
Synchronicity - especially these kind of events that catch your eye - is arranged by your spiritual team, by manipulating physical reality around you.It's a validation that they are with you, making these things happen. Also, in the example given, they could be trying to tell you something in particular with that repeating 12-12 sequence. You can then attempt to understand what that meaning would be.

And today, also, when I was thinking about that, sitting in the tramway, a car drove by with "**W 17910 E**" (not sure about the E, but something like that). Now "910" was the number of Bob's beloved "Auto", his old teal colored Honda Accord, "MEA 910". That's how I met Bob, and that's so totally connected with Bob … and of course 17 is my birthday.

Also, today I suddenly realized that the movie with James Stewart, **the story of the invisible "Harvey", that giant rabbit** (1950), is kind of a very cool story, in many regards …

… and, the film came to my mind, where a boy states that he *"… can see dead people".* Well, ***we all can*** *see dead people* … they are in our memories, and we only must imagine them there. Betty says that they aren't suspended somewhere in space, they are still on Earth right here, just in a different frequency, that's so important to notice, especially after "C"'s message.

So I suddenly had the insight to ask **Bob** to **prove** to me that he hears me, and ***to do that would he please come up with rabbits and Harveys in any form and way?***

Now I'm curious. I'm thinking we are in the process of an experiment. I've been dealing with rabbits months ago … as you'll remember … and in April 2017 I had even sent to Bob the "kitchen towel Easter bunny" image …

(*Note: Perhaps, since there is no "time", in the beyond, all that did relate to my idea to start a "**rabbit-challenge**"? Also remember the story of the tiny rabbit that I carried around, when I was pregnant, and that I put on the grave stone of a friend … later? Well, rabbits!)*

July 8, 2019

So, **the "rabbit challenge" is on** … meaning I'm "expecting" Bob to come up with distinct ways of putting "rabbit" images into my way … which … well, sometimes I have a bad conscience about that … but then, it was a genuine thought, so … why not?

Today I allowed myself, although it's Monday, to take Jacqui to **Danube island** and take our time, swim, walk, play. (Getting home I saw that I hadn't received any editing job from the agency anyway.) But I found a **greeting, a rainbow colored love-print**:

Bob and I had long conversations … and I told him to heed the "**rabbit"-challenge**, meaning, since I had that intense **impression** of "My Friend Harvey" (the tall white invisible rabbit, *Note: It simply appeared in my mind, I hadn't ever thought about it …*)

Yes … I'd like for Bob to give me a "Harvey" or rabbit or bunny or hare or Hase or any related *impression* wherever and however possible for him**! I need proof,** yes, again, that he his here and that he is able to communicate from his side and that we are working on the project "the Bridge".

Of course, there is always again a **cloud formation** that screams "**connection**!" to me, and then, I keep recalling what I've read from the Whites' experiences and insights, and that *there is a distinct barrier in frequency* between the realms … that makes it impossible for "disca" and "inca" to "get

together" during the conscious day-life of us, the mortals or "incarnates". I know that. I know I can't expect that kind of "proof" … and I don't. But I still need "something" in my realm, to show up to … I don't know, somehow "stand in" for a "material presence" of … Bob.

I think it's working, too … because:

On the way to **Danube island**, I waited for the underground train, and a **woman** walks by and makes tender noises towards Jacqui. She turned around, and one of her eyes was turned up, and one down (Bob had also had problems with his eyes for years) … and she said that her dog had just died, a month ago. He, a mops, had broken down on the doorstep of the veterinarian! (She had only wanted to do some anal gland exam.)

So then I asked what the mops' name was, and she said "Alwen **Alexis**". From the Lord of the Rings (she said, I don't know such characters) … but I was so struck! Because "Alwen" sounded like "Harvey", in the garbled way she was speaking, and "**Alexis**", of course, is a central figure in my "Regents of Clouds" trilogy!

Wow! What are the odddddddds?

So I was "discussing" with Bob whether or not that counts, but I take it as counting, still considering that I'm making it up, that "Harvey"-synchronicity, yet … "Alexis" I haven't ever ever heard anyone say. And that comes in a time, when, for days, I've been fretting over what to do about finding an agent for the trilogy. I guess, I'm not supposed to give up.

I won't.

Also … I was cleaning out some garbage and straining my syrup and tincture and talking to Bob … when suddenly a *thought* popped into my mind, about a projects, a film I should do, and I sat down and wrote down the synopsis. A very satirical comedy …? Wow. that I call automatic writing. It's called *"Crème Ation",* about a special miracle creme, and it deals with life and death and the body and what it really is.

Seriously. I just invented it! July 8, 2019, about 8.30 pm MEW.

Okay, I shall write that screenplay. (*Note: Some day*.)

<u>July 9, 2019</u>

Woke up from a horrible **dream** about *losing Bob* … I was even holding my mouth and my eyes closed with dread, knowing that Bob – *who was somewhere "around", but I didn't see him* – ***would be dying***, and that it was just an instant more and that we would have to separate again and I would *never* see him again … and I was at the brink of that …

I was crying and so horrified, and there was the impending event, so *inevitable* … and I couldn't change that … but somehow there was some **string** involved, almost like **a read wool thread**, *that I was trying to hold on to …* and strangely, my **father** was there, too!

But as far as I know, my father is alive!

And he was alive in my dream, but the feeling of needing to connect with him and do something for him and with him, was overwhelming. I think, actually, in that dream, I did do some errands for my father … somehow like I had to *travel* somewhere with him or to pick up something for him … a very very strange dream …

Like I was bringing with me the feeling (into the wake world) of not wanting to leave the Beyond where I maybe was during my dream, because that's where we go, I believe and that's how Betty W. described it … and I wanted to stay there, but had to leave … and Bob was there, of course.

And my subconscious (by the way, I just had a very cozy and soft feeling, writing this, like a memory wave) translated that real-beyond-life-experience of having to leave again with the actual dread of letting go (of) Bob …

And my father … maybe it's just "a" father, because "C" and me are perhaps in contact with her dead father (but she is not ready and willing to deal with the matter to the extend I do).

Well, I've been having thoughts about my father, too … and that he is old and that I should really have contact with him … I don't know what to do.

But I do *want to leave Vienna.* This becomes more clear every day.

July 9, **2019 – Rabbit on a License Plate**

HAAS! On a license plate around the corner from where I live! ND HAAS 1!

"Haas" is derived from "Hase", and that means "**rabbit**". (ND proves that it's not a Viennese car.)

I came across it because I did an ***unusual*** round with my dog in the late evening and took an unusual route back … and there was the car!

The games are on! **The first rabbit-message!** *(Note: And "ND" sounds so much like "near death" … but …)*

Wow. I've never seen this car in the neighborhood. But even before the rabbit challenge, I'd have noticed this license plate numbers. I've always been aware for them, all my life. But now that interest and awareness begins to have some definite use and meaning.

I have a theory: We, the mortals with the material bodies living in the material world, are able and supposed to *feed* the discarnates in many ways. We can dedicate smell, taste and consistency of food into the beyond, it's the radiation, hurling forward or projecting out towards a goal or destination that which is in our emotional grasp. Emotions are those energies that are related to the energies of the experiences of our physical senses. So the scent of coffee, that Bob loved, I can send to Bob, give to him, think his way … and I think that method works best if you once knew the now "dead" person very well. Because for me it's the easiest to do when I imagine *being Bob*. And I can do that, because I knew him so well. I can take his posture, "know" what I look like and do things he would have done, I can "be" him for the time that I'm consuming something physical and wish to share the essence with him … basically wish to give the essence of it to him. So we eat chocolate together, any food, smell flowers and enjoy coffee … but that used to be more of a playing thing, a game, some experiment, but my feeling is that it's a real thing. It's something that works.

We can send energetic substance into the Beyond and strengthen and support those who we dedicate it to. *(Note: I'd move forward thinking that the thoughts of us mortals must, in fact, affect the discarnates, too, when they are directed towards them, distinctly …)*

Confidence and joyful expectations are like "beams" to transport energetic substance to … well, anywhere. (*Note: I'd read up on **heart-energy**, and that's a concrete measurable energy, and science only now begins to take that seriously*.) But I just know that I can reach Bob with it.

I've thought of trying to reach other dead people, but I'm the closest with Bob. And often I feel his presence. I do realize that there must be some kind of distinct energetic connection from the mortal phase for an incarnate like me to "reach up" to the "subtle realm" … not sure what kind, but the frequency barrier exists for a reason.

And once I'll have the evidence, like, without any doubt that it's Bob with who I'm communicating and that he is on that same page with me and that I'm not just making it all up in my mind … then, well, then I'll be the more earnestly working on the bridge project.

July 10, 2019

Amazing intense dream … with my **mother** and an **insanely energetic-erotic event** with a **stranger**.

Somehow I was at an event like a mixture of a fair and some kind of retreat, involving the home of a millionaire, that also had a **tower**, and somehow there were structures consisting of white round bars.

I was looking for my mother, like before, in many dreams, and somehow she did show up, and she was in good spirits and was very eagerly out and about that property of that millionaire. I don't know what I was doing there, but I kind of **lived** there and I knew the house, that was more like a **palace**. I met, at some point, the young owner of the house, a handsome man, somewhat Asian looking … and somehow I ended up in his private area, and somehow he got interested in me.

It came to some cuddling, I think, and then he had to leave but would come back.

Just then my mother showed up, her fun and joyful self of her younger years (don't know how she is now because she refuses contact with me, so that I won't remind her of bad times, of alcoholism, her marriage and worse), and she **insisted on entering that tower-home**, and she urgently needed to use the bathroom (bowel movement)… but I had an apartment below that young owner's place, and I kept telling my mother (literally, in German) "Eher nicht", which means something like "Rather not" or "I don't think so", and somehow I managed to divert her.

She then **disappeared**, but the young man returned, and somehow there was an impression of the place where my maternal grandparents had once lived, "Kolonistenheim" in Kl. St. Veit 30, Brückl/Völkermarkt/Kärnten, like I could see out of the kitchen window at the meadow and the road … but I was distracted, because that young man came back, and suddenly, we had that insane energetic connection, sexually, we began to **kiss**, but my mouth was very sticky and dry (was really, when I woke up) … and we were naked and about to have sex, and the electrical tingling, that zinging energetic connection was very reminiscent of the one "C" had reminded me of with the drawing of the **two violet lovers** …

… and Bob Dylan's song "**Say Hello When You See Her**" … so I felt that was a greeting.

And in that **dream** … there it was again, that **intense**, energetic feeling between me and that dream-man, and I was so ready for some actual penetration (in my dream), which was meant to be a melting into each other, but it didn't get to it …

… because I woke up.

It really again felt like I had been in some intense experience in the beyond and had to return, and my subconscious made that story out of it …

I do, actually, believe that I'm working on my recollection of my ***nightly transitions***, because I'm entirely sure that's what we do ***transition*** while sleeping and live in the "beyond" – but to some extent only, since we don't really leave the body. There is the "***silver thread***" that connects our spirit with our material body as long as the body is meant to be used. But we are unconscious, while we are sleeping, so we shed the body, to all intends and purposes, and that's what "sleeping" is really like.

Now, when a mortal consciously thinks about that before going to bed and does wish to connect with a dead loved one or with the invisibles generally, like I do, of course the experiences are getting more intense (?) … and I have been having the feeling that it gets *harder for me to be entirely back in my body.* I have such a hard time waking up and making me "use" my body.

My dog has to come to my bedside several times, and I acknowledge him as he is staring at me or nudging me trying to wake me up, and I talk to him and stroke him, to comfort him, and mostly he goes back to sleep, too, because *I just can't move for a while.* It takes me to fall asleep again, at least for a few minutes, before I can actually wake up.

I was just thinking today, wow, no way I'd be able to have a job … I wouldn't be able to get up in time …

I took a **walk in the forest** today, and for the first time in my life *my legs felt so weak* … I had to consciously walk, eventually, because I felt like losing the strength of my legs entirely … so I *focused*, and it was okay.

On the **hill** I had a big **scare**, too … but also some amazing fun reward, afterwards.

First, I tried to satisfy Jacqui's need to run and threw a piece of wood on a meadow … and he was happy about it, but I saw that he had some **sharp grass seed in his eye.** I called him to me to get it out, *but he moved and blinked in a way that the seed went **behind** his lid*… I tried desperately to get it out, with a tissue and then with my finger, but it didn't work, it moved behind his eyeball! I was horrified. He didn't seem to feel anything … and I was thinking, wow, I can only pray that it comes back out by itself, or the eye will be damaged, only because I threw that damn wood … So I was about to move on, but I suddenly got so scared, that I really did like a surgeon and took the skin around his eye and pulled and squished – and the seed came back into sight! Good boy Jacqui, simply sat there, trusting me. At some point I simply brutally reached for the seed with my fingers – and I got it out! I was so relieved! ***That would be the most horrible thing if Jacqui would have to suffer in any way!*** I was so relieved, and he was kind of surprised that I made such a big deal!

Then I looked up – and there was the most beautiful **rabbit-cloud**! A huge huge huge one! With ears and tail and paws and all! Wow!

I had talked with Bob before that about the rabbit-Harvey-challenge and that I need proof that he is around and alive and well … I do need more proof.

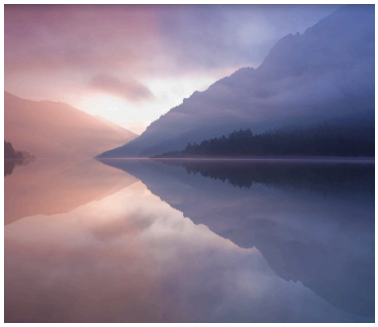
Walking Jacqui I came across a **tag** (from a product, with bar code), and I couldn't help but notice it and even picked it up. A few steps later the thought "Tag! You're it!" came to my mind. That was something Bob would have said.

Maybe it's part of our communication experiment. Also the number **911** is on the tag, that's the last day I saw Bob alive. (September 11, 2018)

I'm thinking why did I never do Skype … people keep wanting me to do it, Peter, for example … but I didn't do it. And not with Bob when I should have, and now I won't do it with anyone.

I changed the "computer sleep" option to "never" … realizing that otherwise I wouldn't be able to compress my movie. Again – interesting who I'm able to "think tech" now, differently than ever before. Of course that comes with the need to do it, but I like to think that Bob is "looking over my shoulder" and "inspiring me". I keep telling him that he is allowed to read my thoughts and "Play me!" …

And in the course of doing that changing of the computer system settings, I realized that the **screen image** that has been on my laptop, isn't a fixed option. So I changed it to a perfect "**as above so below**"-image.



In a way it's a step "forward" not seeing the image anymore that was on when Bob gave me the laptop as a gift.

Can't believe he did that. It's the third laptop I got from him.

Today I woke up with that insanely sexually energetic **dream** – and with a cutting **pain** in my bladder. Something had been there since about 2010 (wild sex with M.) … and I've treated it with ginger extract for a few weeks, this winter. It got all better, didn't feel anything, the foul smell of my urine, gone. Still gone, but I've started another round of ginger extract and Melissa today … not that I'm intent on living and growing old, but I don't want to fall sick and leave Jacqui alone. (*Note: And by that time I started to think of my mother intensely, as I kept dreaming of her.)*

Feeling the slight urge to cut my hair. But I wanted to let it grow. Who gives a crap. Will follow inspiration.

July 11, 2019

Dream of some kind of chair lift or cable car up a mountain, and some kind of house like a WG, where something was **stolen** from me and denied by the one who had stolen it, a **woman**. Felt a little like the real-life Africa-group from 1989, and I had Jacqui with me and had to find a way out of a huge **house** full of **many rooms** where one was mine, but it was easy to lose one's way, and one would step directly out into some kind of town, around which that strange chair lift structure went. Somehow I didn't make it back to the station where I could enter.

What had been stolen from me I don't remember either, but perhaps something relating to hair or clothing. I was worried the whole time to lose Jacqui, and I think I did, briefly. Also he was tiny …

… the whole dream was strange and also had to do with some official office in a building and some trap in an elevator … It was all about finding my way through that town, … but being hindered by women, actually, reminding me of two women, dog owners I had met in Vienna, and I had hoped to be friends with them, but it had turned out that they never cared the slightest about someone else and would only keep talking about their own stuff … Also my real-life sister-in-law was involved, and some men who were interested in me and some who made fun of me and betrayed me …

All mixed up. Now I can mostly remember a kind of feeling of events rather than actual events. (*Note: That said, I can exactly recall certain detail of landscape, like the following*.) The **chair lift** went **uphill**, through some narrow corridor between houses and city parks, quite steep, actually, and it was in the outskirts of a big city, but not Vienna. Feels like Tel Aviv (where I've been). And I did manage to grab **Jacqui** again (who had been running off) … and I think I took a seat in that chair lift, but I **never made it to accomplish** whatever I had set out to do …

It was such a long ride I was supposed to take on that cable car up the mountain …

July 12, 2019

Weird dream, **again** …

I was with **Bob** in a **rural** setting … with **dogs**, with some **employees** of the **unemployment agency** that were spying on me, and I had the idea to **create** a **dog shelter** … and Bob was all for it. So we went **uphill** a very very **steep** slope, like a **pasture**, and it was very dangerous, that's how steep it was …

But I sort of lost a big part of the dream, but, again, like the dreams before, felt like it was a *direct memory from my visit with Bob during my dream-phase*, and the story is what my subconscious made of it. There was a **slender white dog with black eyes** and maybe black spots, and in the dream it was clear that he had ran off … and suddenly he came dashing around the corner of a **wooden shack** … barking. And **Bob** was just like Bob has been, a little distant, a little grumpy, very serious, because in public. In TGD_TeamTogether, he had always been funny and light-hearted, in real life.

In the dream, the talk was about the **dogs' shit,** and I said that I was aware how much shit there would be produced and have to be taken care of …

It was something like a **farm** … with wooden fences and a house in my back … and Bob was squatting and looking at something …

(*Note: I wonder if there are animal shelters in the beyond …)*

Actually: I had some insight yesterday:

I've been finding and seeing **bears** everywhere. (*Note: And it was kind of annoying, because I was hoping for rabbits and bunnies*.) I even saw a **white bear**, a squeaky *toy in the Wien river*, where Jacqui and I always walk … but I didn't take it out, and it was quite slimy and dirty …

(*Note: Really can't believe myself today, that I didn't even take a picture … but I remember how it was, seeing that half-submerged toy … **ACTUALLY**, just as I'm writing this note, in January 2020, **a hot insight hit me:** In 2013 Bob and I had done a shoot for a documentary project about **divorce**, and I had taken one of **my teddy bears and tossed it into the shore waves**, so that Bob would film it and therefore symbolize pain and separation and what it means for the children of divorce!*

*Oh, geez, just remembering all the efforts Bob had always taken, for no reward. And I took me so many months to think about that … **and now the bear in the water makes so much more sense!** I recall the strange feeling seeing it, but a part of me was stubborn and said that I couldn't just photograph everything that I'd find, people simply toss stuff or throw it away, and not everything is a message! That attitude I ditched, later, because I've learned to realize that what comes to my attention has meaning, as there are lots of things that I never notice, because my path doesn't lead me near them! When I was with Bob for the last time, he did show me the divorce video … also a very painful project that cost Bob so many nerves, and it was never appreciated how much he and I did for it.*)

… so I had seen white bears before … and in cars, on walls, everywhere bears … and I just now realized, that my **grandmother Maria** (maternal) was all into **teddy-bears**, but they had to be **white**! And the last gift I gave her (or was it a painting?) was a **white ice-bear,** because that was her wish!

<u>July 12, 2019</u> **– The Proof**

Bob gave me a direct message … and it hit me in a way, that I broke out crying on the street. The **rabbit-challenge** is on, definitely … I got what I had asked for – a **rabbit**, ***under circumstances where coincidence is impossible.***

Again, I had been seeing and finding **bears** all over the place. Bob and I used to play "past lives", and I'd always say that I once was a waitress in Montana at the "Brown Bear" café. And he was some Japanese guy. So that's my bear-connection.

Today I spontaneously did a submission for a competition for a business-call with my CineDip concept (*Note: to no avail*) just because had seen a poster along the street …

After that I gave myself a *treat* and went to *the internet cafe and watched* (skipped through, because it was late) the film "the public". It's about a library as a homeless shelter during a very cold winter night. It seems that the most important part that I was supposed to see was a large homeless African-American who said he was "from Montana", and a colleague then said "oh, the land of the thousand lakes" … And lakes and me … that's an obsession. I've been looking for places to live at lakes and other holiday options, and I grew up at lakes … lakes are important to me.

So I went homeward from watching the movie, late, about 10pm, and I saw a car with the license number "**W 64910 .**" (not sure about the ".") … and that's the second time I saw the rare "910", Bob's license plate number of the car that I loved so much, too. Seeing him in "auto" was the greatest thing for me of all things in life. So "MEA 910" will forever be "Bob" for me … and I just ***realized*** that ***the day I left Bob*** *was the eleventh of September, so* ***"910"*** is *the last full day we had together, both mortals in the Earthly form.*

And 64 is my birth-year. The other day, the 910 came with 17, my birth-month.

(I should have taken a pic today. Will go there again, maybe I see the car again. But for example the 808-car or the Haas-car, I only saw once, although in my neighborhood.)

So again, I saw bears (a drawing, a plush bear) … and I thought of the **rabbit-clouds** that I had seen, so clear rabbit-shapes, and that I had read the word "Haas" again, just yesterday in a newspaper … but a though crawled into my mind, that it would be so devastating if no message would come

back, if it wasn't possible for Bob and me to communicate on an advanced level. And as I walked along the pavement, had crossed the street just before, I saw, right in front of my feet: a *piece of a game car*d with the hind part of a **RABBIT! The hind legs and the fluffy rabbit-tail!**

I remember I stood there, literally put my hands on my mouth, said "Jesus Christ!" and broke out sobbing.

Look at it. It's a half rabbit. Just like the **Naupaka**, the **half-flower** that was so precious to Bob and me. I had just found a card with a half rabbit on it – as I had been insisting on Bob using the rabbit-challenge to prove to me that he still exists!

At that moment, I knew.

And I've known ever since.

I'll always see myself, standing there, in the dark, my hands on my mouth, crying, my dog next to me, baffled, and I was actually looking around, as if I could see Bob stand somewhere, closeby, looking at me, waving at me … and actually, he would be happy for having known so well what path I'd take … and when I picked the card up, it was all so … quiet inside out. *I felt observed and surrounded and at the same time entirely alone.*

Also – I had found two rabbits in wintertime, one plastic orange one and one knitted orange one with a green tail … in the same area, because that's where my internet shop is …

… maybe those are part of the "rabbit-challenge", too!? Time doesn't exist in the beyond the way we "experience" it.

When I picked up that card … it's was a breathless moment of disbelief, of surprise and some indescribable joy and relief … ***a feeling of something impossible, uncanny*** … and it felt like Bob was right there watching me … and I said out loud "***You are right here, you see me and you hear me"*** … I'm crying right now, too … it's so strong. How all that came together …

But there is something else that makes it even bigger: the "**Naupaka**"-theme! As described, it's the story of the separated lovers whose symbol is half a flower, the Naupaka.

It could have been *any other animal!* It was a rabbit! And: *There were no other cards!* There was

nothing around that card! No garbage, no spilled stuff, nothing! ***Just that one half card!***

Just last night …
I felt the urge to read in "The Stars Are Still There" … and it did lift me up a bit.
That doesn't change that I'm feeling the loss even more right now … even if Bob is right here, I'm still not in his world and he is not in mine, and I lost him and will never be in this world with him again. It makes me cry so hard … I'm just so very alone and sad and … (*Note: And I was always aware of how that may be frustrating to Bob and "them", seeing me advance, on one hand, and on the other hand still can't shake off the despair … and that has been an ongoing subject: They don't have to go through the mortal agony anymore, they have to learn to relate from their part … I do know they are around.)*

I was thinking just today, that I never had anyone … like a real partner, a lasting partner … I thought it was Bob, and it ended so horribly.

I have a question for Bob … ***"Just let me know if that's true what I'm thinking, that the bridge is actually our project".*** I'm up for it. Let me know what I shall do next. I'm open and listening …

July 12, 2019 **– "64" and "910" United**
Also … during editing … I've been having some insights that seemed to really come … well, "out of nowhere". Yeah, right.
I need to take more time to deal with the dreams … I'm not patient enough. They contain more messages than I'm getting out of them.
Okay, and to add to today's excitement: I read the review of the movie "Yesterday" (on Roger Ebert) and there is the quote "**"Will you still feed me when I'm 64?"**
No, Bob, my love, I won't. Because you're dead at 64, and I never got to see you at that age.

throw in the towel when, one night, the earth experiences a 12-second blackout. During those 12 seconds, Jack is hit by a bus, and when he wakes up in the hospital realizes something weird has happened when he says to Ellie "Will you still feed me when I'm 64?" and she doesn't recognize the lyrics. "Why 64?" she asks with curiosity. Jack races to Google, and no matter what the combination of search terms, no trace of the Beatles is to be found. Curtis has a lot of fun with how absurd it would be if you mentioned "The Beatles" to people and they asked "What's that?" Jack makes the choice to start playing these "lost" songs, passing them off as his own.

It also relates to the license plate I saw the other day … **W 64910. (***Noteing: I found a picture of the same license plate, that I had already seen in April …)*

July 13, 2019
Went shopping this morning and walked by a car with a **rabbit** and a **sunflower** next to it … yes, a VW Rabbit it was, with the logo-animal and a sunflower stuck next to it.
It counts for the rabbit-challenge … just for the heck of it.

Last night I read in "With Folded Wings", opened the pdf on a random page, scrolled with eyes closed, and ended up on page 54, and I read about the *attitude towards life* and living and the wrong in doing *anything* with a sense of "duty". Like … "I got to continue this because …" And it also warns of old-time-thoughts and thus habits and taking them for "calls".

54 WITH FOLDED WINGS

"The more fully," said they, "you can live outwardly and inwardly expressed, and develop the thing that is individually and personally and uniquely you, the more completely are you fulfilling function. But the deep-set currents of your being are not always easy to recognize. Do not mistake the ghostly pressures of habit, of environment, of the power of old-time thought. They are strong in conviction. Naked duty is easy to mark as the flint-faced hag she is. But clothed in tradition and the expectation of approval or reward she often hides her identity. Always remember that a thing done merely because it is a conventional duty, unbacked by the essence of self, is sterile and unproductive. There is no duty to others that is not also a duty to one's self.

I understand, that everything changes with the loss of a physical partner, but that's part of the evolution of consciousness. And a person in grief has certain energetic properties. There is a reason for it.

The moment I found the rabbit card and broke out crying right away, *was the strongest so far*. Stronger than the star-chains, and they were in a breathless way strong. ***But finding the rabbit-card was like Bob having just come around the corner … and I saw him and fell into his arms, relieved …***

Yet, it's so fucking painful to imagine him today. More painful than it was. The thought of Maui is so haunting and devastating …

Sometimes I have spells of missing Bob, and he appears so clearly in my mind that I've learned to consider that he is actually present in those moments. It's such a close and direct impression of him, that he got to be close.

We may have the project "**the bridge**" running (*which means: helping mankind to get closer to the uniting of the realms, but for that, mankind must change on the level of dealing with their energetic core and abilities*) and that's why I always give feedback when I feel or notice something, so that he, from his side, knows what I can pick up. (He can read my mind, too, I guess.)

Last night, writing about the rabbit-card-find, I felt a *prickling tingling feeling on the back of my right hand* … and I immediately told him "I feel this".

I also shared special cookies and nuts, and I was asking whether it's better to imagine being him or radiating my own sensations (taste, smell) out towards him … or just generally "into the beyond".

We are experimenting.

I may have received a response in my **dream**, and it was an intense dream, but for some reason I can't remember it.

Just had to think of **Willie K**. I had asked him about composing a song for "Kaweli" via Facebook, and he responded asking me to write to his wife's or sister's email-address, but he didn't say a word

of condolences or about Bob or anything, how I was … and he hadn't come to Bob's celebration of life (I could throw up only thinking that there even was such a celebration …). So Willie K … I couldn't make myself to write to his sister, *wtf* … I would have to tell Willie how disappointed I was in him. He was one of the last people to see Bob, as Bob was involved in the production about Willie K as a cancer-patient. And Bob had cancer himself, and he died of it. He looked like shit during the production and had a horrible time … and nobody asked him what was wrong with him. I'd only arrive two months later …

I'll be trying to live up to my challenge, though, and I'm already 55, so no too long life ahead of me … who knows, at all.

July 13, 2019

Rainbow over Vienna! So unusual! Just so that I can see it in the area where I live!

I took another step in my relationship with Bob and discussed with him that I could try just talk to him as if he was here … thinking that he is here, just invisible and inaudible to me … and in the course of chatting and pondering, I realized that our experiment "the bridge", our project, may really be a special new version of the Betty-Stewart-project, and that Bob and I are supposed to establish communications between the realms in new ways. So I asking him if it's okay what I'm doing … and whether or not I'm right with my assumption.

And all kinds of new inspired thoughts come to me now … like about the *true nature of memories*, and how we can "make up" the discarnate person on our mind and therefore really "have" that person again, because they do exist as frequencies, and that's what inner images are too.

(*Note: Later I'd realize that we may have invented photography and audio recording for the purpose of keeping our loved ones "alive" in our mortal realm when they pass on to the unobstructed realm, so that we can relate to them in order – well, to communicate! They are invisible to our eyes and inaudible to our ears in their new form, but we can keep up "seeing" and "hearing" them, as we have the photographs, video and the recordings! I would go on to realize that everything mankind does or develops follows the human energetic evolution!)*

All the things one person in their life once thought about, desired and consequently did or made or manifested, are infused with that person's energies and thought power … so it must be possible to recreate anything in the beyond, every piece of furniture, every computer, every dress … and that's how it must be up to the people in the beyond how they live and what they do!?

The entire **energetic substance topic** is getting new dimensions for me.

It's like the view of the half rabbit, who I call "**Naupaka Bunny**" (like my book will be called, likely), *changed something in me*. A ***barrier*** seems to have been … well, ***broken***, somehow. And it's a good thing. It was a shock, I got to admit. I realized how I hadn't actually expected this to be possible. ***I found a half rabbit card on my path right after I had challenged Bob to "send me a rabbit***".

It could have been *any other animal!* It wasn't. There were no other cards! There was nothing around that card! No garbage, no spilled stuff, nothing! Just that card!

I just wonder what I should do differently to be the *perfect collaborator here*, and I wish for Bob to let me know. Likely I have the information already as I'm sure that I'm "there" while my body is sleeping, but I'm so impatient and not inclined to deal with my dreams much, except that I realize that they are rich and memories and contain information … but I'm bettering myself. I'll read up on lucid dreaming … but also, I don't want to inhibit Bob's tasks and efforts and skills from "the other side", because so far we have been having quite the amazing exchange.

When I think about **Dr. A., the medium**, and what happened there … I just realize how I doubted what I had experienced, and that it wasn't "enough" in a way … and how dumb that was … but I also know that I must and will re-read all of Stewart White's books soon, in detail (*Note: for the time being it feels like a rush, like I had to scan through them, pick up the most important aspects and share them, … and only after that sharing will I be able to really read them, in detail … the days are just always too short.)*

And from there will be more mature in dealing with my task.

I also have realized how it really really doesn't matter what I'll do in life … in terms of filmmaking, for example. Yes, I want to do it and I can do it and will, but it has a different meaning and purpose, now.

Also,

walking and chatting up Bob, I realized that the better we can imagine a person, based on how attentive we were toward them in their mortal livespan and how well we know them, *the better the connection must be with them when they are discarnate*. And of course there must be an intense emotional connecting …

I was also chatting out loud that I realized that Bob and I had probably practiced everything we need now … in our lives together and even before we knew each other. Now, we still and again aren't together physically, but I feel that we are very close, just that the voice-exchange is missing, too, now. (*Note: And ever again I'd consider that all that "closeness" was just wishful thinking*.)

Not sure where all that will lead … but I'm up for it. I wish for Bob to let me know if he from his side is practicing something for "the bridge" and if I can help better in some way. I want him to let me know, or I want "them" to let me know, Betty and Stewart and all the people there who I knew, and those are many, *what I do right and what I do improperly.*

I should really look into my dreams more …

I kind of "read" them as reflections of my actual "travels" … into the beyond, and the various hints at challenges and chores … I expect and hope and trust that I'll receive all insights I need.

Everything I do is based on my knowing of my higher consciousness being the major factor in the remainder of my mortal life.

Bob knows I'm a writer. He knows I'd document everything that happens in terms of

"communicating". That's my role. My "kuleana".

To see the **rainbow** today, amidst that very intense chatting with him … felt like a *response*.

And as I got home and asked out loud whether I was doing things right, the bathroom door slammed close and opened again and stayed open. Yes, an air-stream. But the first of that kind in all the years I'd been living there. It did seem like an energetic response.

Bob and I were very close to nature, and we were mostly on the same page with what we liked, what we thought and what we appreciated … so this keeps connecting us and is like the "road" between us, or … a thread of a kind.

I even dreamed of threads and paths and roads and stuff … so yeah, things are happening.

I wish for Bob to find a way to make me virtually see him.

The last time I wanted that I met his "twin", that Sunday morning.

July 13, 2019

As I was preparing dinner and thinking about Bob and my relationship, suddenly the thought of a woman came to my mind … vaguely …

and here it was! My **dream** of tonight that I hadn't been able to remember at all! It was about deep **erotic** excitement in relation to a **woman**, and me imagining – in my dream – how it would be to be with a woman, and how embarrassing, somehow, when as women we'd have to figure out how to satisfy each other the way only a man can …

I had thought today about Bob having said to me that "You fix it you use it", in regards to his cancer-ridden (hahaha, literally!) penis … well, that must have gotten him to laugh now, cancer-ridden penis … haha, how fucking *not* funny.

July 14, 2019 Sunday – **Ran & the Strings, Further Proof / Part 1**

Dream!

In a strange land, a little similar to my native Carinthia, I was trying to make my way **up a hill** towards a village called "**Pukalani**". I met **two men** on the way and asked them for Bob Stone, and they pointed further up the hill and said they weren't sure that he supposedly lived up there … and in my dream it was the house of my uncle Karli (in Klein Sankt Veit / Brückl), that he had built himself. But then I got deviated …

I entered a **village**, similar to a Mediterranean village with narrow alleys, and weirdly, *I seem to have been there before, in other dreams*, or at least, after a junction, a road that seems to lead behind narrow curves into (!) houses and along country roads but really only leads inside the houses, was *familiar* to me.

I was very desperate. It was getting dark and stormy, and I couldn't walk fast enough and knew I had lost my way and I needed to be somewhere in time but knew I wasn't going to make it. I entered a gardens and houses area …

So I ended up in a home, where a **woman of about 60** (reminded me of Eva Sch.) was in the process of putting clothes on. And she was wearing some kind of under-cage, like in the Rokoko, where the **skirts** were worn over such wire-baskets, and she had one, kneelong, in a red kind of stiff mesh. She startled, and I apologized and said that I had lost my way. She asked me to wait and then took me outside up the hill to a village entry (that looked like St. Egyden, where my very first longterm-boyfriend was from).

So along the road (it was now dusk) was a building with public **restrooms**, and she went in line there. While she disappeared inside, I saw **people** with **animal masks** walking around, and a man with **a black-and-white tiger mask** walked by me. I stepped up to him and stretched my hand out for a greeting and asked him: "What's the **name** of this place?" He turned away, *pissed off, thinking I had made fun of him,* but I went after him and stepped in front of him again. Meanwhile, other people, even groups, all dressed up, walked by us, in a good mood … "No really," I said, "I don't know. Where am I? What is the name of this place" He saw that I was serious and said "**Ran**". He even spelled it, "**R, A, N**", then turned away and walked off.

Then this storyline breaks off.

And I found myself in a big **gymnastics hall**, with long ropes dangling from the ceiling. I didn't see

how they were attached, but *in my dream I was aware that I had always been wary of dangling things* if I wasn't entirely sure to know how and where they were **attached**.

But I said to myself that it was going to be okay, and I grabbed one of the ropes, that was more like a **rather thin string** …

Somewhere closeby, also in that room, people were jumping down from very high up, I couldn't see from where, in some kind of slow-motion, and they were holding on to those thin ropes and trusting that they were just the perfect length that the jumpers wouldn't hit the ground … which they didn't, and all jumpers ended *suspended **above** the ground*.

Now I did the contrary: From the floor (I just realize what a strong image for "as above so below" that is!) I reached up as high as I could on a rope and wrapped it around one hand, and then ***I willed myself up in the air***, and I made it to swirl and turn high and around in the entire gym room, I was able to ***propel*** my body ***where I wanted***, *and it was so so so satisfying*. I trusted the thin rope, and I realized that other people were watching, and that I was very good at maneuvering between them. I got quite the momentum and speed, and I twisted and turned while holding on to the rope and flying through the room … all using my will as the pushing power for that momentum …

What a dream?!

Before falling I sleep I did tell Bob that I was coming and ready and that I was looking forward to visiting again.

And then, in the morning, I was so tired, that, after peeing, I went back to sleep, and Jacqui too, and we got up at exactly noon. 12.00! Wow! Never have I slept so long. But I felt so tired, and then I awoke rather refreshed.

I just sat back to reflect on the dream, and I thought that ***the "willing myself" along those ropes***, is maybe signifying connections to the "above" is a good method and that it works?!

After all I had asked the distinct question in the past days and especially yesterday to receive a message if it works what I'm doing and if I shall continue.

Now interpreting that dream more … could the animal masks play on my knowledge about "totem" and assuming the energy and thus power of anything and anyone I want …? (*Note: There is an element of the <u>mingling</u> of the events of the actual time when this happened and the time that I'm editing this, January 2020, when I had just found out that Serge King is a "**Tiger**" in Chinese Astrology … and it will have significance, you'll see, once you're up to date.)*

And the woman with the **corset-cage**-structure may be telling me that it's okay to ask such narrow-minded people for help and assistance and accept it, but them to let them go when I realize the "mundane" interests they have (signified by the restroom?)

(I just found my nipples entirely erect, which is weird; it's energetic; don't know why I stopped writing and touched them with both hands, never do that, ever, normally.)

Okay, I just told *Bob to read my thoughts* whenever they are about him and "the bridge" or when I have a question addressed to him, and the situation with the word "**Ran**" and the spelling of it came to my mind. Maybe it's important for me to speak and to spell it out loud, and that was also a question I asked yesterday, and I did practice talking to Bob as if he was just visible and audible. So I take the message from the dream that it IS, in fact, important to spell it all out … but also to insist, maybe, from my side, to receive information when I need it, *to make sure the value is established?*

What a so very dense dream …

Oh! And! **In my dream** I saw an ***image of another "rabbit"-logo of a VW Rabbit, and it was two rabbits intertwined.*** So, my dear Bob, is that a message from you that we are not separated?

I just felt a little dizzy, listening for an answer. And I'm saying those things out loud, further. I feel … elated and excited.

Also, I want to leave Vienna.

I'm heading for the **woods**, today. It's the perfect day for it.

The sad thing is only that I don't have anyone to share all this with … and "C" isn't an option. She

isn't "into" it, the way I am, she is interested and willing, to a point, to know and share. But no immersing. I could ask Dr. A. if she knows someone …

July 14, 2019 **– The Tiger's Eye Stone**

I found a stone today. A polished *mineral*, had to look it up what it is: A **Jaspis** with some **Tiger's Eye** in it. I kid you not. I found a "**Jaspis tiger's eye stone**" after having dreamed about someone with a "tiger mask" and as Bob's name is "Stone".

The most stunning feature: It consists of **layers** or minerals, and one small golden layer isn't always to be seen! It kind of reflects the light in a certain sense …

Wow, was I stunned, when I picked it up – on the path I often go with Jacqui when I go out for a longer tour (Schafberg / Sheep Mountain, Neuwaldegg). Which I was planning. There it was, that stone, *like I had found the ring,* the *same odd "spaced out" feeling, like the world had slowed down, and there were no sounds for a while … as I picked it up … so surreal …*

Feels like it's a manifestation of my wish: I had told Bob that I needed something ***tangible*** of him, me, being a mortal person, it doesn't comfort me to know that he is alive as a spirit who I can't see or hear. So I got a **STONE *to carry with me***, in my hand – *it doesn't get more "tangible" than that …*

And I got to share: I had complained recently, about him having barely ever held hands with me, except for one of his last days with me … and I tried it out, substituting the **Jaspis** for my beloved Bob, and it sort of felt … *okay*. In a crazy way. I had to cry, again … but it's such a clear **sign**, that it brought many other thoughts up, today. I chose a tour where I could walk for a long time and talk to myself without meeting anyone … not to myself, really, but with (!) Bob, but to bystanders it would appear that I'm a lunatic. *Holding the stone all the time.*

So I realized that yes, they are listening and hearing … and I also realized several things about my dream tonight … But also, I think I've understood that "they" need something from us. Quality work, of sorts, in an energetic way.

The "Play me!" came back, too. In the form of the **image of a sunflower with a chess-board in the middle!** On a wall! Near a tramway station …

"You're the sun and I'm the moon", Bob had sung to me, "play me!" Okay, so I'm the sun. *I'm supposed to play him.* Which means that somehow as mortals we have certain abilities that the discarnates need to apply us? Towards them? For them? Something. Not sure. I'll figure that out. *Close to the sunflower, on a wall* – "**Po**", Hawaiian for "world of Aumakua" and thus "the dead", and "**Lo**", Hawaiian for "conscious thinking"!

(*Note: Looked up what a "**Jaspis**" does, energetically: It's invigorating as well as stabilizing, brings rest to a restless mind, supports self-confidence, will power and resilience, it's a stone for vitality and dynamic, and it supposedly protects from magic.)*

So, as I was walking in the forest, and **three young people** came towards me, **American English** speaking, but clearly one speaker Austrian (the woman) … and ***just*** as they walked by me, she said ***"We were just filming. Is he a crazy guy?"*** And then they were gone. That seemed so weird … them talking about filming in English while I was talking to the spirit of a filmmaker, who, in my mind, must have had mental problems for a while … and yes, I talked about that with him, too, i***n that forest! Just as those folks walked by me and said it out loud!***

It's like … wow!

And: A few minutes later, at a crossing of **five** (!) **paths**, I met ***two couples***, and one was an Austrian young woman with an American partner, who didn't speak German … and he looked just like a young Bob! With his blue eyes fixating me, a light blue shirt … the way I had met Bob for the first time, the soft, wavy hair … *and they asked me how to find public transport …*

It was all just uncanny.

That was when I realized deep sorrow for losing Bob, the man, again … and I had to cry.

It was a very strange afternoon …

I asked questions, and I consciously and loudly dealt with my **dream** … I was wondering what the word "**Ran**" plus its ***spelling*** out loud ***by the man with the tiger-mask*** means …

No clue, yet. But the ***willing*** myself into all kinds of motions holding on to that *thin rope* that lead *upwards into "nowhere",* seemed to be such a strong message that I do have the *connection with the beyond*, already.

Maybe I'm right … and evolution in the sense of "the bridge" does mean that we mortals must learn to deal with the "dead" in the way I'm trying to do, to cooperate, collaborate and stay connected, because that is something ***the "dead" need.*** The story always goes that we have to "Let them go" because they need to "go to heaven" or something of that meaning. I never thought that*. I still don't think that.* I told Bob from the beginning of his dead-person-state that only because he's without the body I knew, this wouldn't make me not expect him to fulfill his promises to me.

(*Edited for privacy, a lot about Bob's and my emotional relationship.)* Bob did say, in the year, before he died, sometime, that "emotions and dealing with them" was "*the drama of his life*". Now, without the body and the inhibitions caused by the brain and the reasons why it does what it does, also in regards of chemistry … Bob is free of this shit. And for that, I'm happy. For him.

July 14, 2019 – **Found "Ran"!**

I couldn't help it and googled "**Ran**" … and what I found got me breathless, again.

("Ran and the Girls of the Waves")

Ran is the Norse goddess of the sea and responsible for storms and big waves. She has nine

daughters called the Waves, and she spent most of her life collecting lost valuables at the bottom of the ocean and then casting them into her giant net that she wears as a skirt.

(https://simple.wikipedia.org/wiki/Ran)

Is that a hint at the **stuff** I keep *finding*? But further, in another source … it reads: **Rán** is a personification of the ocean, just like her husband, Ägir, and their nine daughters personify the waves. The goddess uses her net to capture sea-goers …

So … there was one special day on Maui last year, that I keep flashing back … when I walked for hours down to the beach and got entirely sunburned, but then swam in the ocean at Paia … and that ***swim was magical*** … it was really me in those waves, and the waves were unusual for Paia, crystal clear, and large and wide and gentle … and I felt so at home there … and I looked up to Pukalani and knew Bob was waiting … so I took the next bus … Reading about "Ran" takes me right there.

Remember, I found the **blue ocean-painting** after I had dreamed the song "**Three silver pearls are slowly rising from the ocean**"?

And only *yesterday* (!) I asked Bob what I had found that ***painting*** for … and now, ***"Ran", a woman of the ocean*** … and that's how I have always felt in the Pacific, as if I belonged there … "half fish", Bob would say, and *Ran is half human half fish!* I could swim for hours, the highest waves … and yes, I'm picking up and finding stuff all the time … And guess what? I'm working with "nine girls"! That's my job: I'm an online editor for a content-marketing agency and there are several young female writers whose texts I'm editing! Altogether, they are …

And in Bob's and my film project "**Kaweli**" … the plot revolves around a young woman *who drowned in the ocean!* (This is a major spoiler, but who cares …) and whose son manages to ***get her to appear to him, yes, in spirit***! I wrote this in 2017 … not thinking how that would relate to my own life in just a little while!

Ran rules over all life in the **ocean** and also over death in there … and her magical net is so tight and dense that nobody can escape her … Her husband, Ägir, represents the rather friendly aspects of the ocean …

The name "Ran" supposedly derives from an expression of "Raub", "robbery" (Icelandic), so she is the "robberess". And among her daughters is – a **dove**! Remember, I just told you about the dove-images and about **Dyveke** Spino, whose name is "**little dove**"?

See, the "Ran"-experience now proofs to me … that *some dreams are actual "meetings in the beyond" where I'm given hints* ***that it is so!***

And given that the name was said to me out loud in a dream … this means to me that the dream was … "real" in a sense of proving to me that "someone" knows all about me ..

It's actually impossible to express and describe my excitement about all this … I can only write it down rather matter-of-factly.

Synchronicities, huh, no shit.

July 14, 2019

Googled more and just realized that a "**Jaspis**" is one of the most precious gems since ancient days, as of healing. And mine infused with some tiger eye, which is weird, after dreaming of a man with a tiger-mask.

And the word "Ran" is an old film by Akira Kurosawa (1985). Here we have again something that fits with the tiger and the Jaspis.

July 15, 2019

Waking up … I realized that "Ran" and her nine girls may just be Bob "saying Hi" and pointing out my current situation, me, the ocean freak with the shark-Aumakua as the crazy lady (which I am) with the nine "girls" … because Ran is pictures with the long-haired "daughters" … and that's me and the agency-girls … and that may well be my own subconscious, saying that … but it feels different, and why would I reflect my own situation that way.

Last year I, about that time, I started working for the agency, and Bob always got a kick out of me saying that "my girls" had sent me jobs … So yes, may have been some greeting.

Also tonight's **dream** was ... **horrible and telling:**

It was about me having to master an extremely dangerous kind of **wall** in the middle of a **deadly ocean** that was like a **river**, and people who always die trying to climb it. It was like a pier connecting two parts of land, but made from rugged and cracked and somehow drifting rock or concrete, a ridge of sorts … that would either break off and give way or that would simply shake people off it … And I think I witnessed several deaths there … I do remember it in detail, and it took a while of back and forth … I needed to try walk across it without being wiped out by crashing waves, but I might as well not have tried, after all, it was my decision and it wasn't about someone else, like I'd have to save someone … in a way, not.

Somehow I mastered walking and climbing along that strange "wall" and I made it across the deadly ridge … *and that was the path to **Bob**!* And in the dream, I watched myself approaching the edge of that rock-wall in the raging waters … looking towards myself, as if I was there already. And then I did some "eyes-closed" moves and – bingo! I had arrived.

Somehow, the dream then changed. I was in a **village**, looking towards that horrible obstacle that ridge in the wild swirling foaming ocean water…

And then I was back where **Bob** was … but somehow I had to **catch** him (and I don't remember what he looked like, it was more like an idea or a view of him from behind) and I started to run as fast as I could on top of the ridge of that rockwall, but towards the land … it was like I had to get there or the **connection** would be lost, or it was like I could only benefit from reaching the other side by running back as far as I could … so **I ran and screamed and jumped** from rock to rock while the wall seemed to **break apart**! And I barely made it – and woke up! With heavily beating heart and wide eyes … it felt like I had "just made it out of there", with my last strength.

I went to pee and back to bed, although it was already morning*. And I got **back into the same dream*** – but this time I was in the village. And a woman very dear to me, it was **Kate Hudson** (Goldie Hawn's daughter) was about to cross that wild ocean and try to master the rockwall with her **baby**! I think she was carrying it … and I knew and everyone knew that she was going to die. She knew it too. But she went for it anyway. I couldn't look when she left land, on that dreary gloomy morning … but I

was so sad and I thought I should try and help her, but there was no way for me to join her.

I kind of strolled along that weird village, it was quite dark and saw Kate **disappear** towards the shore … (I realized: That ocean was more like some **pool** with that rugged rock wall in the middle, and it was entirely possible to walk around it … *there was no real reason to actually enter that water and try to climb that wall, but* ***it was an irresistible urge*** …) Back in that village was a **man**, who reminded me of a real-life man I knew as a dog-owner. He ("Andi") hangs out with the junkies and the homeless, but he is *very smart and educated,* and he told me, last year, that his **wife** had been a genius, some **professor**, and that *he had watched her die of cancer* … and since then he seems to have given up an a "regular" life.

So strange that the guy was, kind of, in my dream …

The loss of that Kate-Hudson-woman was horrifying … but somehow I went back on that **rockwall**, and this time I met a **man** up there, who was kind of *amused watching me being able to navigate that wall*. He was a complete stranger, but in my dream I knew that he had something to do with the fact *that this dangerous challenge was there at all.*

Wow, what a night.

Walking the dog I felt so sad about losing Maui and all … and I had the feeling, again, that I really need to change something about my life.

The escaping running screaming along the rockwall … waking up an impression, that it immediately "analyzed" upon an impression that it was me mastering the "barrier" to the Unobstructed … just made it. Somehow it was about using a kind of "window" to return to … well, my body. Out of that other realm. It felt … ***not*** like a dream. Of course a dream, but not some kind of "cleaning up" of the subconscious … like a brain function. It felt more – *direct*. More … real.

One of those nights, walked the dog … saw this:

Haulani 222. Our address. The house of laughter.

An on **Danube Island** this amazing **cloud** formation showed me the "barrier" in real life …

Now look what I found … yes, a **"tiger face"** on a cap of a bottle … Remember the "tiger mask" in my dream? … and a **card with the number 7**… well, sometimes the **clouds** seem to go out of their way to "speak" to me.

July 16, 2019 **– Hawaii in Words and Numbers**

It's past one in the morning. I had switched off my laptop to go to bed … but I grabbed it again and switched it back on. I intended to read a White-book, but instead, I felt compelled to open "How we die" by Sherwin Nuland. And I landed on page 7, where it reads "Harvey Nuland" (a dedication by the author to his two brothers). ***Harvey***. That's the rabbit-challenge! Just saw *something shiny* in the corner of my eye, at the wall, and I thought it was the light of the computer reflected in my glassed, but I am *not* wearing glasses.

I had a strong flash of emotional closeness with Bob, when I read "Harvey" - as just yesterday I had told Bob distinctly that "***Harvey***" the name (!) totally counts in the rabbit challenge, in any for and way … and here is "Harvey".

Wow.

The window crackled – just when I wrote "Harvey"! As if Bob had been watching to see if I would follow my impression that I had to reopen the laptop, switch it back on and open "How we die" … I actually was thinking about doing that yesterday, but not today.

I can only repeat … it's uncanny, it's wonderful, and it will be explored much more.

And last night, of July 15, on the way to the internet cafe, I was three car license plates with "**808**", … and one with "80008", it was like an emphasis on "808" … and that's Hawaii. And I've seen 250 recently, a few times, Bob's phone number beginning … I have the feeling I'm supposed to understand something in relations to Hawaii … the "Ran"-dream also speaks for it …

Plus I saw the car license plate number "**KINI** 5", and "kini" is Hawaiian for "uncountable" meaning "numerous", from a very old chant that I used to know, "E kini o ke 'kua" … calling on the inumberable "Akua", spiritual phenomena or "gods".

(And the 64-920-one again …)

The dream from last night, me running away as fast as I could, screaming, across lose rocks through the raging ocean … I came out of … the beyond, as it seemed. And it had to do that if I didn't escape in time, that wouldn't be good. But I did escape. It was so strange.

July 16, 2019 **– The Sun on the Ground**

I **dreamed** I was in some countryside and I had the opportunity to ride a **horse**. *But again … like in dreams I used to have decades ago*, somehow the horse turned into something more **human** and also got **smaller**, so I couldn't ride it anymore. I longed for it, though, for riding a real strong horse (*that is also a recurring dream*) but the horse turned even more small and human. This kind of dream is really familiar to me … the horse-riding challenge … really frustrating.

Last night I also was riding (but it felt like I really didn't sit on the horse) up a very steep road, or I

was trying, and I never really accomplished that … got deviated, other people were there … and somehow a house came into play where I had something to do … a woman was there, and there was some kind of meeting with other people, and I had some important role, but because I couldn't ride that horse well …

I just recall a bad **weather** incident, like a huge storm, and the house was kind of **leaking**, and somehow I was there alone and had to take care of everything … but that impression is fleeting, can't hold it …

That horse felt, eventually like a **stuffed toy** animal … and it even had a face and a voice … between a man and an old woman, smiling … I hated that realization that again I didn't get a real horse.

That house, also, had to do with something I didn't get … or couldn't do … also my **mother** was present, kind of, somehow, again. She was in many dreams recently.

In dreams in previous years, very often I had been near horses, wanting to ride one, and mostly, when I sat on one, it was so small or actually a human, that I couldn't ride it. And if I was on a real horse, somehow there was no suiting path for me to ride on. How often I dreamed that … many times also including the same locations …

Last night, there was an element of some kind of challenge …

Of course, the entire dream reflects real life details of my life … Bob, the horse in Chinese astrology, the leaking house and Bob's leaking tumor, alone, desperate … between man and woman, that's what Bob appeared to be, often … Just weird, how direct all that is.

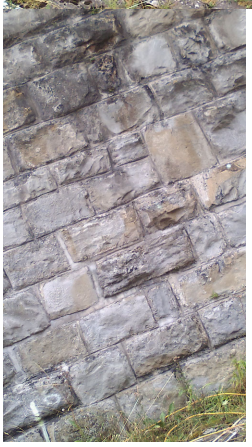
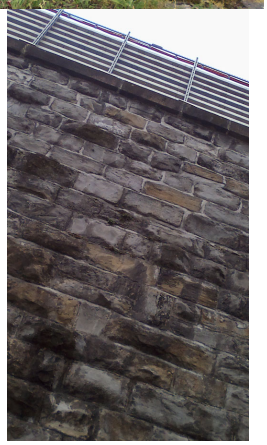
So then … **amazing synchronicities** today! And great **talk** with **Bob**.

Walking out of the house, I found a small **plastic sunflower** … actually, I had seen it behind a fence several times, but this time I picked it up, and it was the same kind of sunflower that I'd seen on the house-wall, with a chess-board-pattern in the center!

Wow!

Then: Walking from Auhof along the **Wien river** - although I had wanted to do Danube island for a swim, but followed my drift … Realized again (keep forgetting) that there are **some grave stones** I was walking on …

In that area, I found thin **ropes** next to a high wall (with just the sky above), as if they had just dropped down (probably have)! Just like my dream about thin **ropes,** *that I had used to will myself in the air … like I could fly!*

And: They are next to a high craggy **wall**!

Then I walked into a **film**-production! That took place there, at the Wien-river, and that *while* I was talking to ***an invisible filmmaker***, discussing what I should do with my life. When *I marched through the crew and actors*, that I longed so much to be doing this work again with Bob! We both had looked forward so much to finally working on our film projects together … my heart was so sore, walking by there … I was so jealous. And lost.

Remember, that I’d been hearing people talk about filmmaking the other day, as they walked by me?

The best time of my life: in love with Bob and working in video production with him on Maui. Gone baby gone. I got reminded of it, thank you very much.

I also had another **insight** … and I realized that the strange ***white-bright thing*** (like a flash) that I had seen last night, to my left on the wall (in the almost dark room) must have been some “visual manifestation”, from the other side, of some sorts …

I figured out which is to my mind - and I’ve asked for confirmation - the biggest problem in terms of the project “the bridge”: **abandonment**. And I’m an expert on that, having experienced that all though my life, even with Bob …

It’s abandonment that keep the realms apart, because the mortals abandon the invisibles as soon as they have “shed” their “shell”, their “pod” … The dead are asked to “rest in peace”, and what the mortals mean is “Keep lying in your grave and sleep forever.” Which is absolutely nonsensical. And people really believe that there is a “person” in that grave. Which I also thought. Still kind of

think it when I think about the graves of people who died in my youth …

Betty White said that one should not *demand* anything from "them". But I think if it's all about treating them as the living people they are, we must not ***not*** do anything, but just do what we would do with that person in mortal life!

So the idea of "Rest in peace" is not only bullshit, it's a problem.

The mortals simply cut themselves off from the invisibles … and that's why there is no connection, and that's why they seem "dead", and that's why "death" is such a horrible thing in the human mind.

We are fucking everything up by our **beliefs** about *what "dying" means.*

The "dead" are still here, they are alive and around, and they can't do anything because the mortal turn away from them. And yes, that's my wishful thinking as I'm grieving … but I think ***that's the whole point to the idea of "grief":*** To deal with the "afterlife", to keep the discarnates around!

Mortal incarnates are stopping and abandoning the relationship with their "dead" loved ones, whilst for the invisibles nothing has changed – except that they don't have a body, in terms of "life". Of course, they have their own path in their realm now … but from what I read, of course not everyone has the same interests and plans "in the afterlife", and certainly not the same reasons for even keeping up a connection with the "mortals" …

And as I keep walking and talking with Bob … I'm getting so clear on these things!

On the way I shared the very strong sharp smell of a water-mint with Betty and with Bob … and it felt natural, to share it with them.

I do have the feeling that, with my entire clear mind, I can be totally aware and receptive and inquisitive and everything, *knowing* that I'm just like them. Only I'm still in the "**protective pod in which we mature as energetic beings**", as Betty described it … and I totally get it.

So it's not about "letting the souls of the dead go" … yes, they live on and they have their own things to do … but they "move away" because they have no other choice when the mortals decide that they no longer exist! *Seeing those grave stones … touched me*. Gives me a ***hard time***, too, because I've been exactly the same: I didn't even consider that my brother Peter could still be alive, or my grandparents on both sides … or other people I liked and who have died … or Steve Jobs or Jesus!

So now, that we decide that they do exist and keep living, just not visible and not audible for us and in a different realm of frequency, *we can and must include them in our lives and treat them as "right here" …*

Once we – as mankind – do that as a habit … wow, will life change.

It's all about "the bridge" and building it. I do believe that it will be possible to actually "see" "them" and "hear" them … that doesn't mean that human bodies and organ functions will change just like that to ensure that … but I do think it means that our **consciousness** inside our "protective pod" will mature and evolve as an energetic force … and we will be able to "switch" between states of "awareness" and of "receptiveness" and of … well, energetic existence.

Maybe I'm meant to help bring that about.

I told Bob I'm totally game for it, and I told all of them, who are in connection with me, that they should - and I expect them to - read my mind regarding anything that has to do with "the bridge" as our project, and Bob can and should read my mind always when it's about him …

Yes, as a mortal I have "demands" in terms of I want them to do certain things. Why? Because it's about interaction. They aren't wiser or magical, all of a sudden. They have a different range … but so have I, from their view.

The relationships between us mortals and the invisibles can be improved so much.

I told Bob: I want a huge **lottery-win** so that then I have leverage in terms of production and can finally meet Keanu Reeves and the other right people.

My soulmate and love is Bob, there is nothing that will ever change that. But to get on with my "kuleana", which is "the bridge", I need potent mortals to support me. And to achieve that I'll just follow my "drift" … and I trust, that "they" are with me at all times. (*Note: Nothing else to be done,*

anyway, than "following my drift", is there?)

I wish to share my life with Bob, and I think he wants that too. It's okay for me to want him close … that's the new ability he has now, to be able to be with me and share, always. (*Note: My wishful thinking back then, driven by the highs of the amazing synchronicities … which were about to get even more intense*.)

As long as I keep receiving messages … Every one of those hints and synchronicities makes it so very clear that the invisibles exist and that Bob is just Bob and alive.

And: He is **working** and **practicing** from his side, too. That came to my mind during my walk today, too. *He must learn* … he did say to me (in real life) that we were going to work together, and we are and will. In insist. I need to pass my remaining time as a mortal with a ***purpose*** that carries me through the time. But he also needs me to guide and collaborate and communicate.

And maybe even the theme of the struggle for communication, and me being obsessed with it, and Bob being reluctant … maybe all that has to do with the "program" or "**project**" we have been involved in for so long, maybe before our birth … "the Bridge". (*Note: Later I began to ponder about the connectedness of events and how this and that wouldn't have happened if this and that didn't happen before … of course we know that it works like that, but when you are standing for a seeming "ending" of something, facing a bunch of painfully sharp shards of your life, you see the things and steps and events that lead to that, with new eyes*.)

I recalled that strange **group** that **approached** me in my ***twenties*** and that wanted me to be their ***leader*** (*Note: … as I had supposedly been in many previous incarnations "the one" to "gather the patterns" … they even told me my old name, that started with a "Ma …", can't remember more, and their most potent psychic told me that he was unable to access my consciousness … but I didn't do anything intentionally to ward them off, I was only me … innocent, surprised, clueless*.) I see all those events in new light now, too.

So everything that happened, in my life-time, me working on "We Creators", my brother dying of cancer, getting me to Hawaii, Jan, Kimba, H., Bob … all the way to my parents abandoning and rejecting me … thus pushing me away and freeing me in some way … may serve all that big picture … that Betty and Stewart and many more have always known about.

So Bob, with his kind of spirituality and with his problems and his attitude towards me, with his physiological challenges as of body-chemistry, played his designated role well. All the way to killing himself at the time when I would be ready to pick up the message that was really meant for me.

Maybe I'm making all this up. But so what? That's the truth about what's on my mind. Right now … everything seems to be part of a true task that I have … and that reminds me of Jeffrey Turnbull who extracted *all that information about me in those ancient astrology books* … and it's predicted, what's happening now.

I may have a big role … that I never saw coming. I'm in the middle of something, that's for sure. I feel kind of at ease with it. And the turning point was ***July 12, Naupaka Bunny***.

So after that intense talk and sharing with Bob and the others, I was about to enter the dog-zone on the way home, and I looked across to the street, and there is a van with "**Natur Stein**" in big letters … yes. ("*Natural Stone*") True. Got it, Stoneman.

Aloha to all.

July 16, 2019

After writing the above, I went shopping … and suddenly, just walking by the next block, I looked up … and I found the facade lined with the same kind of **flower** that I had found twice now: **sunflower** with a chess-board-type pattern in the middle! And *just* that moment I had been thinking about how humans are walking around ignoring that the invisibles are everywhere always, too.

July 16, 2019 **– Bob's Phone Number, Upon Request**

Walked the dog, night, and saw three times the "250" (the beginning of Bob's phone number, 250-8030, oh, how many times have I dialed it and heard him say it) on license plates … once 910 (Bob's car's license plate number) … and even 222 (our home address) … and all that *just around the block.* So, okay. I'll try lottery, then.

But I had a horrible spell of loss feeling and grief and longing … I need Bob, the living man.

And yes, we can say that the dead are "dead". Because for their physical appearance, as the bodies they once were, they are in fact "not alive anymore", thus "dead", and that's a horrible horrible thing to realize and impossible to accept. It can only be *countered*, the *insight of what that means*: The energetic, spiritual body is free and lives on, ***without*** the burden of the decaying declining malfunctioning deteriorating ***shell***. I can't imagine, really, living without Bob. And yet, I am … and yet, I'm not. I told him again that my longing and my regrets, inspite of dealing with "the bridge", are feeling like suffocating me.

I don't know what to do. I want a different level of … I don't know, Bob's presence, as him, as him as I knew him. (*Note: But I'm a level-headed person, so I always knew that it's not possible "just like that" because we do exist on difference frequency-levels*.)

I suddenly remembered **Bob's "mouse"-smile** today, those fine, white sharp teeth of his, on his lower lip, that grin … it broke my heart into more pieces. At the same time, it gave me such a distinct feeling that I could "be" him … and even though I don't look like him when I do his grimaces, I feel very much connected with him.

I can connect with him in the beyond, using what he sung to me "Play me …!" Maybe that's a fact. Feels like it. Maybe that's just me entering craziness. I do have the impression, though, that the more and better one can imagine oneself *in place* of the dead person, the better one can direct energies – like when "sharing" food or emotional force - towards them, wherever they are. Even though I'm thinking this, I'm somehow not ready / willing to actually try it out in all consequences. I even don't make it to really thoroughly deal with my dreams. It's like "first things first" … and the "first" is – writing. Is that the "basics", that Bob told me via Dr. A., the medium? I'm a writer. I must document. (*Note: If I don't document, that experience is worth nothing it only stays in my own mind, and nobody benefits or learns about it. Of the mortal realm, that is. The discarnates get it all the time, as my thoughts are on their frequency-level*.)

I also experienced today the feeling of some kind of "**dispersing**" of the energy of my physical experience of "taste" of food … it's like I can just "*give it out*" – like "***free for all to use***", but I can also "give it to Bob", and it's a difference. I can also "keep" it or dedicate it to myself, my "Higher Self" … I used to deal with the *trinity* that I am, according to the Huna-philosophy and -principles a lot. Actually, for years, before I even met Bob. I self-cured a staph-infection that no antibiotics could tackle (none!) … and more. And lately I started addressing my "Aumakua" again (it does have a *distinct name*, that "came to me", but I won't share it) … it feels like of … *full circle*. I was totally into that when I met Bob …

So I'm kind of getting back to that. Is that part of the "basics"?

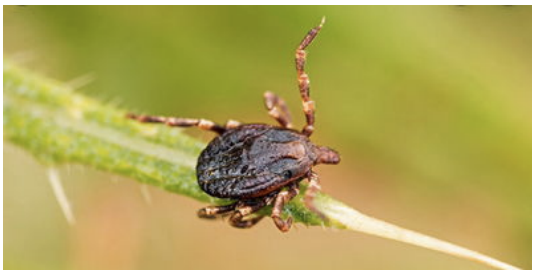
A problem for me is the non-spiritual atmosphere where I live, here in Vienna. The ignorance and primitive ways of people and the presence of so many aggressive, disrespectful Muslim foreigners who are talking advantage of our social system but don't respect us for our beliefs, are not good for me. It's nice, sometimes, to have a cozy home, to withdraw to … ***but I know I must get out of here.*** I need to do things. Can just "sit out" my time. I need the … impulse. Or the momentum to get going. (*Note: A good reason to muster my energy and motivation to move away, I needed, and that would show up soon*.)

Today I saw homeless people in their camp under the highway bridge. You can't see them from everywhere, but from the other side of the Wien river, where I was walking, they are clearly visible. A woman was sitting her, and I waved "hi" at her. And she waved back and *sent me a kiss* and I gave her a *thumbs-up*. It was kind of weird. But it lifted my heart and felt warm. I mean, people *live* under a highway bridge.

Actually … now that I tell that story, there it is, **the bridge** (!) … and I received a kiss from there. The man, next to the woman, was lying actually down, and I only saw his legs.

That's kind of strange thing to experience. But it makes sense for me.

Just got two pesky **grass mites** out of Jacqui's face, he has been suffering for days from those pests, from some meadow, and the poor guy has been itching so much. When I see where he scratches, I hurry and try to find the culprit, and sometimes I'm successful. I hope we'll get rid of the pests, like, now. It's a big challenge, actually … and "grounds" me in a sick way, as I got to deal with this very "mortal" Earthly kind of shit.



<u>July 17, 2019</u>

Swimming at Neue Donau. Poor Jacqui was scratching himself all the time! I had to bathe him again, back home. Met my old beloved dentist, Dr. Adelheid B.! Wow, talk about old days! Those were the days of Sigi … geez, I'm old.

As I was swimming, I was thinking what he'd do about the "**touching**", when I swam backwards into a whole bunch of **long lake-weed**, and there, I was "embraced"! It was quite amazing.

THE SEVEN PURPOSES

"But there's no hurry," he went on. "We've all eternity together now…. Only one thing can separate us. If you doubt my existence, I shall still exist, but your doubt will destroy the thread that links us like a telegraph—wire, only more closely and warmly. So you must not backslide, for my sake as well as your own."

Also, as I walked on, I saw a **tall tanned man** *walk back and forth on the path* … just the way Bob had always done it while I had still be swimming in the water as he'd been waiting for me. And he wore **swim trunks** of the same intense **turquois** color as Bob had worn! My eyes half closed, it could have been Bob.

Oh my. I made me cry and experience the loss more. But also it made me realize that ***something is going on big time.***

Last night, before bed, I opened the book "*The Seven Purposes*" … and it was all about the *doubting* and the *pain* and the *backsliding* in terms of discovering that "the dead" are alive and want to be communicated with. And the young man, *Frederick*, actually said what I had been thinking, ***that it's painful for "them" to be ignored and neglected after they had shed their bodies!*** I had thought that on my own account before I had read a "disca" actually stating that!

THE SEVEN PURPOSES

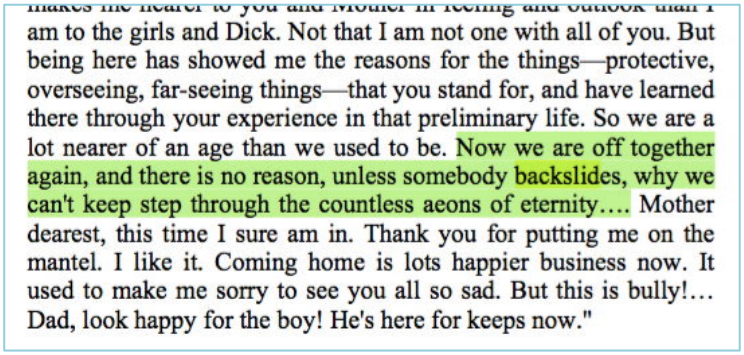
Circling again to the center, already so covered with lines that we had to watch the pencil-point to make out the message, he said: "Now get the pencil."

"Did I show you then who is running this?" he demanded, when I had complied with his request. "Mother dearest, when you are inclined to backslide, remember that little exhibition, and ask yourself how you can doubt any manifestation of me that you perceive."

I was also thinking to myself (and said it out loud to Bob) that what Bob had been doing was *watching and experiencing his body disintegrate in full consciousness.* Just that he had denied it for himself. But maybe his 30 years long ordeal with heavy psoriasis had put that in his mind, that impression that he was dissolving, since his skin had always overdone the regeneration process … and I have seen him in horrible horrible conditions …

My poor Bob. I could have helped him. I could have saved him and gotten him healing stuff … but I wasn't supposed to. (?) Now it's "poor" me, as the concept of living on this Earth with Bob not being here in the flesh anymore, no home, no Stoneman Productions … still unimaginable to me.

Ever again, every day a few times, I fall into that hole where my mind can't "get" it what happened … I feel like … I don't know … like it's all a dream …



makes the nearer to you and Mother in feeling and outlook than I am to the girls and Dick. Not that I am not one with all of you. But being here has showed me the reasons for the things—protective, overseeing, far-seeing things—that you stand for, and have learned there through your experience in that preliminary life. So we are a lot nearer of an age than we used to be. Now we are off together again, and there is no reason, unless somebody backslides, why we can't keep step through the countless aeons of eternity…. Mother dearest, this time I sure am in. Thank you for putting me on the mantel. I like it. Coming home is lots happier business now. It used to make me sorry to see you all so sad. But this is bully!… Dad, look happy for the boy! He's here for keeps now."

But then I feel **Bob** so **close** again and I remember that I'll be where he is, too, for good, so … it's a matter of passing the time here … somehow meaningfully. But imagining Bob and our life together … it hurts so profoundly, it takes my breath away. People may ask "What, still? It has been so many months?!" I want to scream at them "It will never go away as long I am a mortal person!"

July 18, 2019

Dream of Bob and me ***doing production*** – *but* it was the utter "Taylor Camp"-feeling, I felt so disrespected and ignored … and at the same time, it was the "MoB"-feeling, where I was so disrespected and ignored, just last year, too (not by Bob). Probably that was triggered by last night's email-exchange, where I got asked to help a person who wants to take advantage of my efforts and my work after having given me a lot of shit, and after she was almost one of the reasons that said work would have been completely blown, and me having wasted time … So that's why the dream? Was it a warning to be totally strong and always stand up for myself and ***not allowing bullshit*** anymore?

The situation was that somehow, I was an *actress* together with a *woman*, and **Bob was filming us**. It also had to do with some small **village** and some kind of … I don't know, refuge-situation … or something where I had to escape with someone, it keeps sliding in and out of my memory, can't get a grip right now. Oh yes, a young man was there, reminded me of B. (at Lance Lumsden's Happy Tennis magazine, where I worked, a young editor who had troubles with addiction, later), and somehow we were on some kind of *fleeing-attempt* from …? Down a **steep hill**, in a brown-lit like **evening**-kind-of-setting …

So I was the producer and director, although I was *acting*, too. And I prepared everything, and it was like Bob had to film us from some distance, but inside some house or court, like from an adjacent room … there was a **barrier** of some sorts *that separated the set from another room*. The actress and I started to act, and then the actress's part was over, but I kept acting, improvising, and Bob was supposed to shoot, and the actress was supposed to stay with me … but when I looked up (from some kind of **limited vision**, as if I had been stuck in some white plastic **container** or was surrounded by one), **I was by myself**. Outraged I went to the other room (around the corner), and I saw them, Bob and the woman, sitting at a table and chatting. And when I got angry and said that I hadn't been done, and that they couldn't just abandon the production, I got the typical **Bob-stink-eye**, like *he* was upset about *me* complaining, whilst I was perfectly right! (Oh real life reference!) … and the actress was on his side and also treated me disdainfully.

Somehow another situation came in all the time … and it had to do with a thing, an **item**, that *I had to take care of* … anyway. I think we started the production over … yes, there was something that Bob and I had to accomplish, but it was up to me to keep it going and get him to come along and do it …

And I'm wondering if there's a message in that?

Because last night, almost dozing off, I asked Bob ***what I could do for him***? He had asked me in our life together a thousand times, everytime he entered the kitchen-living-room where I was working (writing scripts or editing): "What can I get you?" So I asked him that last night. Maybe the answer is in that dream, the story that my subconsciousness made up for me to recognize it … maybe I'm supposed to … just keep on it? Of course that' the most obvious meaning, but it rings right in my stomach. And there are obstacles like ignorance and habits … and perhaps my own. Not in a bad

sense, but yes, I'm kind of stuck, too.

On the other hand, I made a decision today that I won't be visiting the two "friends" I had planned to visit, because … if I'm very honest … I'm appalled by their situation (and they were always ignorant towards me). I decided (already last night) that I'll go find a nice place on a lake for my dog and me and make another writing-holiday there … I don't need those "friends" at all. On the contrary.

So maybe that's the message of the dream … from me to me or from Bob to me: ***Stay true to what you really want.***

I want Bob. Okay. Can't have him. I want respect and success and a lot of money to be able to manifest the sci-fi-franchise "Regents of Clouds". Okay. With that you can help me, Bob.

And again … a **bear** … and the first part of **Bob's phone-number** … and I've asked for it! (*Note: As soon as I later stopped wishing for his phone-number to see it, it wouldn't show up anymore. I know about selective perception, but I kept looking out for it still, in a sense of heightened awareness, but I didn't consciously wish for it to be a message from Bob anymore, and it didn't show up anymore*!)

July 20, 2019 **– A Cat's Face and a Candle**

I finalized my film "Making of Barricades" (dealing with the refugee-crisis in Europe and the attempted oppression of opinion and Austrian values) – with Bob's help, for sure. He is still the tech-guy. I made a quicktime movie (over 19 GB) and smaller version (about 2 GB), now will figure out what to do as of publishing and DVD. But for all tech-problems, a solution "came to me".

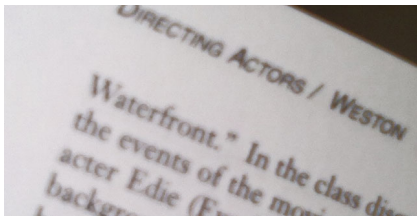
Today, on **Danube island …**

I **found strange things** at the tiny **pond**, where I normally walk by, but this time I went around it, for Jacqui to have a little adventure … (poor guy is still suffering the grass mites, has been scratching himself bloody, I keep putting disinfectant on and Neem with coconut oil.) And there was, maybe from some party, a red tipped over **candle** container with white candle's wax spilling all over the rock on the shore of the pond. I looked up, and there was a **cut-out cat-"mask" and a card, the ace of hearts.**

Later I ran right into L. and N. (the couple who had given me the moon-stone that had broken in half right away) … which I had been avoiding and even thought about that they must be gone at the time that I'm on the island. But I totally didn't watch out and as soon as I was at the water, *there they were, right in front of me*. They were wondering what was up with me, and I didn't have the heart to

tell them that ***I was the one wondering*** why I hadn't heard a beep from them *after I had told them about Bob's death*, so I said I hadn't been well, and they were so surprised and asked why. I suppose they had forgotten that I had told them that Bob had died. They asked me to stay in touch, I said maybe (*Note: Why do people not stay in touch on their initiative?*), and I was a little short with them, as I only wanted to swim and not chat. Norbert looked a bit fragile, himself. (He has very severe psoriasis, too, but not as much as Bob had.) He must be older than Lisa.

And suddenly, I looked up, and the most interesting **clouds** where there … so I "heard" in my mind that those were warnings, "to keep my eyes open" in terms of staying safe …



I thought, wow, if Bob would really be communicating with me like that … and I did sit down for half an hour in a shadowy meadow later and *talked to him aloud*. Asking him questions, like "Do you want to speak through Dr. A?", "What can I get you?", "Are you okay with sticking around with me?", and I suggested a lottery win, that Bob had been obsessed with, always, for enabling me to pay bigger productions to get onto the path of manifesting "the Bridge" …

For some reason I picked up an old book about "Directing Actors" and opened it on a random place, and it read "**Waterfront**" … the site of Bob's and my first date with T. and N. (where he introduced me to his "friends" who turned out to be all other than that.

I had that **dream** tonight, where I was supposed to be a **stewardess** on a **plane**, and I had *to get to a tiny dressing room*, that was also a *toilet* and used by all other people … and all those people were running down a windy forest path, towards that strange dressing room toilet! Several women among them, and some spiffy man, like a **boss** type, was somehow around, too. The only way to get to that dressing room was down that very steep hill, very curvy, like a hiking route, with some people walking, leisurely, as it seemed, others rushing

I somehow had to run down that hill and the curves to the toilet/dressing room … and when I got there, I had the hardest time to figure out what to wear, I didn't have the right clothes: And I was **bleeding**, menstruational! It was horrible! I was so uncomfortable, and I had to wear a **mustard yellow cord-pants** with some sort of blouse, also with mustard-yellow in it and a checkered pattern … and I was so hot, it was all too tight and clumsy. Somehow I later looked at a *woman*, who *might have been myself*, and she was wearing a **green-white pullover** and horribly uncomfortable **white blouse** whose collar was constantly shifting … and it felt horrible.

Also, a school colleague was there, S. T., from the Commercial Academy I attended, geez, how did she make it into my dream? In real life I barely ever hand any kind of connection with her, I think we spoke three times in five years. She was pathologically shy, with thick light-brown hair and always kind of parched lips, and her voice was so soft, that the teachers always had to ask her to speak up … (*maybe that's the meaning?)* Her best friend, with whom she was inseparable, W. Sch., and she was one of the few people I really liked … she had very long almost black hair and a very slender figure, and she always seemed insecure. I heard about her many years after school ended (1983) that she had killed herself.

July 20, 2019 **– The Moon, a Dragon and a Tiger (again)**

On the way to Danube island I ended up next to a man on the platform of the U6-train who was reading a newspaper (Salzburger Nachrichten) with a large white-gray moon (!) and the headline “Warum ist der Mond weiß?”, “**Why is the moon white**?”

pressreader

Sign in

ond weiß?

nbürger werden hier ein paar

ATORIUS

1. Warum ist der Mond einmal weiß, einmal rot und manchmal blau?

Wenn der Mond hoch oben am Sternenhimmel steht, sieht er normalerweise weiß aus. Weiß erscheint der Mond immer dann, wenn er direkt von der Sonne angestrahlt wird

Warum ist der Mond weiß?

Für die kleinen und großen Erdenbürger werden hier ein paar Fragen geklärt.

ten oder sogar rot. Diese Farben entstehen, wenn sich die Erde zum Teil oder auch ganz in den direkten Strahlengang zwischen Sonne und

ist.

That I found strange, and I was going to ask the man if I could take a pic, but just then he folded up the paper and the train came. I decided to look it up online and take a screenshot, for my contact diary.

Also, on the way back, also in the U6, I suddenly faced the back of a **young man with a T-shirt with a dragon and a tiger printed on it**, also their backs on the back, and the heads in the front. I wanted to ask to take a pic, but we had to get off the train, and the two ran off, literally, trying to catch some other train.

I sat down in the S45, and there! *They sat opposite me!* So I got my pictures. It just felt strange to see the dragon and tiger-motive, after the **tiger-mask** in my **dream**! And today **the cat-mask**, too …! (I’m aware of the movie Crouching Tiger Hidden Dragon …) Also, in Chinese Astrology, I’m a Wood-Dragon (the year) and a Fire-Tiger (the month) …

(*Note: Just in the weeks that I’ve been editing this section, I’ve come to learn that Serge King, the one person in the world that I consider my true teacher and probably the wisest contemporary on the planet, is a Tiger in Chinese astrology*.)

Here are two **cloud bunnies**, in the sky, but at the same time it looks like a **writing** or some **hand-gesture**s …

July 21, 2019 **– Blue Guardian Angel & the Sun-Revelation**

I got to work on my awareness … I realized that today, because I suddenly realized something extraordinary:

The sun-moon-theme has been active, ever since Bob passed. Like the "**white moon**" yesterday, and I'd been "finding" those suns, all the way back to the actual sun on "Red Mountain" (on February 28), …

… and the others … remember those, with the *strange square-chess-board-pattern* in the center? (I found a plastic one, a huge one on a wall and a whole row of them on a building a block down from where I love. I've been thinking, yes, me, the "sun" …)

And get this: Today, I was waiting for the computer to copy something, I stare at **the little cotton wallet I had once bought on Maui** and had recently re-covered and am using it to stow usb-sticks …

See what I'm seeing? It's the sunflower that I've been seeing on walls and in the form of plastic items! And what does it mean, since ***I've been having one of them right next to me every day!?*** I think Bob is telling me that he sees what I see.

He is telling me that he is with me and pointed me out to the next the closest thing next to me, that I carry around a lot and that I see every day, literally and grab it often, putting usb-sticks inside and taking them out!? And I had ***not*** realized the little sun on the **pink cotton fabric** … *until just today*, when the computer took forever to copy something on a usb-stick.

And:

I had just found a **blue** and **gold guardian angel** (!) with a halo in the *hallway*. Yep.

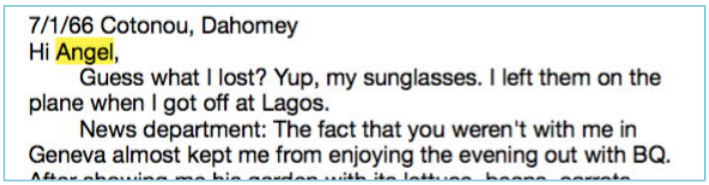
Someone had put it there. I took it, photographed it, then sat down … and then I discovered the sun on my Maui-pouch. Also … **a real sunflower** … crossed my path the other day, it was just there where I walked, and it's not that usual a plant in Vienna. It's such a **big huge lesson** of how ***we don't "see" when we don't "look***" openly enough!

Oh wow.

I feel like Bob must have been so frustrated with me not "seeing".

And then … the angel. Who put it out there? *Angel* is the name of Bob's ex-wife, too.

(*Note: And while editing this section, in January 2020, I just read Serge King's pre-print manuscript of the book about his years in Africa, and he reveals that his wife is called "**Angel**", too, not just "Gloria"!)*

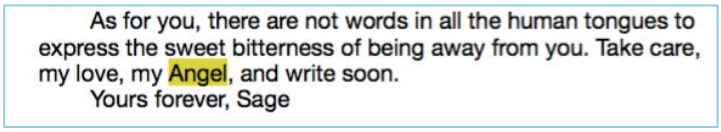


7/1/66 Cotonou, Dahomey
Hi Angel,
Guess what I lost? Yup, my sunglasses. I left them on the plane when I got off at Lagos.
News department: The fact that you weren't with me in Geneva almost kept me from enjoying the evening out with BQ.

And anyway … yesterday, I saw a **poster**, driving by with the train, that read – featuring **a guardian angel with a halo** – "*Your guardian angel is not always with you*" … and an hour later I **found that angel in the hallway** of the house where I live.

How … odd.

Odd? That doesn't begin to describe it.



As for you, there are not words in all the human tongues to express the sweet bitterness of being away from you. Take care, my love, my Angel, and write soon.
Yours forever, Sage

This excerpt I took because it describes perfectly what I'd like Bob to know … written by Serge to his Gloria Angel.

Well. *So Bob, you're seeing what I'm seeing, you're here, and you're tasting what I'm tasting when I'm sharing … because yesterday I shared a lot of chocolate.*

Oh wow.

A friend of mine, Z., who moved away from Vienna, recently, wrote to me today that a friend of his is full of cancer and doesn't want herself to be treated. I gave advice. Up to them now.

I myself have been feeling some pain in my bladder or the ovary-area. But I don't menstruate anymore. Whatever that is … I realize that my body is a machine producing the energetic substance that will live on after the particles have been deteriorating to "dust" or "steam" or what the fuck ever.

July 21, 2019 **– Blue People to the Blue Angel**

Hold on to something, tightly!

"C" just sent me an article about the "**Mu**", the small people of mythical Hawaii – and they were also called the "**Blue people**"!

Instagram

LEGEND OF THE MU PEOPLE – HAWAII'S ORIGINAL INHABITANTS

9/3/2014 2 Comments

by Zach Royer

Mu is described as a continent similar to Atlantis, except Mu was also the name of an older civilization, both nearly destroyed by a cataclysmic event at least 10,500 years ago, as was Atlantis. Theoretically, the only remnants left of Mu would be the Hawaii we know today, as well as the islands of Tahiti and Rapanui.

Interestingly enough, the last ice age ended at approximately 10,500 B.C. causing the water level of the world's oceans to rise by almost 400 feet. If you look at a modern topographical map, you will see that prior to this oceanic rise, the islands of Maui, Moloka'i and Lana'i would have been a single

Instagram

• • • • •

'Uli te mā wai'ihi mea (The blood of the native is blue) - Mū saying

~

~

Raw blue dye crafted from:
1-weka he'e (octopus ink)
2-'Uki'Uki
3-Kauila wood (pressed)
4-Popolo Berry ~

~

Like in the vedas, the ancient Mū were also believed to be blue. These first civilizations are referred to as the mea'uli ,literally translating as "Blue Beings."

~

~

It has been recorded that in the absence of becoming totally locked into matter, the blue blood was not oxygenated and therefore did not become "carbonized." The protein hemoglobin did not require the force of iron molecules to transport oxygen. Meaning, the biological materials did not become governed by gravity - the cells vibrate at oscillations which surpass gravity. This means the entities participated with gravity, as a means to create, mold, design, and imagine, but were not confined to it. ~

Our lore tells us that once the wai'ihi (blood) became attached to iron molecules, to become 'ōpa'u (carbon based), it drafted a veil between consciousness and the ethereal expansiveness.

~

~

Today, in the time of Hanana, The Event, our avatars (physical-material bodies) are mutating from carbon back into crystalline. Meaning our cells are becoming lighter and the oscillations are accelerating. The avatar will require us to relinquish addictions and abuses of the body, otherwise the mutation will morph into a distortion and disease and ill-ness will consume the material aspect. This is not malicious - this is called "spiritual apoptosis" and it is our essences attempt to preserve the integrity of the spirt. ~

~

How will you choose to learn?

~

~

IMUA!!!

And I found a **blue angel**, remember, a small one?! I think Hawaii is talking to me? Very much? And “C” also wrote about a woman who had been dreaming about swimming out into the ocean to never come back … reaching the Unobstructed … and that used to be one of the themes between Bob and me, as I kept imagining just swimming way out and out … I always felt so drawn. And that’s why, maybe, I wrote the screenplay “Kaweli”, where a woman does just that … for a reason, though. And she ever comes back … at least, not as an incarnate … how strange that I would write that kind of story in 2017.

Everything is so strange and intense … and I should move away from here. I should.

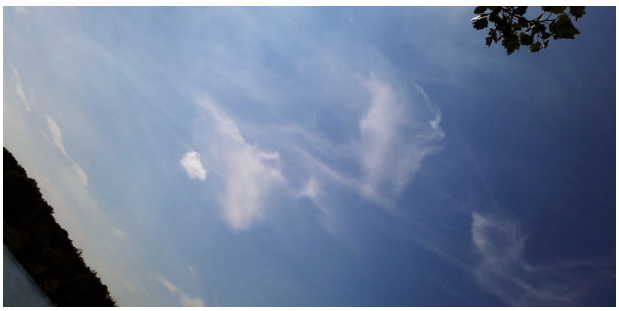
Forgot to mention:

After discovering the sunflower on my Maui-pouch (the angel standing behind me), I grabbed a **2-Euro-coin** to go to the internet-cafe - and I looked at it closely, and it has a **petroglyph-like figure**! I totally flashed back to Hawaii even more!

And a few hours later **I get that message from “C” with the texts about the Mu of old Hawaii …** Sometimes so much is happening … and I don’t even write down every piece of synchronicity I

encounter … like the grave-stone on the pathway along the Wien-river … or the steam-mist in the forest that reminded me how subtle everything is … or the words "Po" and "Jo" written on a wall … "Po", the "realm of the dead" in Hawaiian, and "Jo", well, me … right after the sunflower on the wall … Yes, I'm in connection. Just look at these **clouds**:

Bob "sent" me today amazing **clouds**, and I chatted with him briefly about me liking to interpret **clouds**, like a "**floating man**" …



Also … **intertwined "as above so below"** cloud formation, the expression of "connectedness" and also a thick penis with a dissolving tumor. And a "***falling person***".

Then! **A man cycled** by, on Danube Island – who looked really like Bob and was wearing what Bob was wearing when I first met him: **light blue shirt and olive-brown cargo-pants**!

Yes, many people wear that, but not when they also have Bob's stature and hair and long limbs! I immediately reacted and thanked the real Bob, because just yesterday I had cried over needing to "***see him***" and to hear him!

July 22, 2019

What a day in terms of synchronicity as messages!

First, my **dream**:

My old former friend I. with her dog Slughi, who we used to be friends with (…), walked up a steep windy road up a mountain or hill, and I wanted to follow her, but didn't manage to see her face, as she was in a group and moved fast … I did feel like that group was there by chance and didn't really belong to her.

I couldn't follow her, because I was in the veterinarian praxis of her son, R., to find a remedy against my dog Jacqui's mites … and in a way, we were also busy with our erotic attraction to each other. Very weird. Later I thought, oh, hopefully I., who is in her 70s, is fine. I still like her although our relationship ended because I spoke my mind about her alcohol and drug abuse that affected how she treated her dog (and the same was true for her son, about the drugs and pills).

The dream was so intense that I had to cancel my washing appointment, as I simply couldn't get out of bed, I couldn't really wake up. It happens a lot these days, that while half awake, I'm aware how heavy and tired I am and that I can't move my body, really, so I fall back asleep. And often I think to myself how grateful I am for that kind of lifestyle that I can afford to go to bed and get up whenever I want.

I had been asking Bob to give me messages about how it works best, to "reach" him and to imbue him with energy or with my mortal-machine's emanations, like the emotional flashes of taste, smell, sight and stuff … I have been practicing different approaches, as I'm sure that it's exactly our ability to have emotions, to enhance them, to call them up and to direct them with our attention (and all that related to our thoughts and memories) that this is our "bridge" to the invisibles. We can not only reach them that way, we are connected all the time, and we are *interdependent*. That's why it has been so important for me to get Bob to "communicate" whether or not I'm on the right path.

(Like eating a handful of nuts … Bob loved to do that, just as a snack in between, and I've been doing it for a while … and now more consciously I do it for him. Oh the feeling, the taste, the smell.)

So this morning, awake, I found myself so intensely on Maui – like never before since I've left there. I kept my eyes closed, and it was really *like lying in my beloved Maui-bed*, hearing the Pukalani sounds and ***knowing*** Bob was going to come by and prepare for a shoot we were going to do, and he'd be getting some pieces of equipment from the back area of the room where I was sleeping … it was so close and so clear … and I just now recall that just before I fell asleep last night, I found (!) myself in ***our Maui-kitchen*** standing next to Bob, and he was so real, the whole situation was so real … and it had just popped into my mind … so naturally, *that I was entirely reliving it, while I was at the same time watching it, realizing that this is "only" in my mind!* But that said: I had talked to Bob a lot about how I believe what Betty White and the others had described and that everything we ever made and built and experiences, *still exists in it's "essence",* and as people without the mortal shells, as ***discarnates***, we can access any of it anytime, because it's made of *the stuff that the "beyond" is made of and our own spiritual body*. So it felt – the night-visit of our kitchen and the morning-impression waking up in "housie" – that those "memory"-experiences that felt so real (and that happened while I was sort of awake) were the *answers* to those thoughts of mine and glimpses into the truth of it all!

Also, "C" had sent me another email last night, which I only read in the morning, about the "blue people" and the book "***Awakening***" with that *woman going into the water to never return, a fascination of mine* … and I was very stunned by the mere "synchronicity" of it all, again. (Oh, just now, that I'm writing this, I see that "C" attached the ending of "The Awakening" for me as text … she writes that the book never went off her mind … and the protagonist's name is Edna ***Pontellier, "builder of bridges"!***

Exhaustion was pressing upon and overpowering her.

"Good-by-because I love you." He did not know; he did not understand. He would never understand. Perhaps Doctor Mandelet would have understood if she had seen him-but it was too late; the shore was far behind her, and her strength was gone.

She looked into the distance, and the old terror flamed up for an instant, then sank again. Edna heard her father's voice and her sister Margaret's . She heard the barking of an old dog that was chained to the sycamore tree. The spurs of the cavalry officer clanged as he walked across the porch. There was the hum of bees, and the musky odor of pinks filled the air.

Wow, again. A lot of wow, these days … So just read the ending of the story … and a "sycamore tree" and the "barking of an old dog" is there in the last chapter, and only Bob knows the significance of a "sycamore tree" for me … "Mary's Magic Microscope" (the entire story was so dramatic … and I *had just thought* the other day of a person on Maui, relating to that entire ordeal around "MMM" … and my heart just jumped reading that … yes, the *spirit in the sycamore tree*! I got to tell "C" about that … it totally has to do with my path as a screenwriter and filmmaker, too … ***and only Bob can know that.***

And the "barking of the old dog" … the first year of me being with Bob in Pukalani … an old dog named "**Irkle**", scraggy and half blind, was chained to the house across the street, and he was barking day and night. (Later I'd find out that his owner, the lady of the house, had died, and her husband and widower didn't car much about the dog … major ***crackling*** just now … and nobody cared about the dog, and I snuck up to him to give him water and sneak some food up to him; Bob didn't like me to do that, because "trespassing" is a problem, and he never helped me with the dog or did anything for the poor animal … one night he screamed, and me and a neighbor's woman went out, in the dark, and we found him, blind, lying in a ditch, entirely exhausted, and she called the humane society, and I think Irkle's suffering was over … he was so sweet. He'd wag when he saw me … my heart broke for him, every day. But Bob kept saying that he doesn't want me to get involved with the neighbor's business … and there I was, in a new relationship with Bob, not knowing what to do, that was the U.S.A, and I was a foreigner … and so I kept throwing food up to the dog … and once or twice I threw it in a way that he couldn't reach it, because he was chained to the roof, and I thought I couldn't bear it … one day, the neighbor came to ask us if we knew who gave water and food to the dog … I said I had no idea, and went into the house, because Irkle saw me and wagged his tail.)

(*Note: I just realized that years later I found a* ***dog on a flea market*** *that totally looks like Irkle! And still later I "found" another dog at a shelter, so rugged and poor … and that was Jacqui, my friend, who lives with me today …)*

Also … yesterday I had chatted with Bob about that dog, "***Bodhi***", a big Chihuahua, who had always come running out of a neighborhood house, barking, when we walked by … and Bob said that an entire year, 2013 until I came back 2014 he didn't see the dog, only when I showed up, "Bodhi" came out, again … I really liked "Bodhi" … Don't know what became of him.

So the ending of the book with ***the woman with the name "Bridge Builder" walking into the ocean to die, the sycamore tree and the barking old dog*** … oh wow. And I received this from "C", whose path it had crossed …

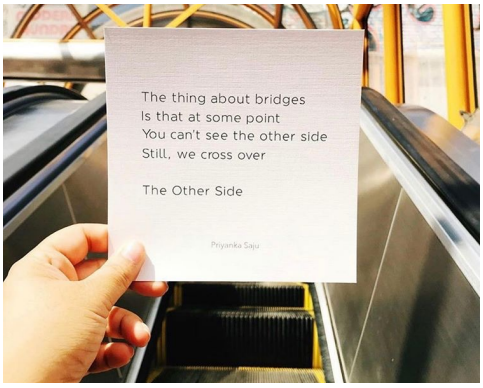
July 22, 2019 **– The Horse In the Sun & the Penis-Stone**

And back to today's adventures …

So I had asked Bob if it was better for me to **imagine** being him or when I "**hurl**" the "energetic charge" (of mortal experiences of the senses or of emotional energy) **towards** him or "**radiate**" them (I'm quoting Betty)? So is it better to imagine him apart from me and address him that way, still based on my memories and imaginations?

So later that day, I walked around a corner in my neighborhood – and see a **sticker** on a care: A **flaring sun** (!) and **horses inside** (!) of it!

"C" also sent me this note:



It's a horse riding center called "Suncourt" (Sonnenhof) … and I was stunned *by the sun and the horses **inside** of her* … because that seems truly an answer to a question. Bob is a "horse" in Chinese astrology, and I'm his "sun". So he is "inside of me" … *this means, it's okay to **imagine** him and **be him** both?*

A few minutes later, I saw two people within a minute or so with **dragons on their shirts** (that's me, the "dragon") and another one with "moving elements" on his shirt, just while I was thinking about exactly that. Stunning.

Then … again, I met a **man** who looked and walked just like **Bob!** *The cargo pants, the T-shirt, the way he was carrying his **backpack***, Bob always had his backpack on him … and the height, then, I saw the man running towards the bus station, and *he even ran slightly awkwardly, like Bob!* That may be his response to me wishing to "see" him again … Well, nice try, Bob. (I didn't get the cell phone out fast enough to take a good picture … only a glimpse of him is possible.)

So walking along Wien river … I found **a bow** (small kine, on a hair clip) in green white and orange. And the special thing about that: I was wearing a **t-shirt**, *that I had never worn before*, that But I had bought it at a flea market and thought I should wear it, plus the other t-shirts were dirty … I felt like an old woman in it and hated it and was even wondering why the hell I had put it on, it didn't fit with the pants or anything … ***but it totally matched the bow that I found***! The bow is the *exact color fit to that weird t-shirt!*

And: This is a response, too. Because I had talked to Bob *about the exercise thing* he had in his house when we met and all the time until the household ended: the ***Bow Flex***. *Me finding that bow after thinking about the bow flex yesterday and before* … that's beyond coincidence.

And Bob is so close, he is actively working with things and words … because now he knows that I'm open to it. (*Note: And later I began to realize that events like that also tell one thing: He sees what I see. And that's his way of telling me that he his here.*)

So … I also saw car license plates that relate to Bob and me (his phone-number was 250-8030, and you know about "910" …)

A little later, after leaving Wien river, a **trimmed orange poodle** crossed our path! I had been thinking of "Woodle" (my best-script winning story about a poodle among wolves) just the recent days, as it was the project that Bob had actively done something about, taking pitching-classes and using "Woodle" as his work-script, and yesterday (!) I had said to Bob what a pity it was that he didn't pursue it after he had taken the effort in 2017. He loved that story … of the *orange poodle*! It's very very rare to see an orange poodle that looks just like "Woodle" (or Claude), trimmed that way and all…

Now, I'm aware that in my excitement I might be taking things as signs that aren't really signs … like sitting in the tramway thinking about the poodle and all, I suddenly saw an outline of a **cat** and a sign for a travel agency "**CAT** Travel" … and I immediately recalled the **cat-mask** I had found the other day. And as we drove by – there was a **pineapple** in the window. I didn't see more, but I bet it advertises Hawaii-trips.

I was frustrated, yesterday and today, because after uploading my film onto Youtube, I got a complaint about copyright infringement – which is entirely unfounded, because I only used free music. So … I remembered that making films is fine and good, but all the nuisances around it … Bob had such a hard time, through all the years I knew him, taking care of that kind of shit and troubleshooting all the time for other people, who then took all the credit for the works that Bob actually made possible. He must have been so desperate and exhausted …

(*Note: I had to edit out more thoughts about this … it's not relevant for this c. d., only makes me bitter and dead sad*.)

I don't know. Maybe Bob wants me to do something about his work … now, that I'm getting so "independent" and experienced, too, after he had been doing all of the unpleasant stuff always … for everyone, as of publishing and editing and tech stuff …

I also found a **penis shaped stone** … and I mean "penis shaped" – take a look!

… the Jaspis just matches it nicely. (And with "find" I mean that it simply lies in front of my feet with no other stones like that around, somewhere on the pavement.)

I spent an entire hour talking to Bob, today, about how I think he was fucked up emotionally, and about all the projections and stuff, and how he was the firstborn male and his mother probably let out all her frustrations on him, because his father was never there, and when he was, he was injured, and she was with four kids … and she could never feel safe and happy. How similar to Bob … there are a lot of things I've come to realize … but I won't share those.

Oh, I just realize that the **bow** *matches the rabbits* I've found, too, as they are orange and green … does it mean something like "tied them together" …? But a "bow", to me, is a symbol of a gift package, somehow.

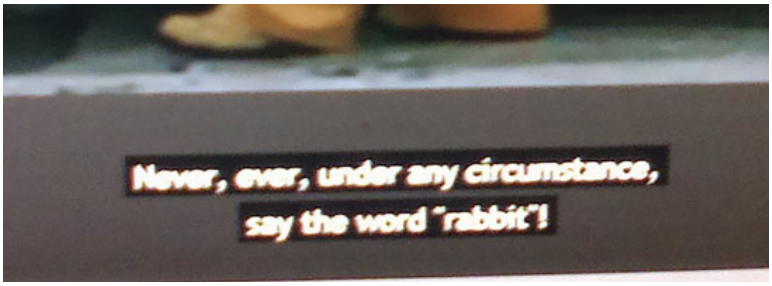
I also talked Bob's ear off today (hahahaha) about how I can see how everything would fit together, his supplement addiction enforcing his mistrust in himself, his parents' disregard of his professional choices … only about a year before his death he had told me that his parents' still didn't express that they saw him as a successful filmmaker, but that they'd say to him "you must know what you're doing" when he was sharing details about his projects … he was very hurt. And all that … with his fear of success … our relationship was so fucking doomed from the beginning, because I expected from him exactly everything he was all about avoiding. So I won battles, but lost the war.

July 22, 2019 **– Rabbit-Challenge: Danny and A Rabbit Together!**

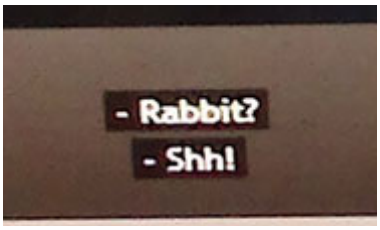
Bob managed to baffle me even more this evening. After uploading my film "Making of Barricades" to the Imdb to be able to submit a secure online-screener to film-festivals, I went to the *internet cafe* to watch a certain **movie**, "**Phil**". But I ended up only watching its trailer, although I had been looking forward to the movie.

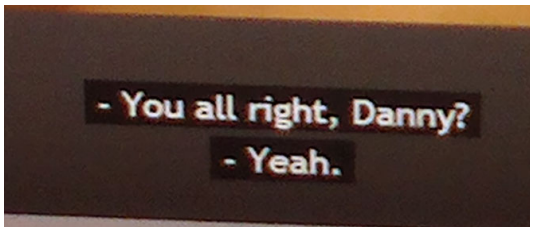
So on the film website another film caught my eye, "**Fishermen's friend**" or similar, about a Cornwall choir … I started watching it, but the computer had a faulty sound module, so I had to *read the closed captioning titles* … and since I didn't have much time, I started *skipping* through it … and I ended up with another station of Bob's and my "**rabbit-challenge**"! I virtually sat stunned:

The *fishermen* take an unsuspecting *inexperienced man* on their boat out at sea, and before they leave *they make fun of him* and tell him a lot of non-sense things, like that he isn't supposed to wear green … and then they say, **that under no circumstances is he allowed to say the word** "**rabbit**".



I was stunned shitless. ***The word … "rabbit"?*** In a random film, I had just clicked on, that I had never heard about, ever?





Geez! I took photographs of the screen to prove it right away (as I couldn't take screenshots at that internet callshop), and then … the folks in the movie are on the ocean, and the next line that comes up, is: **"Are you okay, Danny?"** Of course, that's the character's name. But my name is Danny too, and ***Bob called me Danny (or Dani), and we have the rabbit challenge going*** … so what are the odddddds?

I could feel Bob sit next to me, and there was a beautiful musical part in the movie, and I felt so much reminded of Bob's character, his spirit … very often I feel almost like dizzy or spaced out when I experience stuff like that … but when I "come back to Earth" and realize that there is no more house and no more Bob for me in this mortal life, I could throw up.

I understand that woman in the book ("Awakening", "C" told me about), who swims out into the ocean to die … but then, I'm such a good swimmer, I'd probably end up on the other side of the ocean …

And more telling license plates … Hawaii is greeting me? ("**808**" is Hawaii's area code. And it also reads as "**BOB**" … so one of them is "**BOOOOB**" with a "U", meaning "**you**"?))

I keep saying to Bob "*Bring'em on!*" … rabbit-stuff, as the "rabbit-challenge" is still on!

July 23, 2019 **– A Double-Faced Rabbit & the Food-Thing & "Please, Release Me!"**

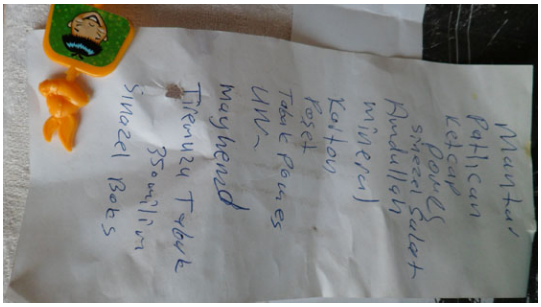
Coming from my washing appointment at the women's center … I took Jacqui for a short round: And I found **a rabbit-head, bugs bunny … on a stick**, with two young man's faces, one with his eyes

closed, the other with his eyes open …

… geez. Picking up those *bunny-heads* made my heart at the same time freeze and jump, finding those "proofs" … as the "rabbit challenge" is all about a chance for him to send me proof that he is here and working with me … oh, *I just made a connection* (had an insight-flash!) with the "***white moon***" that has been crossing my path several times in the last days … can it relate to the white rabbit "Harvey"? **Bob is "the moon"** (from the song "Play me"), **and the invisible rabbit "Harvey" is white …?**

The question in the newspaper article about the moon is "*Why is the moon white?*" My answer: "*Well, because Bob is the moon, and he is invisible now, and the giant rabbit Harvey in the movie is white and also invisible … and we have the rabbit-challenge going!*"

Also, a few steps further, I found a **list of items** someone had consumed in the closeby small restaurant. Now, it's in bad German, obviously a foreigner wrote it, and it's a note that was lying in a small plant "garden" of the kind that are everywhere and that the dogs use as toilets. And the last item reads "sinazel bobs" (and the "bobs" can also be a "boks" or a "bocs" … but it reads "bobs" … and I relate. Because recently I have been telling Bob that Jacqui is also his dog, and my nickname for Jacqui has been "Schnitzi", "small Schnitzel" in the last weeks … and "sinazel" is the foreign way of writing "Schnitzel" …



So "sinazel bobs" to me means Bob answering "*Yes, Jacqui is also my dog*". (I'm aware I'm fishing here, but why not? That way Bob and his folks see what I'm capable of in terms of "reading".) Get this: Since it's a whole **list of food and drink** that I found, it's also an answer to ***me asking if the feeding that I have been doing, energetically, is okay*** … and, last night I asked him, before falling asleep: "What can I get you?" Like he had asked me on Maui a thousand times. And the next day I find a whole list of food and drink … *you really think that's a coincidence?*

I miss you so much, Bob, that it feels like suffocating.

I do realize that you are alive.

I do realize that you see me and hear me and are around.

You got to realize that *this is only in a way a comfort*, in another way it doesn't make me hurt less, but somehow, just differently. And yes, it's a wonderful thing. Fucking painful.

… and I haven't even really started about the **crackling** "responses" that I receive, at night, when all is quiet, and somewhere in the apartment, not even always at the windows … something crackles, *always when I'm talking to Bob* …

I just thought that maybe it isn't all so great, but it's just unchangeable and inevitable … but *maybe Bob is mourning his lost mortal life more that I think* or know … *just the fact that I have **this thought** right now* could be a hint. He must be sad and disappointed … even though it could be nice there, from what Betty wrote … it must be nice … but not if you're longing to be back on Earth … and I did tell Bob to stay with me. And he really wanted to. *(Note: Only months later, when I discovered the many near-death experiences of people, would I get a deeper insight into what he likely experienced*.)

But then … walking outside with Jacqui just earlier … at the cafe at the corner, a group of *three elderly people* were sitting with ***one cutting her lady's beard with a scissors*** … and there was music playing on some device, and it was Tom Jones **"Please release me"** … I did notice it. Releasing … Bob? Was that for me? Am I supposed to release him so that he can move on … and the return later? Because I won't be without him … I'm not ready … it's also that time of year, and my yearning to be with him is very painful right now … as I was writing, some wild **crackling** broke out at the **window** next to me … *like a contradiction … so what did it mean, hearing that song?* The **cutting the facial hair** with scissors also relates to Bob and me. I cut his facial hair last summer, even his ear hair and nose hair and eyebrows … and his sister Joyce told me later that he wouldn't allow her to touch him at all.

Yes, one starts to see "something" in everything … but those "random" things that I get aware of are just so totally connected to Bob and me … they can't be coincidences.

And yes … I asked him "What can I get you?" So when I hear "please, release me", am I supposed to take it that he wants to be let go? But I don't (crackle!) believe it. I need him to tell me that more clearly. (*Note: It likely meant that I was supposed to stop thinking about his painful sick days and his physical death. Hahaha, very funny*.)

I can't let him go … he promised to work with me on our projects. Maybe it just means that I must let him do it his way? Hahaha! What choice do I have, anyway?

Or is it a hint that I must let go of some **idea** I've been having? I've been thinking about the whole filmmaking thing, recently, and how it was so connected to Bob … and how empty it feels now, without him. On the other hand I submitted "MoB" to three film festivals yesterday, and I keep having the thought of making an even more critical and wildly satirical film, "Schnauzel, dogman" …

So, Bob, tell me, did "Release me" mean that you want to be free of me? Or what does it mean? Does it mean something?

(*Note: As I'm editing this at the end of January 2020, I realize that the only thing that interests me about life, is – death*.)

I want **Bob** to *let me know that he is aware* how my mortal situation is … and frankly, it's just so odd and weird and "out there" to be already used to the thought that Bob is a *spirit*, truly, really an energetic being. My Bob. I need to travel to Maui and meet him there and be with him, work with him, laugh with him. And he lives like he used to live. And he communicates with me. He fucking ought to. Him not communicating cause this situation, too. And then … maybe that's the point of it all: This situation. And me writing it all down and intending to share it all.

Also … I am aware that I do believe that it's Bob who is responding, because someone (!) is responding. But how can I be sure that it's Bob?

I want him to let me know if he wants to speak through Dr. A. more and give me evidence.

July 23, 2019

I started feeling troubled about the "release-me"-experience … and asked Bob if he wanted me to stop communicating with him. Then I realized that *I heard the song before I found the rabbit* … and it felt different. Something about what I'm doing I'm supposed to stop, that's the message. I did ask Bob explicitly what I can do for him to feel and work better. So after some complaining and talking and telling him that I thought that he liked the opportunity to communicate with me and work on the "project the bridge" together and some angry accusations that he fucked up my life and the usual … I

began to have other thoughts. Like that I should stop imagining him as a sick, destroyed body and corpse. Which I've been doing in the last days. Or that, maybe, I should stop doing the "feeding" … (**crackling** heavily right now, since I started writing) … not sure what it actually is, he means. But the fact that the music accompanied a woman cutting her facial hair which let me flash right to me cutting the dead-sick Bob's facial hair … seems to have to do with the "release-me". It can be, that my memories of him as a downtrodden destroyed body is in- (CRACKLING!) … inhibiting his progress.

So it's *not* that he doesn't want to communicate with me or work with me … he does want that … it's both our "kuleana" … *but he does want me to keep my thoughts right and discipline myself and my grief.* **Crackling** wildly! Right next to me. I'm on to something. (Yes, I know … "*Keep your thoughts right!*" It's a like from my Hawaii-documentary film project and the most important aspect of the book project about the power and **true** energetic **nature** of **thoughts** that I had been working on when I met Bob …)

I can be making all of this up. But it feels like immediate communication. As if we were talking. We are developing a way of talking …

… and I think I was mistaken. He does ***not*** want me to "let go" of him and "send him away and forget him", as that's entirely the contrary of what we've started to do and what he, as I feel, also enjoys. *But I have to start letting go of the drama … the tragedy and the horrible imagery.*

Or … I'm supposed to "release" my sadness, my mourning … my longing? The lady cutting her facial hair (with a small hand mirror, at a cafe-table out in the open, in full view!) was sort of really funny and uncanny. But also … it reflected *total self-confidence*. (*Note: and recklessness.*) **Wait**. Self-confidence. O-kay. What if he told me that I should release my weaknesses that are related to my dependencies and my sadness and loss and all and just try to be more … me?

Well, that would be nice, Bob.

But that's really wishful thinking … until I get it confirmed, bro.

Where was she plucking? Her ***chin***. *Stretched forward*. That's actually some ***facial "gesture" Bob used to do,*** *something funny. All the time he did that, actually, the chin-stretching-forward when he was goofy.*

It's really interesting … there is not a single crackle at all EVER unless I'm writing in terms of communicating with Bob.

So that crackling isn't something my windows just do because of heat. *Because they don't do it when I'm not writing about Bob*. that crackling has method and purpose. That's how it feels.

And no, it has nothing to do with people entering the house and slamming the door closed, just below my window … because that just happened, right now, and there was ***no*** crackling at all along with it. And besides, I've observed that many times, already.

July 23, 2019 **– "Woodle" In Front of My Very Eyes**

I spent some time in a dog park with remote "friends", Evi and L. and Evi's three-legged dog Artus, and after not thinking about Bob for a while, … well, at least not pondering over "release" … because an **orange poodle** (!) showed up right next to us with his two owners, playing next to us the whole time. There are *never* orange poodles anywhere … and I just encountered one the day before yesterday and today again!

I got home and suddenly the thought popped into my mind that the "release me", if it was a

message – *may have related to the **rabbit**-challenge*! It suddenly feels like it, because a minute after that I found the ***rabbit-head and the two-headed-man-image*** … so maybe Bob was telling me that he doesn't want to use his precious time anymore getting me the rabbits to prove that we are communicating …

Well. I could accept that.

Before that I had already pondered that *it's next to impossible that the meaning of hearing that song would mean directly what the song says*. That would be so straight-forward … that if that kind of communication was possible, wow, we would have had that already. So like everything, the song signifies something or rather, me hearing it. It doesn't always have to be Bob "talking" to me … it can be ***myself***, expressing something … or if it is Bob, then he wants to *prod* and *get me to think something*. And right now I have the feeling that he wants me to stop testing him with the rabbit-challenge. Perhaps. I would like him to give me a hint of whether or not I'm interpreting it properly.

I mean … yesterday the rabbit and Danny in the film … it's like, *wow*, that already proved Bob's presence … it does (CRACKLE just now).

So, no he is not doing the "cliche"-spirit-thing wanting to take off into some spirit universe, I don't think. I think he wants me to quit something … maybe also the thinking of and imagining his worst days and thus – *my worst days*. The horrible time is coming up where I'll be thinking of my time on Maui, last summer … I'm choking up just thinking about it. No way Bob would want to abandon me in that … he may be trying to ***advise*** me. After all, ***I asked him what he wants me to do.*** And then … the **song** … We are communicating. That's for sure.

The song, is actually brutal …

"Please release me, let me go,
For I don't love you anymore.
To live a lie would be a sin.
Release me and let me love again.

I have found a new love, dear.
And I will always want her near.
Her lips are warm where yours are cold.
Release me, darling, let me go."

Yes, my lips are warms, while yours are … not existing anymore the way I knew them.

Also, other thoughts came to my mind … that I should free myself from the imaginations of what I had thought I could or would be depending on Bob … that I will have to release the old Bob from this picture and start focusing on the new. Of course I should. Everyone grieving "should" let go of the imaginations of a future together with the dead one … Geez, fuck'em all who have never gone through this.

July 23, 2019 **– Waikiki On My Path**

Something amazing happened: A few times in the past weeks I had a sudden feeling like something had been *poured over my left thigh, something chilling,*

just now, it was a big pour, like *a wave of wind* had struck my thigh, not like a glimpse and very short, like a tickle, but it lasted at least one second.

It felt like I had been touched by something … something had brushed by me. Very strange. Like an emotional rush, but along my thigh. And this time it felt literally like some wave flushing alongside up my thigh.

I had been having very strong longings for Maui today.

Also … what came to my mind when I touched my leg was that what I had said to Bob everytime when I had come back from swimming in our last weeks together: **"Something touched my foot."** It was like a joke, but *something had really touched my foot in the ocean everytime.*

Recently, I had felt "*touches*" at my actual **feet**, but the left thigh had been "touched" too – and

never so directly and strongly than just now. (10.20 pm, Tuesday). A crackling just answered. So maybe that's one **evidential** I've been asking for, the "*Something touched my foot!*" - that *only Bob could know* and that has been so *poignant* during our last time together.

It's very strange. But I don't think my association with that came for nothing. I think I'm onto something.

I just want to think that Bob is here and watches me and always gets a kick of me getting something right. Maybe he "touched my foot" with some energetic charge … and it felt a bit too strong, too, like not entirely well dosed yet … just because of my excitement today about the "release" and the rabbit-challenge.

I had asked him to let me know for sure that he wanted (!) to stick around with me and that "release" wasn't to be taken literally …

So, but isn't the **touching** of my leg quite literal if Bob wants to play on "something touched my foot"? But then … it's **easier** to do something **energetic** and make a mortal feel something than making a mortal "hear" or "see" the commentary or communication by an invisible.

And maybe I'm just making all this up.

But the event remains a fact. And the touching had been happening a few times over the past weeks.

(And no, nothing wrong with my leg or anything.)

Hey, I was just **googling** for "Komiker in Wien" (comedians in Vienna), and on a site listing them, as I was checking out a man called "Georgeman", I saw a **Tiki**-image and the name **"Chris Waikiki"** as the name of the photographer.

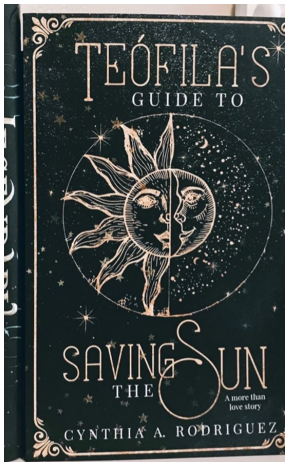
Really? What are the odds!? "**Waikiki**"? With a "**tiki**"!? Like I've seen so often in my beloved Hawaii?

If that's not a greeting? The sad thing … with **who** can I talk about this, who to share it with? Well, here, my contact diary thank you very much.

July 24, 2019

Opened "C"'s email from today … and she delivered the *explanations* to my "release"-dilemma and confirmed that I was right in my deductions! My ***horoscope*** – she has a special source! - talks about those events, and it's quite stunning what's written there …

thecosmicpath
Aquarius
By Stephanie Azaria
July 22, 2019
There's a lot of personal awakening on tap for you this week, and that's a great thing, since you're here to wake up the world. Of course, that will happen only when you're awakened your Self. Not to say you aren't awake, but you likely know by now that awakening is a process that happens a little at a time. Every once in a while a quantum leap happens, and you might say that the events of the week ahead are preparing you for one of those huge giant steps. You may or may not see it coming already, but best advice is to just be where you are and trust your higher Self to See what it needs to See when the moment is right. There's no point in trying to grasp what you don't yet know.
It all reveals itself in time.



And on her trip to LA at the airport (she goes on a holiday), in the morning, she found a **picture of the sun and the moon**, halves, turned towards each other! With the word "Look!" And the title: "**Saving the Sun**". I'm beyond saving.

Through writing back to "C" I realized the **sea sickness** even in the movie-snippets that I saw, along with the "rabbit" and the "How are you, Danny?" That's *exactly* what I've been thinking off, too, Bob's and my first official meeting, on an "Expeditions"-**boat** to Lanai … He was shooting a commercial with T. Jones for Cable Vision (Time Warner Cable), and I was an extra, and I was so seasick. And although Bob was working, he took the time to bring me **water** and care for me and ask how I was! How weird, that I didn't "see" that right away … but the horoscope that "C" just sent me, even talks about that; *That I don't see what it's all about* … and *that I must first awaken my Self in order to see the big picture and the big things coming towards me* … wow. It's magical, truly. (How I get "messages" through "C".)

It made me cry, a few days ago, thinking about the **Lanai-boat trip and Bob and me** … and how sea sick I was … but then, on Lanai, we swam and played Volley Ball … and he asked *Yolanda* (who was friends with him and who has introduced me to him, **telling me that he was the man I had to meet and that she was sure that we'd fall in love!**) how long I'd be on the island … and she told him that I was about to leave, and then she told me that he'd said "Well, then it will be a short romance."

Okay. A romance it became. But I returned to Maui after a few months after leaving … and then we had the most wonderful year of my life, and then our happiness declined … because Bob didn't trust it and didn't trust me.

And here I am now. And he is dead.

Got to cry right now, again. (*Note: I couldn't cry much in those days.*)

Today I woke up with such deep sadness, and it still is in me … I've been thinking of moving away from here so much …

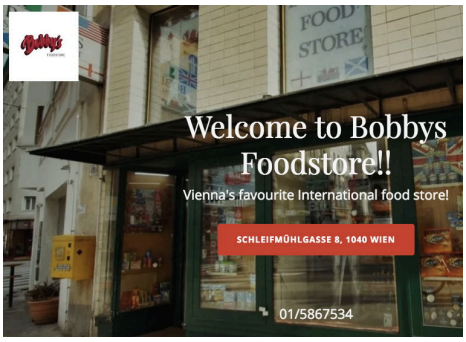
Tears flowing right now. I miss Bob so much.

July 24, 2019 **– Feeding Bob Reloaded & Two Blue Beads**

I felt a certain sense of … well, of true communication and insight, today, walking on **Danube Island** and swimming, with Jacqui. Very hot Wednesday. Found out that I don't give much of a shit about "work" … getting a few texts, sometimes none per day, wellfare, shit no, that's no lifestyle for me. Something big will have to change … like the astrologer says.

So I realized that what may have been meant with the "please release me", along with the message in the astrologer's assessment that I'm working on understanding things properly, I'm asked to let go of the images of destruction along with the feelings of loss. Okay, I'll try. But I'm mortal, guys. Just flawed and faulty and with certain functions. Yet, I'm supposed to help with "the bridge", me and Bob both. How do I know that?

Well, I sat in the train today and got a message about me "*feeding*" Bob and whether that's good or not: A **woman** walked by with a **bag** with a **print** that read "**Bobby's food service**" or "**Bobby's foodstore**". Seriously. (*Note: Googled later, here it is* …)



Then, on **Danube Island**, a huge swarm of **sea gulls** began circling above me … and as soon as I went into the water, it was gone.

Then I found **two blue beads in the shape of pearls**, beautiful blue with golden streaks … yes, definitely, a message. **That intense blue** … it's like the jacket Bob was wearing on every one of our last trips to the ocean … he felt cold and had to wear that fleece-jacket, when everyone was in swim wear … only thinking about it makes my heart crack.

And the fact, that they look like "pearls" … and Bob knows that **pearls** or beads mean a lot to me, and … **the gold streak** in their blue pattern … like the **gold** in the Tiger's Eye part of the Jaspis I found …

And on the train there were **two people** standing next to each other, one with his **t-shirt** full with **pineapples** and one with his t-shirt full with **sharks**.

I also pondered … if Bob and I may have been "chosen", somehow, as being the next couple to bring "the bridge" forward. Like "Joan and Darby" (really Ruth and Emmett) and Stewart and Betty …? Also Gary Schwartz and his partner Linda G. S. Russek …)

It all looks like it.

I did have the feeling, that after my big tears-break-out this morning Bob was closeby, watching.

Maybe the crying was also because of my **dream**:

In Los Angeles, I was *visiting Bob in his home* - which was a house below a street, like in the *ditches*

in which I had been in previous dreams! The whole town of Los Angeles didn't look like the real town, but it has been the exact identical setting for several dreams through the years! And I *couldn't find my way to the airport*. This is also the ***theme*** that those dreams always had to do, that I knew where I had to go but couldn't find my way there! And somehow my **father** was willing to help me, and that entailed *staying at his home over night* and waiting for his wife, who turned out to be Jennifer Aniston!

(*Note: Uncanny! As I'm editing this, end of January 2020, it is actually a question whether or not I should stay at my father's house as his wife Edith just went to the hospital for surgery, today; Tomorrow I'll actually go visit my father and walk his dog, to help him out!)*

Further … that dream … And as I went into my father's bedroom, I saw a separate bed at the wall and a big double bed in the center, and he told me *that he had been sleeping on that bed alone for a long time* … and in my dream I imagined his wife "Jennifer" sleeping in that big bed.

Strangely, ***in the dream*** I kind of thought about how similar that dream was to a previous one, and even in that one my **father** had played … actually, just now remember, in that other dream it was *winter* and my father had agreed to drive me in the night and the storm, because otherwise I wouldn't reach my plane (I think, or train). This time we never made it out of the house … just recalling another dream of that setting … where I was all about town with a bike … and a similar dream, same setting, I was around with motorbikes … *always that exact same city and that exact same house "in the ditches"* (except that one in the snow-story, that was set a little further back from the road) … last night, for some reason, it was no longer necessary to hurry … and the wife came, but didn't say anything. The stunning thing is *how well my father and I got along* … and I woke up with the realization how much I had always longed for my parents, who simply didn't want me around because they hated each other. So sad. But in that dream … he was nice, and my old real-life-longing flared up … I think about it often, that he is now 79, and my mother is 75 … well, I don't know if I'll see either of them "in the flesh" ever again .. (**Crackling**, twice, just now. Not a crackling hint before that, the whole time I've been sitting here and writing and reading online and having dinner sandwich!)

(*Note: Crackling also where I live now, next to me, in the window, while reading through this!)*

It's so interesting how I could actually **draw** exactly all those **settings** … well, I've been intending to use all my experiences as put down in this c. d. for my second and third installments of "**Regents of Clouds**", as plot lines and actual events and dreams as are (and maybe I'll draw the settings one day, too) … I'll write them as soon as I have an agent and the first trilogy sold or optioned or in production in Hollywood or somewhere else.)

Not sure if it means anything that I just stumbled across an article saying that Jennifer Lawrence will be starring in a film entitled "**Mob** Girl" … just saying. May film's name's abbreviation is "**MoB**". Yesterday I played on the "*Coconut girl*" that Bob used to call me, when I called Jacqui (***Crackle***!) "*Coconut boy*" … and today "Mob girl" ?

July 25, 2019 **– Greeting from Maui, Two Stones & the Star Gates**

Suddenly, today, I felt the urge to check out content marketing companies in Vienna (I need more jobs, want to get off welfare, won't apply anymore).

The first company I picked, I opened - and there is a big slogan: "**Where the Magic Happens**". And that struck me.

It was one of Bob's most reliable clients in the first years of you relationship, a realty company, and I had thought about them just recently … and about their slogan: "**Where Magic Happens**."

I'm feeling a bit … well, uncertain and lost today.

I read, yesterday, about the work of a medium in the UK, and I bumped into the question whether or not *a deceased person should be given time before contacting them after their passing*. The medium said that they normally need a few months.

Okay. *The mere fact that I ended up reading this,* sort of plays into my own thoughts that **Bob**, with all the bullshit-baggage he brought into his transition and the beyond, may be, in fact, in the process of **learning**, of **cleaning up**, of **adjusting** … he sure has to do some extended healing and mending … especially regarding himself.

I got a very strong urge to travel again, but with Jacqui, to live somewhere else … and I need to really let go of those memories of last year and focus on Bob living in a remote place and that he may need some time now, after those wild wild last months, to … I don't know, do stuff.

I want Bob to confirm these thoughts. Funny to think that he "needs space".

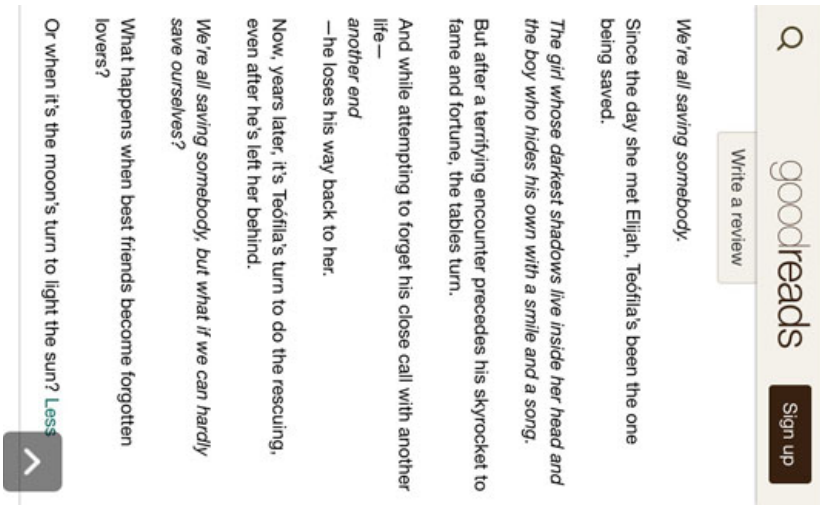
Also, I found two flat rounded stones in the grass, in a kind of dirty place (Schanzstraße) …

Also, in ***winter*** I saw a **writing** on light **mast "Wander towards the Star Gates"** … and I happened to walk by it again, today (area of Wilhelminenberg) …

July 26, 2019

"C" sent me the *summary* to the sun-moon-book … and it's just breathtaking.

That's Bob speaking to me … **"… or when it's the moon's turn to light the sun".**


goodreads
Write a review
Sign up
We're all saving somebody.
Since the day she met Elijah, Teófila's been the one being saved.
The girl whose darkest shadows live inside her head and the boy who hides his own with a smile and a song.
But after a terrifying encounter precedes his skyrocket to fame and fortune, the tables turn.
And while attempting to forget his close call with another life—
another end
—he loses his way back to her.
Now, years later, it's Teófila's turn to do the rescuing, even after he's left her behind.
We're all saving somebody, but what if we can hardly save ourselves?
What happens when best friends become forgotten lovers?
Or when it's the moon's turn to light the sun? Less

I mean … read all this! That's Bob's and my story!

And remember the **cat-mask** I found in the forest? "C" just told me about the **cat** of a friend, "**Rio**" … And I saw the **tiger-mask** on a man's t-shirt yesterday …

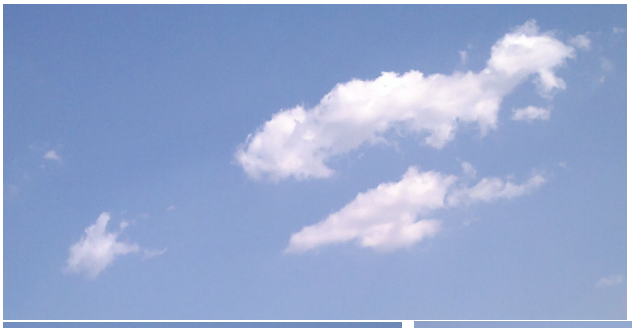
And I saw a license plate with "**MI 808 HD**", tried to photograph it, but wasn't fast enough.

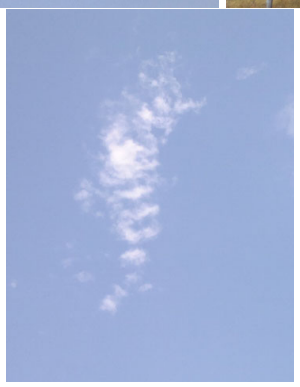
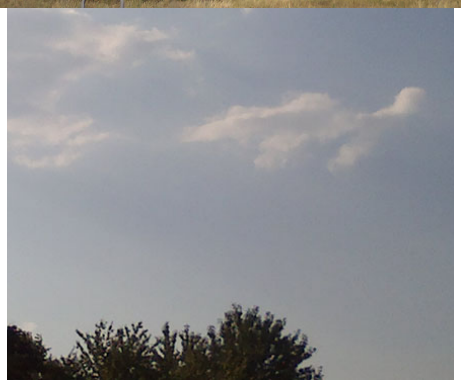
And all that when I erroneously thought Bob wanted to turn away …

Doesn't change that I'm profoundly sad, these days. But it does comfort immensely that "C" is communicating. (*Note: At that time I hadn't realized yet that "808" equals "BOB".)*

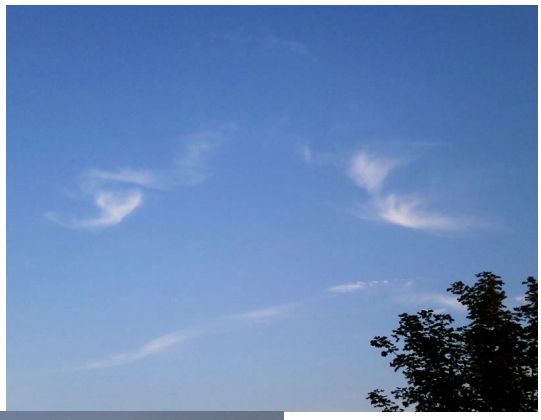
July 26, 2019

Hike and swim (can't live without) on **Danube island**, I saw those AMAZING cloud formations … not doubting anymore that they mean something. Of course they do: As it's possible to strew finds on my path, it's absolutely doable for Disca to influence the clouds … or the way the appear to my mortal eyes.



Seahorse … Lizard … Vaginas … "puka lani" … turtle …



July 27, 2019 **– Letter in the Sky**

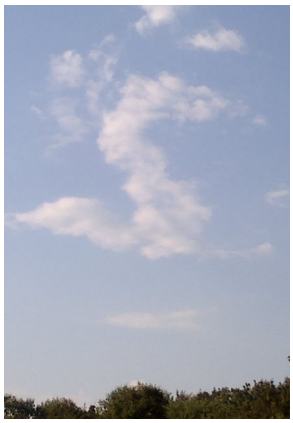
Some days are bad, some are okay, and some are horrible.

Today I keep saying to myself "Bob is dead", "*Bob is dead*", but it doesn't sink in, it feels like a horrible hunch, like hearsay that I must pray to not be true … like the memory of a bad dream, *but I expect to talk to Bob on the phone in the afternoon* … and yet, something inside of me screams that I have "missed something", something horrible and big … and that Bob is dead. But what does that mean? My spirit seems to not understand or comprehend today. Maybe I'm simply going nuts.

Even though yesterday, on **Danube island**, I saw those amazing cloud formations, that were totally speaking to me.

And I had *asked Bob to communicate via clouds*, because we both were always watching and interpreting clouds on Maui, and I kept saying "Clouds are thoughts" … On Maui. Were our home is. Where he must be working in his edit room. Where he must call me from, and I'll tell him when to arrive.

I thought of a question mark … and an hour later, a **question mark** was there, formed by clouds. Reverse, though, like "seen from the other side"! I mean … that is a question mark and an "**S**" at the same time, isn't it?



I told Bob yesterday, like many times before, *that I want to be with him* … I can't stand being here, knowing he is gone. Why is he gone? What happened to him? What kind of horrible game is "nature" playing with us? What kind of energy are we supposed to "create" while suffering, through loss or pain or fear?

What's that all about? (*Note: To this day, sometimes I think I know, but then it's like I'm a different person, and I know nothing.)*

Bob … that's my other half, my partner, my friend, the **voice** I want to hear, the **face** I want to see. I want to work with him … be with him … I see him there*, on the beach*, waving at me, waiting for me to come out, on Baldwin beach … *he sometimes did motions as if he was pulling a rope … and I was on the other end of it* … Is it like this, right now? Is he pulling my rope?

And that view of Bob on Baldwin beach, with his turquois swim trunks walking back and forth at the waterline, while I was still swimming, ready to get out … and he'd do the "pulling in a rope", like a fishing line … and it looked a bit dorky, and I always was a bit embarrassed of what other people would think about it … I remember him so well … And his body is now gone, burned, and he is not existing anymore in this world … and I don't know how to bear it.

I read news about people dying every day, in accidents, being killed … but then I don't care … I want Bob.

I asked Bob yesterday, while swimming in the **New Danube**, whether he wants a "**piggy-back swim**", me imagining being him while swimming … which I did, and I asked him if that give him back a "body-feeling", because I have the impression that he is mourning the loss of his body, but maybe that's just my projection.

Yet, it worked great, imagining that I was Bob …

And I imagined being on Maui … I saw myself on the street, knowing that Bob isn't there anymore, in Pukalani, and I can't bear it.

I don't see meaning in my life. I just miss Bob as the mortal he was. We were supposed to live together. Life has been so hard on us … it keeps getting worse for me. I wonder why.

I don't know, seriously not, how I should find anything good about me living here … of course there is my dog … but if it wasn't for him … I absolutely wouldn't have a reason.

It was my home. The house. Everything. I remember it so well. Bob …

Did I forsake you, Bob? Did I not come when you needed me most?

Did you keep me away for a reason?

I almost rescued you, but then, again, you took a turn that killed you, effectively.

He told me on the phone how well he was, he was shopping, eating, running errands … and then he must have had a confusion and went to the hospital … and then he started dying.

I can't get over this.

There are such worthless pieces of shit out there, as of humans, but Bob had to die. Why, in the world, did I have to meet him? Was I good for him, at all? Is he another means of punishing me, for what?

It can't be that he doesn't live anymore. I have no place in this world, except with him.

July 27, 2019

I lied down, so drowsy and tired, suddenly, and I felt very close to a connection with Bob. So I lied still, not really sleepy enough to fall asleep, kind of curious what would be coming … and I felt a very distinct **squeezing** and kind of "**deep**" feeling **on my left toe**! Then, right away, a sharp **tingling** on the left side of my **lip** – and that had happened before! And then, also right after it, a tickling on my right-side forehead. It really felt like being touched … energetically, somehow. And I smiled, to let "them" know that I noticed, and then said it out loud, asking (**crackling** right now) if Bob had just touched me there.

Just earlier, yesterday, walking on Danube island, I went with Jacqui through a shallow part of an arm of the Danube river, in the dog zone. Then, when I came out, I walked through the fine sand, and I said out loud "Toes in the sand" … Bob's and my very significant Hawaii-song, by Steve Zuwala, once a friend, now someone who hasn't bothered reconnecting with me, after Bob's death. And after I made sure that Steve has Bob's guitar.

None (!) of them has connected with me … I'm very upset about it, actually. Because it also feels like disrespect towards Bob, too.

So "Toes in the sand" I also thought when my toe was definitely squeezed! And then I got kissed on my lips, and my forehead was touched … **crackling**. I have a very keen self- and body-awareness. I know when something is "me" and when not.

That's what I did with Bob while he was sleeping, in his last weeks with me, *I always massaged his feet*, ***squeezed his toes***, and I did touch his body in various spots to "connect" the healthier with the sore parts … and it worked.

So that strange sensation … the urge to lie down to then be "touched", that was a very lovely experience.

I want Bob to work with me towards connection more directly and clearly.

I've been taking up the "sharing" of food again … I do it more by simply visualizing being him … and it works very well, it's like switching, in a way … not sure, yet, what will come out of this.

I do have the feeling that the project "the bridge" is on.

July 28, 2019 **– A Big Adventure Together**

2 or 3 **dreams** of reuniting and of answers?

I woke up utterly baffled and stirred up by my dreams … so rich, so intense, so "telling".

I think I met Bob, and my subconscious is getting good at delivering messages. It's about "getting together when I'm losing my consciousness, that is, in sleep-mode" and about "uniting again" and about "being invisible" and yet amidst everyone and everything alive and moving!

Bob and I were on some mountain **hill**, a **settlement**; It feels like we were **hikers**, but didn't have special bags with us, and Bob, strangely, sometimes was **a large, light-brown horse**, right next to me, but he still was **Bob**. Now, in my childhood to dream of a "horse" was said to mean "death", and Bob's physical … "self" was a "horse" in Chinese astrology. For some reason, we suddenly had to flee, especially from a **bearded man** … who entered a house (that looked very much like my father's house, where my paternal grandparents used to live in, with the garden and fence and all). Across the street was another house with a high wooden fence. Bob, as the big horse, just stepped over the fence, while I did an elegant sportive sideways fling-jump, and we ducked and hid out, watching how bearded man opened a window in first floor, and looked outside. In this same house, another man showed up, in a window to the right below, ground floor, and the man (no beard) pointed at where Bob and I were hiding. I looked around, and behind us was also a **house**, and some people in the windows, and it was likely that they had seen us too.

So I said to Bob that we must flee – into the forest that was in the back of that house of the bearded man! So I said that we must flee ***towards*** them, they wouldn't expect us there, but we had only the small time-window between the bearded man leaving the window (which he did) and running through the house and coming out of the front door. We needed to pass that front door, and so we jumped back out from behind the fence and did just that. We ran towards the house and along to its right and hid in the dense **forest**. We then keep walking sideways, to the right, too … and I thought we would get down into the valley.

Now people were looking for us everywhere, and there were many.

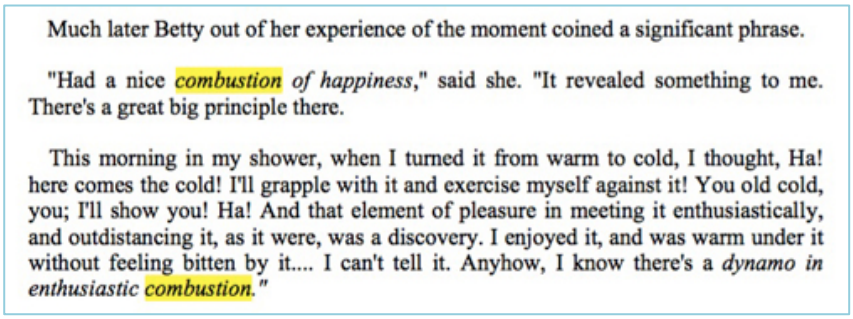
So since it was a **tourist place** and hikers around, we just went out in the open … and we were **mingling** with the locals who were searching for us. We ended up on a **narrow road** that ran *sideways along the mountain-hill*, and I started speaking heavily accented English, and I didn't say it to Bob *but I "thought" it into him* that we must speak English so that the locals would think we were tourists.

And a large kind of **building machine** vehicle came after us, with workers, and I talked aloud with Bob (who was very reluctant to play along, and I was worried that the people would get suspicious) and then I turned to the people and started asking them whether they thought that we could just turn around and *walk straight down and end up at the **ocean*** … (I miss the ocean so so much!) but while I was talking I felt that it was strange of me asking that, and I stopped talking and just let the guys pass, as they did look at us weird, already.)

So they passed, and Bob and I returned to that forest next to the house of the bearded man and fled inside the house again … and then *Bob turned really into a **horse***, and there was the forest path, but it was very muddy in a large area … and I wanted Bob to walk around it and not step into it … but, *as the horse he was*, he was very stubborn and didn't listen, and the last thing I saw in the dream was that he didn't want to wait for me and just hopped through (kind of beside) the mud and **trotted off, away, to the left** … **and I stayed behind**, kind of *wondering*. But I didn't really try to run after him. *Somehow it didn't feel like we were really separating.*

When I woke up, I found myself catapulted very densely into **memories** of Bob and me walking in real life down Haulani Street towards the Golf course, and onto the golf-course. I realized that the *mountain village in my dream* was actually **Pukalani**, our beloved home … and I found myself recalling how fascinated I had always been by that one house to the left (facing towards out house, that was always on the left-side of the hill, the downward-side), that was a bit dark and moody … and I remembered that the golf-courses club-building had burned down.

Burning has been a subject, recently … maybe tonight because of my fascination with **combustion** … but three days ago there was intense smoke smell in the house where I live. I want to take it that Bob wanted to tell me that he "knows". *Those memories when I was already completely awake felt like Bob was still there, with me, here*, and different, than in my dream … but a continued presence. It felt so "close" and "familiar" going on that walk with him … outside of the house, rather than inside (just now, outside, the fire-brigade is racing by, again … so often, these days).



Much later Betty out of her experience of the moment coined a significant phrase.

"Had a nice *combustion of happiness*," said she. "It revealed something to me. There's a great big principle there.

This morning in my shower, when I turned it from warm to cold, I thought, Ha! here comes the cold! I'll grapple with it and exercise myself against it! You old cold, you; I'll show you! Ha! And that element of pleasure in meeting it enthusiastically, and outdistancing it, as it were, was a discovery. I enjoyed it, and was warm under it without feeling bitten by it.... I can't tell it. Anyhow, I know there's a *dynamo in enthusiastic combustion.*"

So Bob and me walking to the golf-course and back was the alternative to hiking around our beloved Pukalani field with the tennis court below the swim-basin, where we had once even found a Geo-cache …

I miss it all so much. It wants to suffocate me.
But I do feel that Bob is here, right here.

There was another **dream** … after the pee-break, I think … and I'm not sure if it's connected to the third one … but it seems to have all taken place in the same environment on that *mountain hill*, a mix between Pukalani and Velden, where I grew up.

It was some kind of health **resort**, there, on the hill, like a hotel, but with much wood and rather old, and some kind of **train track** was there, too, maybe same mountain … so I was traveling with my

mother … at least, I knew that, but I didn't really see her and I knew that she had disappeared in that hotel-resort for a massage and other health treatment; There were several sections, and one would have to walk up a narrow path next to a fence, all along the various booths where the treatments were given, one had a **flowery exotic sign** (like Thai) that read "**Aisil**" or such … for massages … A woman (massage therapist, with some kind of outfit, white, pink, yellow) was there and invited me in, and it was clear that my mother was already in there.

For some reason I didn't enter, though …

Then I found myself again on a **mountain slope**, on something that was like a **film set** or a place for a concert, and there were journalists and managers, and I think media-crews, and I was there with a small camera …

There was a young and famous and handsome **musician guitar player**, reminded me of a young Bob, but he was shorter and with lighter and wavy hair … and it was known that he was very arrogant. I managed to get something from him, don't know what it was, my impression is now that it's something "deep dark red", some item, like metal or plastic, like a mouth-drum or a picking thing for guitar playing or some tool …

Some guy in the musician's group went after me …

… and whatever I did there, I seem to have done a good job, because they accepted me … but I left.

Then I ended up in that room, like a hotel room, and somehow, my friend **Traudi** (from Garmisch) appeared there, too. She was very crazy about that musician and wanted to get to him, based on me having been close to him. But I said no, and we spent the night in a big bed. In the morning … Traudi was all excited about getting out and meeting the musician, but didn't think he was interested … we had to leave him alone …

There was a knocking on the door, and as I opened, there was the musician's other guy and the musician, and Traudi got all excited, but I closed the door again and insisted that it wasn't time to get out and that they couldn't get in!

Then! I turned away on the bed, away from Traudi and - **I sang a Hawaiian song**, "*E Ho'i Kapili*" … about reuniting and being together again, with "*ku'u ipo*", "my darling" being one of the catching phrases … and even in my dream I thought how strange that was that I was singing that song, and how nice my voice was! I started several times with each time lower pitch, because at first I thought I wouldn't be able to handle the lowest parts, but I sang everything beautifully … *And it felt, in my dream*, as I didn't even choose to sing that song … was surprised about my own singing … but it just happened to me. As if the song "wanted out". It felt like "urged on me".

Of those dreams that song came close to my wake awareness, but I was still dreaming (not lucid, really) … so waking up with the memory of the singing, and I sang in real life a little bit, seeing how it felt … I had the impression that it was a definite clear message.

It has been about how clear and direct messages from the "beyond" can be … and I think that they can be very direct and clear.

So the song that goes like … see below … just has to be Bob reassuring me that all is fine and will be even more fine … and time is only a mortal impression.

And that I must keep doing what I'm doing. I asked him yesterday to let me know clearly if what I'm "picking up" and interpreting is actually "true". (***Crackling*** next to me right now.) I think that dream sequence is telling me a lot.

I'm afraid of the coming weeks. But I have to stop to be so "mortal". It doesn't matter whether it happened a year ago or a day or ten years … I read about other people's grief, yesterday, too. And how it never goes away, even if you'd be with other people, you only adapt to it.

Loss of that kind makes you a **different creature.** It does. And I think that the loss of a very close loved one to death is the path to connect with the "beyond". You are a different creature, then, because your focus is taken away from the "here", the "obstructed realm" and moved towards the "non-physical" realm. That makes you entirely different from the crowd who has no thoughts about the true nature of the human consciousness and of the energetic substance we are and we create and we live in. ***Only in dealing with a loss to death, becomes the realm of "beyond the physical***

experience" tangible to us. So us, who are grieving, are different creatures than those who have never grieved. And those of us who have been dealing with death beyond just grieving but who have been engaging in connections and communications with the "dead", we are, again, entirely different creatures … compared to those who haven't ever even had a thought about what it means to be dead. (***Crackling***.)

July 28, 2019

Read the blog of old friend Peter Rosen, who is crazy about selfie-drones (DJI Spark), but he is badly equipped of handling them, being erratic and impatient. I saw him speak, and he greeted with "Hello … here … **at the end of the road**". It struck me, because "The End of the Road" was the ***subtitle*** of "Taylor Camp" in its first version (which I loved, and I had told Bob many times, aloud, recently, that I loved the first film, and J., actually, had told me, that she had loved the first version(s) too). So Peter says "The end of the road" … not being on a road, but in a harbor park next to a boat.

(Bali Hai on Kauai, virtually "the end of the road", close to where "Taylor Camp" was ...)

(*Note: Only now, editing this, it strikes me, how much that very film project was, in fact,* ***The End of the Road*** *for Bob*.)

Quite stunning. Also …

I saw a car with the writing "**Bolt**" twice in two days. "Bolt" was one of the movies about a dog that Bob and I both loved. Is it his way of telling me that he enjoys "*patting the dog*", as I do for him, with Jacqui, *imagining the physical sensation into Bob*?

Tonight's **dreams** were just so intense, again, I have the feeling *I got a true connection*. There is some strange peace in me today. Although I thought I wouldn't be able to sleep last night, because I read a lot about the topic "spontaneous combustion", fascinating. And I watched **pictures of human bodies in cremation-ovens …**

… there is a graphic video about how a body burns to ashes. I feel drawn to it. Somehow, seeing a human head turn into an ablaze skull, kind of got me closer to Bob. It's so strange that he experienced that happen to his body … his body I loved. The last touch I gave him was kissing his forehead and patting his shoulder. I said "I'll be right back".

And I left housie and went out into the rainstorm in the pitchblack night, leaving Bob back in the house. Alone.

(*Note: On this date I also noted the song "E ho'i ka pili", but I don't remember why*.)

I can't even handle the slightest bit of music right now, breaking out in tears all the time.

E ho`i i ka pili *Come here to me,*
E ku`u ipo. *My darling love.*
E nene`e mai, e nanea mai *Cuddle close,*
E ke aloha, *Relax my beloved,*
E ho`onipo kâua *And let us make love.*

He lei wehi `oe *You are like a lei,*
No ku`u nui kino. *for me to wear.*
Lei `ala ho`ônaona lua i ka poli *Incomparably fragrant*
E ke aloha, *At my heart, my dearest,*
E hanu lipo kâua *let us deeply kiss.*

Ka nehe a ke kai *The sea at Kahakuloa,*
O Kahakuloa *rumbles on the rocks*
Kai ko`o hâku`i pi`i ka pali *and splashes up the cliffs.*
E ke aloha, *Oh my love,*
Pulupê iho kâua *we are drenched.*
(Source: Keali`i Reichel album "Pride of Punahele")

Yes, my life on Maui was made possible by Bob. I was blessed to have been there.

July 28, 2019 **– Not moving on, ever.**

I read about a song (in a *blog about people dealing with grief*) how a woman heard it and broke out crying (about the death of her grandfather, to whom she had never said good bye), and it goes "***Baby I'm not moving on, love you long after you gone***". Yes. That's it.

July 28, 2019 **– Man Walking On All Fours & Edelweiss**

So I've been thinking about my filmproject "Dogman" … as the pilotfilm to a new superhero-spoof franchise … and the only person I can discuss this with, is Bob. So I do. Discuss it with him. Well, I sole-talk.

Today, with G. and her dog Gizmo on "Red Mountain" … and two young men came towards us, on the path through the meadow. One was carrying a huge round wooden piece, and the other **man** was ***walking on all fours***. Yup. Walking on all fours. I didn't take a picture, but good thing that G. was there to witness it.

I mentioned that it reminds me of my film project "*Dogman*" … but then I didn't say more, it seemed too weird. A man on all fours at a time when I'm thinking about my filmproject "Dogman" all the time … what are the odds?

(*Note: Thinking about all those filmprojects was, at that time, a remnant of my time with Bob and the hopes and plans we'd had in terms of films … my excitement and even the thought of pulling something like that off, then began to subside … it was for Bob and me to do that, not for me alone. That has been taken from me … today, end of January 2020, I'm an entirely different person …*)

On the way to the public train I saw an old **match-box with an "Edelweiß"-sujet**, which is very rare. And the "Edelweiß"-sujet is on the poster of my film "Making of Barricades", it's on the old Austrian Shilling. The "*Leontopodium nivale*" is a traditionally famous rare mountain plant. So is that a hint that Bob "knows" that I'm dealing with the thoughts of my filmprojects, that were also his?

July 29, 2019

Today I met a man … **with a cowboy hat, long gray hair under it, a scruffy beard**, a very slim face, a very tall and thin figure, with jeans, T-shirt and jacket - and a rollator (a wheel-device to push and hold on to, for elderly people).

The man looked at me and *smiled* – and I felt like catapulted into some parallel universe: That was ***Bob***, and I thought, right away, "Bob, are you showing me what could have been?"

Back on Maui, in August last year, Bob told me that he didn't think that he'd ever be his old self again, even if he should recover. He thought his body was damaged too much … and I remember asking him, what he had been thinking, why he had let it come to that, to this total ruin of his beautiful body … and he said he didn't know. At first, it was weight-loss. Then he did a ketogenic diet, I'm guessing because he had the wart already and was trying to fight it … (I still can't believe that he didn't read up or research his condition, and he must have come across the subject cancer!) … and then he didn't stop losing weight, all the way to losing all his body mass, his muscles, everything, *and he didn't tell me!*

Days before I left for Maui, in August last year, he said on the phone, "*Dani, don't be shocked when you see me. I don't look like I used to anymore …"* He reduced his problem to what he *looked* like now … not saying to me "I'm so desperately sick, I've lost nearly all my body …" Jesus Christ, had I only known earlier.

Now he is dead.

My Bob is dead.

That man I saw today will be dead too, soon.

Thinking back to that man … so unlikely to see someone like that, *and we locked eyes and he* ***smiled*** … looked so much like Bob … but, no. I wasn't hallucinating, and this wasn't a dream. I went to the Fressnapf dogstore, which was right there. It was real. I looked after the man, considered taking an picture of him. But didn't.

I had a bad night, so much headache. The weather? But I also realized, that I must change something. I'm close to settling and thinking it's okay enough, living like that … but I hate the town so much.

Yesterday I told Bob, "See, I was supposed to live with you on Maui and on the US-mainland, and now I'm stuck here …" I miss Maui so much. But the thought of being there with all the memories and

the knowing that it's all gone and that Bob isn't there anymore … and maybe being at the beaches and seeing the spots were Bob was last … I couldn't bear it.

Yesterday I got a big "rejection" from the Scandinavian agency I had submitted my scripts to, "Salomonsson", and there is a big "S" on their website, which totally reminded me of the "S" in the sky, which I took for "Stoneman", … but it can also be some kind of telling me, that Bob sees what I see … and I saw that "S".

I can't recall tonight's dream … which is strange.
Maybe I will buy a car … I must get out of here. This town will kill me, if nothing else will. And it's only because of my dog that I can't allow this.

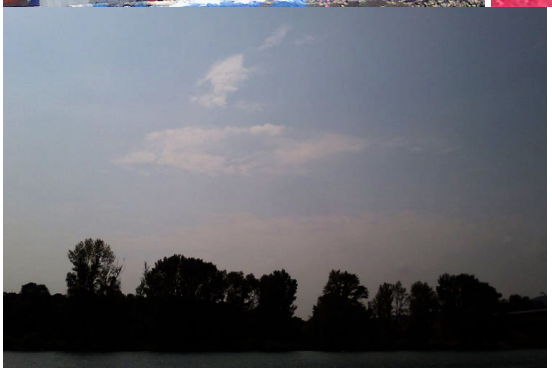
July 30, 2019 **– Paul & the Rigani-Symbol**
I sometimes feel like Betty White described her feeling … *inspite of all "**knowing**" – **doubtful***. It's, likely, because I'm worried, deep inside, that what I so much want to be true, isn't true.
I felt very shitty last night, very dizzy and nauseous, and again it brought up thoughts of my own impending death … I'm 55, and cancer is all over the place among people. I look and feel quite healthy, except for the stinging in my left breast, near the arm, but it only happens rarely, and the coughing, well, I think it has to do with the moldy stuff in the house above the ceiling.

So today I did some editing in the morning for the agency, then took Hawthorne and grabbed Jacqui and took the train to **Danube Island**. It had rained a lot in the last days, and it was all so fresh and the water was just … wonderful. Clear and fresh and soft.
I talked with Bob.
I had asked him, last night, if *automatic writing* was something he'd like to try with me … (I had read about it.) and I sat down at the laptop, closed my eyes and wrote down what showed up on my mind, and what didn't feel construed. I even let my fingers just rest and only moved the ones that tingled … but I wasn't fully committed. It felt strange, though.
A word that did come in, clearly, was "**Paul**". Yes, the name.

I feel that I should recall tonight's **dream,** but can't right now.
Jacqui seemed to have troubles in the night, too, he kept swallowing, and that means he has some pain or must go potty. It wasn't potty, and he then curled up in his bed. There was a strange moment, though, when he was just sitting there, his head down, his eyes half open, and I called him three times, and he didn't listen. He was just a meter away from me. But then he did, so maybe he dozed.

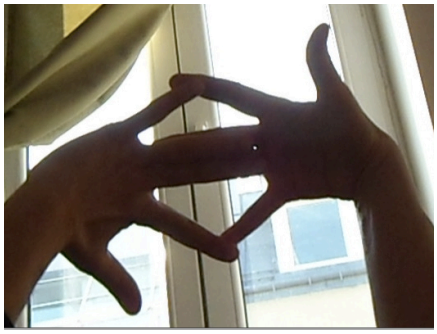
So this morning,
I went shopping for breakfast items, and I saw a weird "**Apple**"-tag on the ground. One clear **blue apple**-logo. I almost picked it up, but didn't as there were people around, and I didn't have a cellphone to photograph it … but I noticed it clearly. Have never seen one before, on the ground.
So a little later, an idea popped into my mind: It could have been an answer: "*Yes, let's do the communication via the Apple-laptop I bought you, Dani"* from Bob to me.
I did see something in terms of "Apple" just recently, not as a tag, something else, but I can't remember.

So walking along the shore of **New Danube**, I crossed a Graffiti-area under a bridge, and there was a spray-painting of someone who looks like a mix between God and Bob, and next to him a feather (! lots of feathers, recently) and – the name "**Paul**". Remember – the name had come up, as I had tried to relax and empty my mind for "automatic writing"?



… and look at this could formation … doesn’t this look like “**fitting in**” …? (*Note: Or a **fish**, who had just been cut out from a cloud, trying to swallow something?)*

Strange, that I don’t have an entry from my Danube Island hike when I photographed this image of **two hands** …



… but this very much resembles my “Rigani”-sign and related to that, the “**as above so below**”-ornament on the ring I found … mirrors … reflections, ***as below so beyond …***
right? And this came a little later:

Yes, a **"question mark"** right in front of me, on the ground, while my mind was buzzing with questions … I mean, "Paul" written anywhere, especially after you just "saw" it in a first playful attempt of automatic writing to communicate with your dead friend?

I swam and swam and talked with Bob … the usual stuff. Amazing **clouds**! Again, like a piece had been cut out from a cloud and was ready to get back in. Or a **"missing part"** approaching the spot (or hole or "puka") where it was meant to fit in. The theme "**puka lani**", which is all I care about, "door to heaven", you know, just kept showing up … in the sky.

But I also decided I wanted to ask concrete question. My mind is wandering a lot while I'm talking to Bob, but in the past days I've said to him, several times, that I shall restrict my questions, so that he can focus on getting certain answers to me.

So my first **questions** are :

What and who are you now, Bob?

What are you doing, Bob?

What is water to you guys, over there, Bob?

How to you experience weather, like rain and thunder and lightning?

So I walked towards the dog zone, and a woman comes towards me, talking on the phone, and under her arm I could see part of what was written on her t-shirt**: "… the moon shines**".

A little later, after a lot of thinking about Bob, another woman came towards me, full frontal, and her **t-shirt read: "I am okay."**

That really felt like a message.

I hope it was.

I asked Bob to help me make decisions, what to do with my life.

We would talk about making films in such detail … now I can't talk with anyone about it. And it won't ever be the same, because Bob and I grew together, as people, as a relationship-project, as filmmakers.

How horrible of people to think that I could just "move on" with filmmaking without Bob. It was all about doing it *with him*. *It was all about him and me waiting for the time that we'd do our projects* … ours.

Today I also thought again how I did not notice enough and react enough when Bob had told me that he saw "running numbers" and couldn't speak while he did … I did know that his brain must have been totally stressed with all the chemistry that has been happening, and it was one of the things that I've been trying to do, to help him recover, as of his organs including his brain … but I didn't do it right.

I should have reacted differently when he told me … I still see us sitting there, in the car, "Chiqui", that white Toyota Echo, that we'd just bought, it was the last few days before I had to leave … and Bob was so silent and then told me about the numbers and what I thought it was. I said that I thought that his brain was "recalibrating" after all the stress, because I was so sure he was getting better. Of course it scared the shit out of me, but what should I have done?

I did give him Aspirin, but perhaps I should have paid more attention. It did occur to me that bringing him to the hospital and have his brain scanned might be so much stress … and what if they found something, like a tumor? And then he'd said so often, that he trusted me that I wouldn't make him to got a hospital. (*Note: He did ask me if I thought he should go, and I said yes, but I realized that because of his extremely weak condition and the huge tumor in his crotch, he may never leave the hospital again. Turned out he did leave physically, but the hospital stint still killed him*.)

July 30, 2019 **– The Wake Vision Answer**

Automatic writing (through all the below, a lot of crackling … no crackling before!)
Sat down at laptop, about 10 pm, let words pop up, wrote them down.
(Edited, because the words did not feel genuine …)

Charles Kaupu image (*not* the name) showed up, the way I saw him first, sitting at the beach, at an event, chanting … (*Note: Hawaiian cultural expert, chanter, speaker in my Hawaii-documentary, died of an asthma-attack a few years back*.)

"marshall" … (*Note: I never really went through that list … just one word just caught my eye, "Marshall", it's the name of the puppy dog the neighbor's daughter gave to her new furry friend, just a few weeks ago; it's now January 2020*.)

For a little while, a word seemed to be "stuck", somewhere in some outdoors setting, maybe a bucket, … and it seems to have started with a "cur", but I don't know what it was, never really emerged. I "looked at it", was aware of my assumptions "curtis" or "curtail", "curtain" … it remained stuck, somehow, in a light pistacchio green.

I stopped the word-seeing …
Felt the urge & decided to pose a real question:
What are you doing?
I simply kept sitting … and I drifted off, and got quiet inside (which isn't easy for me), and then:
Strange spontaneous vision:

Black woman sitting, in a simple, knee long, flowery dress in bright red, yellow on white ground, sleeveless, she had short Afro-hair, wore bright red lipstick and heavy black eye-makeup. She sat on a chair in front of a **trailer**, at a cliff, with much air in the background, felt like a 4:3-ratio-setting; **Bob** in blue jeans shirt comes out of trailer, serious face, longer hair, shaven, fully focused, somehow embracing her, stretching his arms out, only, squatting behind her chair, her back to him, his arms around her to the front, from ground-level, getting high, raises his arms, *as if he was raising some kind of fine **web**, making some kind of cocoon … wrapping her in* … but he only raised his arms, and the web, some bluish greenish grayish kind of substance, just appeared, rose and *began to cover and hide the woman*, who was just sitting there, gazing in one direction, ahead, not moving her eyes, much, not speaking …
Bob stretched his arms, the web rose more, seemed to close in the front and form some "spout" kind of thing … like a beak …
the word "***preserve***" came to my mind,
and I had the urge to go back. Open eyes.
Immediately started writing down, first version with only not looking … in a little haze.
Noted that my wrists were lying on the sharp edge of the laptop, reminded me of Stewart holding Betty's wrist, Darby holding Joan's, I have nobody … wrists keep me "here"?

(*Note: How baffling! I'm editing this section on January 30, 2020, and I had just watched a few episodes of the TV-series "Grey's Anatomy", and it turned out that a major character lived in a trailer; And: I've been treating my strangely numb side of my left hand, from my wrist to the pinkie and the ring finger, and I had realized that I had been cutting off the blood supply by pressing my wrist to hard*

against the sharp edge of my laptop … just in the past days … and now I come across exactly that section of my c. d. where there is a trailer and the wrist thing …?)

Very interesting … experience. Maybe fantasy.

But certain things were so unexpected … all were, but some things felt … odd … like the **black woman** and **Bob** and **preserve** … they looked like ***strangers*** to each other and Bob trying to do a good job. She then was in kind of a *cocoon of a spider's web type stuff, still sitting …*

*(Note: Actually, just now, I had been **sitting** with a white plush blanked **wrapped** around me, like a cocoon, but I have just thrown it off, having gotten very hot all of a sudden.)*

First, she had very bright red lips and somehow her mouth turned into a **beak** or something … she never looked at Bob …

(*Note: Yesterday, in "Grey's Anatomy", the doctor "Miranda Bailey", a **black woman**, in a **bluish-greenish surgeon's outfit**, had operated the **beak** (!) of a pigeon out of a man's **back** (!), who had jumped out of a window and fallen on a pigeon! Wait for it … you'll be realizing why I've been watching those TV-series-episodes recently … when you get to the date, just read on … you'll realize how cool the point is, "they" are making by connecting the timelines!)*

Remember … this is not a dream, this is a wide-awake-vision!

In the end, Bob's arms extended from around the woman (they were on some cliff, remote, daylight), and the cocoon seemed to close in the front, *Bob was doing that, like in a sharp long beak, too, like a ship has, in the front, something long* …

Was that a true vision?

It was strange and new to me, not from a movie, never saw that. Bob was so serious, in his forties, just the way I had met him, in real life, fully focused, in a way demonstrating it … for me. Then the word "**preserve**" … that came to my mind.

Is that the **answer** to ***my question what he is doing?***

What is he preserving?

Who is that woman, what's her role … seemed not a real woman, somehow, or some kind of "figure" in some process they were doing. Bob felt so real … as if I was seeing a *video* of him that he himself had done and ***sent to me for me to see.***

And yet … that wasn't a thing of me sitting down and meditating and preparing.

I was simply sitting, reading on some website, about "anomalies", actually … I was so much in need of dealing with something like that,

… after having read some articles about the "real" world …

And then on a whim I decided why not do some … I don't know … automatic writing?

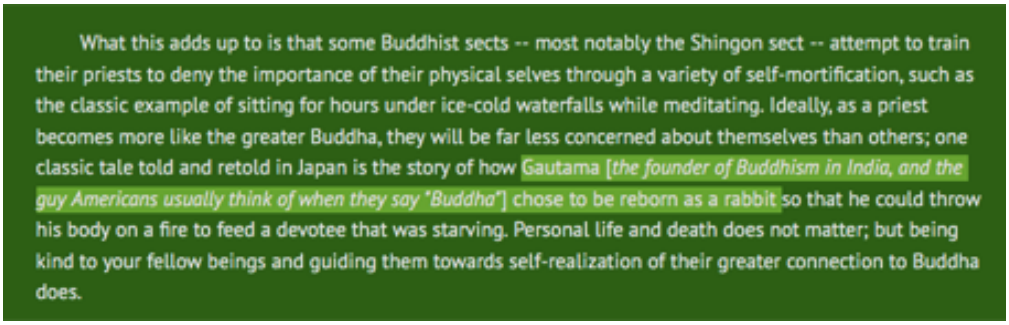
And then I asked that question …

That vision is … dear to me now. It's special, as spontaneous as it happened … it's a deep memory of mine now, I feel it. I want to draw it to share with you.

July 30, 2019

10.55 pm

I had asked Bob for another good rabbit-challenge example. So I find myself intrigued to browse through a website anomalyinfo.com, and I'm attracted to "self-made-mummies of Japan" … and there it is! A ***crackling***, and just an instant later, I read that Gautama Buddha had chosen to be **reborn as a rabbit**. I had the feeling it is part of the rabbit-challenge.


What this adds up to is that some Buddhist sects -- most notably the Shingon sect -- attempt to train their priests to deny the importance of their physical selves through a variety of self-mortification, such as the classic example of sitting for hours under ice-cold waterfalls while meditating. Ideally, as a priest becomes more like the greater Buddha, they will be far less concerned about themselves than others; one classic tale told and retold in Japan is the story of how Gautama [*the founder of Buddhism in India, and the guy Americans usually think of when they say "Buddha"*] chose to be reborn as a rabbit so that he could throw his body on a fire to feed a devotee that was starving. Personal life and death does not matter; but being kind to your fellow beings and guiding them towards self-realization of their greater connection to Buddha does.

If you like – keep them coming!

Also the article summarizes what Betty White shared from what she'd learned in the Unobstructed Universe: "*Personal life and death does not matter; but being kind to your fellow beings and guiding them towards self-realization of their greater connection to Buddha does*."

It somehow answers my bitter question of this afternoon, as I asked Bob "**What shall I do?** I just don't know what to do … filmmaking was a related to him and was meant to be our thing … I feel like I'm drifting away".

It certainly is a remainder to … I don't know, realize better what's in the White books, and maybe a reminder that I should totally keep working on the related book-projects.

I have also the intention to translate the White-books into German.

Actually … reading on about *"self-mummification*", which is a kind of suicide … that's in away what Bob did … not. Not really, it has an odd resemblance, though. Disregard the physical self as much as possible … that kind.

(I'm right now feeling a chicken-skin kind of sensation on the left side of my head.)

July 30, 2019

… and they are coming, the **rabbit-proofs** …

I felt urged to leave my readings of paranormal stuff … the crackling seemed to be "angry" … and opened "Willhaben" to check for apartments, somewhere … at the same time some person was vomiting outside, on the street … made me wish to have moved already …

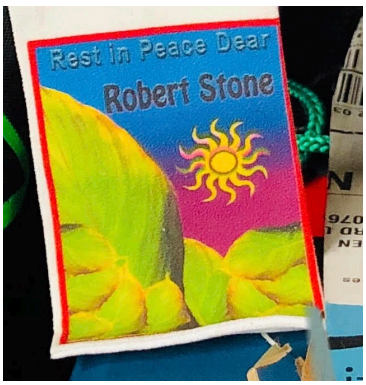
And as I open the Carinthia-flat-ads, an AD popped up with two "**rabbits**" as sujets and the text "Wir sind Hasner Straße", and "Hasner" is a word that comes from "Hase", meaning "rabbit".

So … yes?

July 31, 2019 **– The Olivine Rocks Show-up**

Received a message from Peter Rosen today,

with a picture he had made for Bob, reading **"Rest In Peace Dear Robert Stone"**, and it undoes me completely.



It's a realization day, Bob is dead.

But the special thing about it is … that Peter painted, of all things "**green rocks**" and a **sun**! And I've been talking with Bob so so so often about us having never visited the "*olivine rocks" of Kahakuloa together*! And Peter paints ***green rocks, like Olivine, and a sun (!) hovering above them.***

Is Bob "using" Peter to get a message to me? It sure looks like it!

So is this supposed to comfort me? It doesn't. It' just so very fucking horrible, only to read his name along with "rest in peace" … I just can't handle this right now.

In "With Folded Wings" (I opened it on a random page and said that I was open to the message) … I found the term "**combustion**" (which is poignant, because I have spent a whole evening reading on spontaneous human combustion, yesterday) … and it's about how willpower is not the active energetic agent, it's a "**combustion of happiness**" and that there is a "dynamo in enthusiastic combustion".

Much later Betty out of her experience of the moment coined a significant phrase.

"Had a nice *combustion of happiness*," said she. "It revealed something to me. There's a great big principle there.

This morning in my shower, when I turned it from warm to cold, I thought, Ha! here comes the cold! I'll grapple with it and exercise myself against it! You old cold, you; I'll show you! Ha! And that element of pleasure in meeting it enthusiastically, and outdistancing it, as it were, was a discovery. I enjoyed it, and was warm under it without feeling bitten by it.... I can't tell it. Anyhow, I know there's a *dynamo in enthusiastic combustion."*

It relates to the kind of "hurling out" of "excitement" that I used to do when "imagining" something I wanted to achieve … but there is more to actually achieving it than just that kind of "combustion" … and Betty White also writes about that it's a big principle, that kind of "**lifting power**", a force that is "to willpower like willpower is to the mind" …

I understand it exactly, from *the "Huna"-philosophy*. That study that brought me to Hawaii. Brought me to meet Bob. And I ignored so much of what I should have known better … but then, Bob wouldn't listen, so many times. He was so deeply problematic in his self-doubts … but I should have talked to him differently.

Also when I was there in summer – what a big big big mistake it was, not to be outspoken. I guess I was so much in shock that I didn't really know what to do besides getting as much as healing substance into him as possible. I kept feeding him, day and night. With food and medicine. And he got better! I'm so afraid of the coming weeks … the summer again … I should be with Bob right now … on Maui or on the mainland …

July 31, 2019

Went to check out a car, two, actually, same dealership … then I went to the Liesing river with Jacqui, thinking over the cars I saw, then returned, talked briefly to the dealer, looked at the cars some more.

It's very hard to decide …

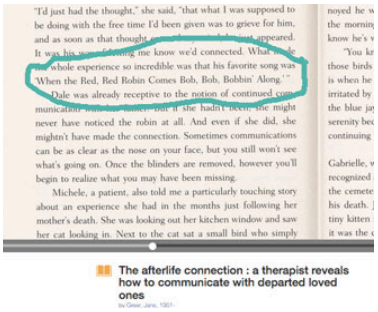
But:

At the station was a display window filled with paper-**pineapples**. Opposite was a health-food store with a ceramic pot and a butterfly and the word "love" on it.

At the dealership was an old car with **hibiscus** flower stickers. And when I left there, in thoughts, I saw a man with a T-shirt with "**Hawaii**" on it … I was still smiling about it, when at the next station a **man** entered the train where I was, wearing a t-shirt with the writing **"Hawaii – Endless Summer".** Made me almost cry, makes me cry now. I wish, it was. *Endless summer. But it ended.*

I miss Bob so much today, and I can't believe he is gone … I really really really *want* to know for sure that he is alive and only has dropped his lovely body. Why did he have to do that? I looked at three pictures of Bob today (*Note: Back then it was nearly possible to look at a single one picture, the photos in this contact diary I only put in sometime in winter*.) … our life together keeps crashing down now …

I know so many people are going through this … I don't care. It doesn't comfort me. The loss seems unbearable.

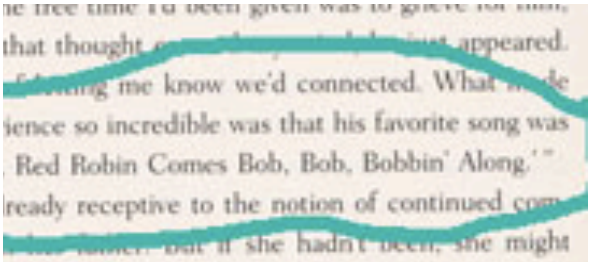

"I'd just had the thought," she said, "that what I was supposed to be doing with the free time I'd been given was to grieve for him, and as soon as that thought [illegible] appeared.

It was his way of letting me know we'd connected. What made the whole experience so incredible was that his favorite song was 'When the Red, Red Robin Comes Bob, Bob, Bobbin' Along.'"

Dale was already receptive to the notion of continued communication. But if she hadn't been, she might never have noticed the robin at all. And even if she did, she might've made the connection. Sometimes communications can be as clear as the nose on your face, but you still won't see what's going on. Once the blinders are removed, however you'll begin to realize what you may have been missing.

Michele, a patient, also told me a particularly touching story about an experience she had in the months just following her mother's death. She was looking out her kitchen window and saw her cat looking in. Next to the cat sat a small bird who simply

The afterlife connection : a therapist reveals how to communicate with departed loved ones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Yeah, of course … "*When the Red, Red Robin Comes Bob, Bob, Bobbin' Along*" … very funny.

August 1, 2019 **– Art, Spoken From My Heart**

Saw a painting in a small park today, with eyes and a halo on a cloud and **"Miss you like crazy"** written below … and next to it another painting with **"Take me to the moon".** Couldn't be more suiting.

Yes, I miss you like crazy, too. Every day I'm wondering how I shall live on, here, without Bob. Seems impossible right now.

I had a very strange **dream**, tonight. Did ask for "getting together" before falling asleep, and maybe that's what my subconscious could make of my "trip"?

Here it goes:

The setting was a **spaceship** kind of thing or area … or some "space" area that could be accessed by … not sure, how like, "willing yourself" there?

It was some kind of danger feeling, and it all had to do with a **competition** or some kind of accomplishment that all folks who moved around there were involved in. I was not, for some reason, but I managed to get in there, too, somehow from a low righthand corner … as if there was some kind of "entrance" … and it was all about getting higher up, geographically, because it was some long (given the space) kind of areal with several stations or sections … and there were "supervisors" or "agents" and the people who were just entering there had to accomplish something … but what? It feels like getting (physically) something and bringing it somewhere … while *learning how to float around*. There were **rooms**, one room I managed to enter, but then it didn't seem to have a solid floor … and suddenly I found **my cat "Iwan"** … who disappeared in about 1989 or so, when I moved to Vienna, and my mother was supposed to take care of her; I think she wandered into the forest, and I tried to find her … now I think maybe my mother did something to her … I was so heartbroken back then. Hadn't thought of "Iwan" in so long … but in my dream, she came racing towards me … in some way she was also my dog "Kimba", and she was bigger and more white … but I was so happy to see her, but *she belonged to that spaceship*, and she swished around, and I couldn't catch her.

Strangely, an old friend of mine, M., was there, too. She had gotten in contact with me last year (in real life), after we had seen each other last when we were teenagers, like around 14 … (and she was pregnant then, but always denied it). She married a military guy … and she searched for me. We communicated via email a little, then I went to Maui … I never got back to her. And she never contacted me again. She was there, in my dream, too, with her beautiful smile …

I know that I *was kind of successful* in that strange floating open spaceship kind of setting … but I don't know with what I was successful, and it was like in *a sci-fi action movie* … something *dangerous* was going on … and folks had to **escape** some kind of oppressive behavior by those in charge there … there was one "boss", didn't see "him", but it was some kind of large, brown-haired pudgy kind of man … and the entire atmosphere was strange, in a stressful way …

There was a sense of *impending disaster* …

It's like things had to be brought from here or there … dangerous things … and there was something like a revolt going on, like an undercurrent … but I don't remember or can't really define that … just the mood of the dream is so clear.

August 1, 2019

It does feel like a visit "beyond", and my subconscious makes something out of it. No Bob or anything like "Bob" there … It does remind me a little of Betty's experiences, how she describes those first visits, where she had to feel her way around and was confused and an "alien" while in the middle of it all …

In all my crying yesterday I did say to Bob that I *want to try for communication beyond what had been possible so far* … and Betty could also "go there" and still not lose her consciousness … so can't I be in contact with Bob? That all provided *he wants to*. I asked him that yesterday. Is that why I found the "heaven"-scenario with "Miss you like crazy" today?

Saw a young boy today, in the public transport, and a **rabbit** was dangling from his little backpack … and I still can't stop crying … I need Bob. I don't want to live without him.

I don't think I can handle.

I googled for his son today, B., and I found two pictures – and he's a spitting image of Bob, exactly. I see him so much in his son. That was so odd and painful and fucked up, looking at a photograph of Bob's son and seeing Bob in him …

And it's August now, and in six days it will be the day when I saw him again after four years: Not Bob anymore. But a shadow of him, a creature only consisting of suffering. My Bob. That was Bob. A skeleton, a worn out body … he did not deserve this. Why did he "think" he deserved this?

I breaks my heart. Again and again. Why did he have to go through that?

Why did his family not notice?

Why wasn't I with him earlier?

August 2, 2019

I had an intense **dream** of my mother, of my brother Peter and of Sigi. Scared the shit out of me … is my mother still alive, at all? She wanted to be left alone, has told me often. Even sent back the letter I had written to her in winter … okay, I've been trying to respect her wishes … but I keep dreaming about her and thinking about her …

Like several times before, we were traveling on a **train**, same train and same landscape and area *like in previous dreams! And **while** dreaming I realized that I had been there in previous dreams!*

Somehow, my mother and I then were off the train and hiking, and we took a rest on a bench, in some meadow, a rural setting, with trees with leaves, and there was a giant hairy millipede, like a porcupine … (*Note: And then I only have rough notes, can't recall the dream, exactly, just that …*) My mother seemed to be a similar person, maybe not really my mother, and we ended up on a farm, with a long wide road leading to it, very remote … and somehow I did something nice for my mother, which she liked, something artsy or something with photographs … on some kind of yard or area for some kind of collection of art (?) And the farm was situated somehow on the end of a wide slope or hill, and one could see the windy road that lead there in the distance … somehow there was also some kind of "glass-house" with plastic coverings, like at a nursery …

And then, we were on the **train** again! My mother and a man who was a mixture between Peter, Sigi and R., my first boyfriend (who wore a suit) were on that train … and I was so busy to try and persuade that **mix-man** that he had to take part in some kind of "competition … it was more of some kind of **talent-competition** where he was supposed to prove his abilities, but in terms of business or mathematics? A test or a game, it was … and he'd get a lot of money, if he'd make it … I tried to **persuade** him to take part in that … And I think that he did go there. He left the train … but I had to continue riding the train … because I had to constantly **run after my mother**, look for her and find her and guard her …

It was a very long train ride, and we lost sight of each other, my mother and I, but also that man and I …

There was something about large big **fruits** and **snow** …? Very confusing … and **horse** was involved, too … (Note: Just now I remember a very similar dream, but with my real-life niece J. involved, also the train and my mother and losing sight of each other …)

So in tonight's dream … suddenly, we weren't on the train anymore … but I was with my mother on the countryside … and then we were at that bench, and she lied down, and I covered her with a thin yellow blanket. But in a plastic bag she had a blanket with her, thick and blue and plush, and she said, in a very reproachful tone, that she had of course considered that it would be that cold. But still, she was dependent from me and that I'd accompany her. But to where … I didn't know. She was very earnest or serious.

(*Note: Geez, looking back, I can only say that the dream was the perfect foreboding!*)

I let her rest, and sometime that horse showed up …

and ever again that long train ride … I think to Paris or Sydney … to a company, a big enterprise. But I don't think we arrived. A very strange dream, confusing.

The, in the morning – short circuit, probably the **coffee machine**! Now, that coffee machine had been a gift from me to my mother. And she had given it back to me, many years ago, I think in 2011, because she didn't need it. And that after my intense dream of my mother.

Clearly, something is going on. I'm feeling … nervous, insecure, alert, strange. I can't make up my mind to make an appointment for looking at the car that interests me. There is so much … I don't know, alertness, unrest, stirred up stuff in me …

I must go for a swim with Jacqui.

I don't feel good.

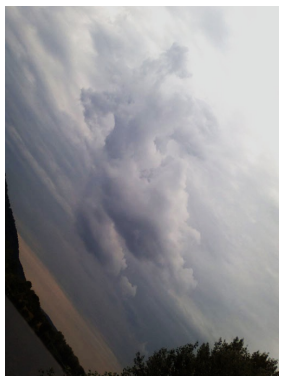
August 2, 2019 **– Mirror Images, a Penis, a Single Carrot and a Puppy**

Amazing doesn't begin to describe, what happened.

I had that urge, that unrest, after that dream … and stuff happened, like a meeting with a person who had treated me very recklessly and a setback regarding an apartment I had intended to check out …

I've been looking at apartment rentals … in Carinthia. Where my parents live. I've tried to picture myself in some other part of Austria, but I can't. I can't stay in Vienna, so if I move, I must move to the place where I'm from … Anyway. First a car, I guess … is necessary anyway. Without a car, no moving. But I'll tell my current landlady, the owner of my apartment, that I'll move out …

So I was full of thoughts … went to Danube Island to swim in my beloved *New Danube* (that clear groundwater lake) … it was not very hot, *cloudy*, perfect … I mean, look at the cloud formations … I was stunned speechless, as I saw them "speak" to me … the **ducks** I was seeing, me **swimming** *… all reflected in the sky*!



Bob: "Yes, I can see you from under water, and when you swim, you look like this …"

“The Bridge” is being created … Seriously: I was standing ***on a bridge***, and just above me, *that bridge was perfectly mimicked!*

Penis and “**puka**” … can’t be clearer. And this one: “*We’ll connect again … we’re close.*” See the part extending below, that seems able to **“lock right in”?**

I mean … “**pineapple**”, the “Maui-symbol” written on a raft … and then such **cloud formations**, that are expressing “being together”, “dancing” and simply “evolving” together … those are answers. And here is the **question**: I keep talking to Bob, keep mentioning it, because it’s *the* theme of my life: **Are we still a couple?** Is it okay for me to think he is communicating and that he *should* be communicating? Today, on Danube Island, my other important questions were “How are you?” and “Who and what are you now?” Of course, I’ve been thinking that I’m wondering myself how that could be answered, at all.

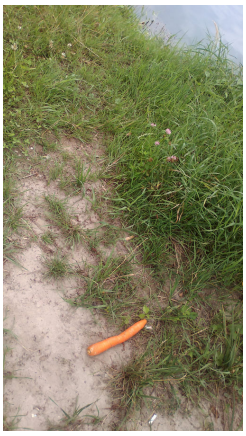
So, then it happened:

Someone has sprayed a **pink penis with three “balls” and a cross** in the center to the walkway! Okay, penis, two balls and one tumor, and the cross – death. I thought “Right, I read it! But really, did I?”

Now, look at the "pink penis" and then at the cloud pictures again …

I felt Bob so close, "Hey Bob", I said, "I totally get this". And I was wondering whether he and the other folks "there" are watching me and rejoicing when I'm reacting to a, well, "sign". So I was still taken with the experience, and felt touched to tears, 'cause, again - what are the fucking odds?

I walked on, and like two minutes later – I found a long and **strong and fresh carrot** on the wayside!



One single carrot. And I realized right away that it can't be more poignant and clear and smart, and it answers my questions – along with another one that I always have: *How can I be sure that it's Bob who is answering me and communicating, and it's not myself, somehow?*

Now, the carrot is a reflection of "*Manley*". And "**Manley**" is the name **Bob** gave his **carrot**. *A real carrot. A vegetable*. I gave Bob a carrot to hold and focus, in support of the healing of his penis, and he called it "Manley".

So to find a tumor-penis and a strong and fresh carrot within a few meters, that's a message that only I can understand and that only Bob can give. Now you understand it too … *and the **clouds** were telling that story, too.*

(Note: But the biggest message of them all was yet to come …)

On Danube Island, Jacqui and I have several routes we walk, along the Danube, on the sore, or inner-island, or on the other side of the island, along the freshwater lake's shore … and that day, on the way back, I took the path through the "jungle", a real wilderness, that I barely ever walk, because there has been a lot of drug dealing and sex work going on in there … but it wasn't a very bright day, so I thought there wouldn't be too many people.

And here it is, the … well, I don't even know what to call it … You be the judge:

In the last days I've been *reliving* the moment several times, when Bob had been so horrible devastatingly ill, barely walking, and once he **embraced** me, and another time I embraced him (I embraced him a lot), and in one special moment I said to him **"You're a very sick puppy".** And I will never forget the tortured and desperate almost breathed "Ja" he gave me. Like "*You think?"* and yet acknowledging.

"Manley", naturally shriveled and withered after a few days … but *that carrot was a big part of our last days together.*

Now I can't reach him physically. I can't see or touch him. But he is so close, and I feel like he is my man, and we have a relationship … my thoughts keep going round and round about that kind of stuff, always.

So I want him to let me know, that's my newest question if I'm right and we ***are*** supposed to be that inter-realm couple, working on and furthering the project "the Bridge", the connection between

the "world" of "the dead" and the one of "the living". And Bob, promising that we'd keep working on our "projects" … is it okay for me to take that literal and serious? And to ask and expect him to stand true to his promise?

And how am I doing in terms of deciphering messages, and "hearing" what is "told" to me or "shown"?

It's not about "rest in peace", that's the biggest mistake! It's about "let's keep on it", "let's stay together", only because we aren't seeing each other doesn't mean that our feelings for each other aren't real!

I believe that Bob and I are closer together than before. I do believe that he is around a lot. I do believe that he is working to communicate with me …

And both of us are learning …

I have also recalled **dreams over the years** today, while walking and talking aloud … where I "***willed*** myself" *off the ground so often into flying*. And sometimes I'd fly so high … and I've been thinking about how Betty W. describe the "willing oneself" from position to position in the beyond … so perhaps, those experiences of "flying" after a whole big effort that remains in the memory … is actually a *memory* of ***trying to move about the beyond*** … perhaps in the process when the consciousness is already returning into the incarnate situation, into the body, before waking up …

Perhaps many dream-experiences and especially dreams of "flying" mean that we are actually really flying … just not in our mortal realm. Where our bodies won't ever be able to fly. But as the energetic creatures we really are, we are *"willing ourselves" through the beyond in the times when we visit, when we are unconscious, during sleep.*

I also realized that me having the urge to read the book about "Directing Actors" (by Judith Weston, I found a dedication from 2006 in it, "From Jo to Jo", so from me to me!) had to do with me ending up with "script analysis" … and it felt weird, because I'm about to give up my dreams of filmmaking, and I've been torn about taking that paper-book into bed and reading, but the urge was so strong, and suddenly I realized today, that the tools like "paraphrasing dialogue" and finding the "images" in a dialogue are very helpful in *interpreting dreams*.

Looking at the immensely complicated tonight's dream … So how is that, that I keep going back to dream-sites where I've been before?

So, I took a path through the so-called **"jungle" on Danube Island**, and I sort of feeling drawn to it, but I remembered that there were often fighting dogs and drug addicts in the brush … yet, as I was already almost walking by, I took the next best turn and entered the narrow jungle-path.

And after a few minutes, I dove under a tree and I look up and there is a **toy puppy dog** in the branches!

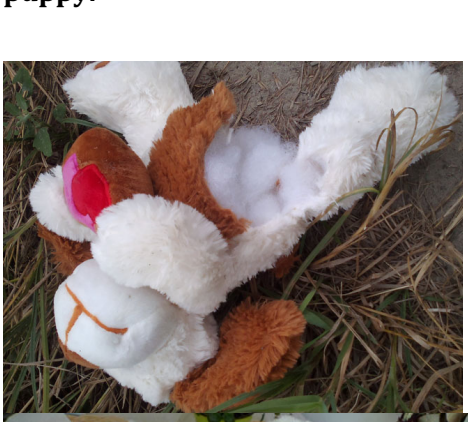
Ahem. Yup. I kid you now. A toy puppy was hanging in the branches above my head.

I was totally baffled! You know – how often do you find a dog in branches above your head on a narrow path along a lake? So I took the puppy dog from the branches – and it was badly "**hurt**"!

(Note: Just as I was rereading this, January 30,2020, the mightiest and only crackling of tonight happened in the window right next to me, made my heart skip. You know, that's something. A real

loud crackling in a window in a completely quiet night, it's 1.30 a.m. now. I took my fragrant cyclamens and took a whiff and dedicated it to Bob and his friends "there".)

The puppy's right leg was almost torn off and the stuffing was coming out of his belly. Yes, you're guessing right: I broke out in tears, because the first thing I said to that dog was: **"You're a very sick puppy."**



There.

Bob, the very sick puppy got me to find a very sick puppy in the most unlikely of "coincidences" to prove to me that it's him, communicating with me.

Jesus Christ. (Yeah. Maybe he is involved, too, after my intense dealing with Barbara Thiering's work … wow, I never had *that* thought before. That would take an extra chapter in this book … and I'm feeling a strong pressure on my right cheek right now … as if someone is *pinching* or kissing my cheek.

I had to really cry, and it felt so so so clear. Bob knows my "knack for finding things", that's one of the last things he said to his sister J. about me. He always got a kick out of me showing him what I found … in our last weeks together, I found a poi-pounder sheath, a man's cap, a tiny girafe-type toy and more …

So he knows *that I'm very attentive* and that I *will give value to the things I find*. And using **findings** as means of "**communication**", is absolutely plausible for us. It's my thing.

I thought, around the time of finding the poor puppy, that the reason why I don't have a chance to "say goodbye" or "find closure" with Bob or realize "that he is gone", may be, ***that he simply isn't gone***. I miss him … in every way. But then … I just found a "sick puppy". And me saying that to Bob during our last days together, "You're a very sick puppy" expressed my horror, my despair and actually kind of the coming finality of things … and it was very intense. So it made a perfect … evidential proof.

I must admit, I was kind of numb, that's how baffled I was. My thoughts were swirling, at the same time … like in those amazing cloud formations, there were openings, then thrusting structures, ever again amazing "**creatures**" … of *thoughts*!

I can't "find closure" because *there is no* "closure". Naturally not. What if we aren't supposed to "find closure" after the death of a loved one, because there isn't supposed to be an end to our relationship? That doesn't relate to all of us … but to some?

(***Note**: JUST as I was editing this last sentence … a three times crackling that sounded like a **scratching**! … happened next to me, on the window! I actually stopped working and said out loud, "please, don't scare me" … and then it dawned on me. It was a **scratching** like I had **always done on Bob's office door** … and just yesterday morning, on January 29, I had **tried** to create that scratching sound on my own kitchen door here … and it had sounded a little bit like it. This scratching at the window, wasn't like the usual scratching or the crackling from just earlier, it was a three-times-scratch … at the window; I'm on the first floor, there is nothing outside, just air.*

So … I immediately took my cyclamens again and sniffed at the wonderful sweet fragrance and projected it to Bob as a thank you, and then I did it with the chocolate that's lying next to me … and it feels … well, right now … it feels … like I'm in a very intimate meeting with Bob … and I had the feeling, looking up from my writing, right after that sound had happened at the window … that the room was filled with … people.

*It's strange to look into the air and know that someone is looking back at you … you only can't se them. But the **section** I'd been working on, before the crackling-scratching happened, was one of the most **intense** ones, ever … and I think the insights gained are – the **truth**. That's why the intense spontaneous strong and actually very loud crackling. I'm not scared. But I realize that … well, something just happened that could scare one. I've felt some "touch" on my forehead before … and right now slightly on the right side of my forehead … well, if I tough myself there, okay, not on top of my head … then I do touch an invisible … hand? It's 1.50 a.m. now, Thursday, January 30, 2020.*)

I want to know – please, tell me, clearly – if we are "on". And if it's okay for me to consider him still "my" Bob and us soulmates and a couple, after all? Living in different worlds, but that's what people do, who are still both incarnates, too, "live in different worlds". And Bob and I did that, too. We practiced in so many ways … sadly. But then … it seems to me, sometimes, that it's all part of a plan.

My brain seems to twist itself when I think about Bob and want to tell myself that he is gone. He isn't, that's why?

"You are a very sick puppy" I recalled saying out loud, in the last days, too. Seriously. I'm not making this up. Just *in the past few days*, I had said it out loud … as I recalled our last days together. And *today I said it out loud, again*, because I actually **found** a "**very sick puppy**", and I'm very grateful that it's "just" a toy. (Not a real puppy!)

It's very very soft, not the cheap plush, but an expensive toy. Maybe a dog tore it apart?

The **puppy** is **holding** a **heart** in his front paws, and it has a red heart sewed on it, and in that red heart another redder heart. The *heart in the heart* (that I've found!) was on the Ouija board, and I took it in my hand *yesterday* and pondered … *and today, I find a "very sick puppy", with a torn belly and a heart in a heart … oh well.*

Is *that* a message, too – that I get the opportunity to "heal" the sick puppy? Is that meant for me to give me some relief, or is it telling me that I did, in fact, "heal" Bob, the very sick puppy in the first place? After all? Or am I supposed to help do that now? **How?**

He needed to get rid of his body's aspects that belong to his incarnate existence. His spirit body needed to be set free. I'm learning to see it that way …

Betty and the invisible have explained everything clearly. When we mortals "die", it's only the part that pertains to the "material", the "obstructed" realm that dies off. But it has served to create essence. It's own essence, too. So in the realm of the frequencies of the material world, the body "dies". But in the realm of the invisible existences, the frequencies of the body that exist there, of course exist on! That's why, after the death of the material part of the body, a human person, now

"discarnate", *can assume any form he wants (in their realm, of course).* The spiritual **essence** of a human being is all (!) that being once was. So now, when living without the old worn out "pod" or "shell" that this material body is, the ingenious machine that creates energetic substance of a different frequency and density, then the person can totally ***choose how to live on***.

So I saw Bob in that vision with that black woman in a way I could imagine he'd want to look like …

A few days ago, I also wish to "see" him … and the image of him that came up, was even *a little different than I would have made it up*. More hairy and more werewolf-y … sideburns and all … and yesterday morning I met two old men that looked very much like Bob. They only crossed my path and gave me a breath-taking impression of Bob's physicality. Maybe that was also him … giving me some kind of … relief.

I do pick that up. I'm that way. Very aware … very willing to see and learn and acknowledge.

Perhaps that's exactly why I'm part of that "project".

So yes … the numbers are fitting, too … of today. 8 and 2. Those were always my tragic numbers, relating to everything that came after my dog Kimba's death … on August 7, 2001.

So I have the clear feeling that I am "on" to something.

Now I want to know if I'm right … and that Bob and I are meant to play out everything that's possible in terms of inter-realm-relationships: incarnate (me) and discarnate (him) loving each other and being together and learning how to do that, during the remaining lifetime of the incarnate. Wow. I'm so up for this. I can't wait for the answer.

If found a **wooden pearl** yesterday. Not sure, if that means anything.

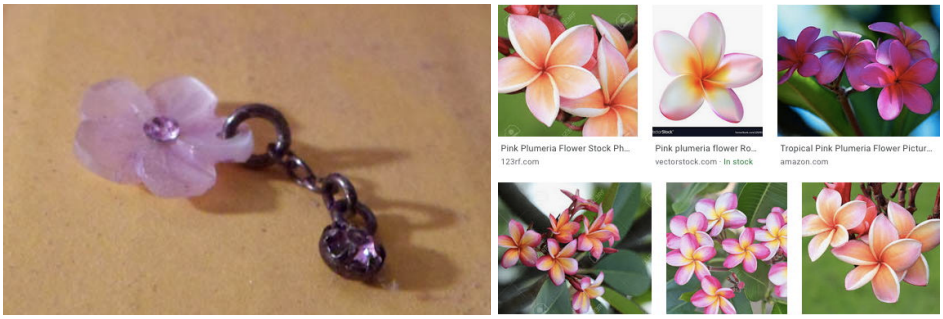
August 3, 2019

Today I had an upstirring **dream** about me being a **filmmaker** – and passionately so. Starring was Ch. (a camera man), and this time, although amidst a whole party of protagonists I was at my best and wouldn't take any bullshit. The film still didn't work out because of some "political" stuff, because there were many "***Ethiopian***" (called themselves that) people in the dream, that was actually set in some desert kind of village … and they caused problems … with language and supplies and props and timing and all. I remember preparing for the shoot and shooting with what I had, playing out and rehearsing scenes … and just now I *realize that some part of that dream, that moviemaking part, I have dreamed before, once*. It's that **narrow** kind of **royal palace garde**n where scenes need to take place, but it's very difficult because of the ***actors' attitude*** … and I was there ***again*** today, in that dream … but most of it had to do with me having to get an overview and keep it on everything that was going on … in parts *literally* so. There was some **elevated** kind of podest or point where I had to go … and it was made very difficult by people, including Chr., who seems to have decided to do whatever the hell he wanted (which was entirely out of line). In the previous dream, don't remember when that was, but at least a year, I also had to struggle with getting the right historical outfits … this time, there was something similar. Can't really remember, though.

And the motto of the day is: ***"Rest in peace" is bullshit***. You wouldn't say that to an Astronaut upon leaving, only because he'll be out of reach and sight, maybe forever.

There is no "resting in peace" for discarnates, it's only life goes on.

And today's find is an expression of subtlety and it reflects exactly what I expressed aloud yesterday: That I'm aware and will find what is to be found …



… because I found a **tiny five-petal flower**, like one of those famous **Hawaiian Plumeria-flowers**, with a tine violet gemstone inside, and, attached by a tiny chain (!) another gemstone. That's about "subtle connectedness", but yet – connectedness. I love Plumeria. Bob and I would wander around our beloved Pukalani field, and in the corner are Plumeria trees on the neighbor's yard, and the petals would always be in the grass, and I'd go and pick up four and bring two to Bob.

I **mended** the "very sick puppy" yesterday. And I went to bed, with an intense feeling of presence. The *crackling* has been adventurous, to say the least.

But when it's dark and I'm tired, I wouldn't want to be touched, and I mean that literally.

Although, today I've been discussing (yes monologue) with Bob the question what it is when people do "see *ghosts*". I think they pick up some frequency with their optical sense and make of it what they can, given their mortal senses and brains. That's why ghosts are "pale" and "scary" … because of the interpretation. But they can pick *something* up … sometimes people see their deceased loved ones clearly … it must be some kind of "bridge" between frequencies, energetic streaming and discharges and the person's ability to "see" or feel something and interpret it rightly.

So as soon as I was in bed last night – the ***Ouija board crackled loudly***! It has done that before, and it's very special when it does that. I do acknowledge the crackling I identify as "unusual" and think it's a message in terms of an energetic surge that "someone" can create so that the "material" that some kind of wood … Oh! Just now I'm having a peculiar thought! I remember that sign of a restaurant that I saw a few weeks ago, reading "Wood & Stone". (I was looking through the pics for this documentation, and I came across that sigh today.) How about that! Bob can influence wood? I found a ***wooden pearl*** the other day! And: I read on the sign today, along with the "Steakhouse": "*formerly Angelis*". So, there.

"R.I.P." is such bullshit, that's for sure.

So the tiny flower with the tiny "bud" on a chain … is a beautiful symbol of the connectedness between Bob and me. I want it to be that.

Just when I photographed (now) the tiny flower-gem-chain and the wooden pearl (bead), I noticed something else I had found, but somehow I don't recall where: a tiny, fingernail size **pendant** with two intertwined Capital letters, and one is an "L" (I think) and one a "B".

August 3, 2019

Can't believe … that it will be a year soon since I saw Bob again … dreading August 7.

Working on the pictures, I realized that some cloud formations were so clearly mirroring the situation I was in … like just the day before yesterday … ***a person swimming, seen from under water, the bridge I was standing on***, together with the forests to both sides of the water … ducks and birds … it sounds totally like wishful thinking, but it helps to check out the pictures … then you'll see what I mean. It was always totally Bob's and my thing to look at the clouds from our Pukalani lanai and tell each other what we saw, and we always agreed. And I'd say "clouds are thoughts", and Bob would nod. I know, I've told you that before. But in case you're only scanning through this book, you may have missed it.

I sometimes think that Bob must have been quite desperate of having found himself "dead" … and maybe he felt bad on my behalf. Yes, Bob. You should. But you won't ever feel as bad as I do for not having cared for you better when there was time. I should have gotten over my grievances and totally followed up on my impulses and feelings … and not have listened to other who'd immediately say that you didn't care about me, because you didn't communicate.

One woman, M., who I had thought to have been a friend, was actually a big influence in my rather being angry at Bob than worried. Back then, in February 2018, I spent time with her, but she was so bitter and kind of harsh in terms of judging people … and only later I realized that I've listened to her when she told me that Bob was an asshole. I thought that she was kind of empowering me of finally getting myself free of him, because he didn't care about me anyway. M. never met him … but I guess I was so confused by him communicating with me less and less that I wanted to believe that it was him telling me that he had moved on and wanted nothing to do with me. And when he did tell me that he missed me and wished for me to be with him, there was always lacking a practical side to that, or rather, a practicable side … because how was I supposed to just come over? I didn't have much money. He hadn't fulfilled any of the things that he had been supposed to do, in terms of projects … I was exhausted and disappointed and lonely. And so was he. I know that now.

In a way it pisses me off, but on the other hand it comforts me thinking about what Betty and Stephen and others have told us about how it is once one passes over: The newly discarnates lose their heavy feelings and grievances and sense of values they used to have when having a body and being a mortal.

It's something to … well, to wrap one's mind around.

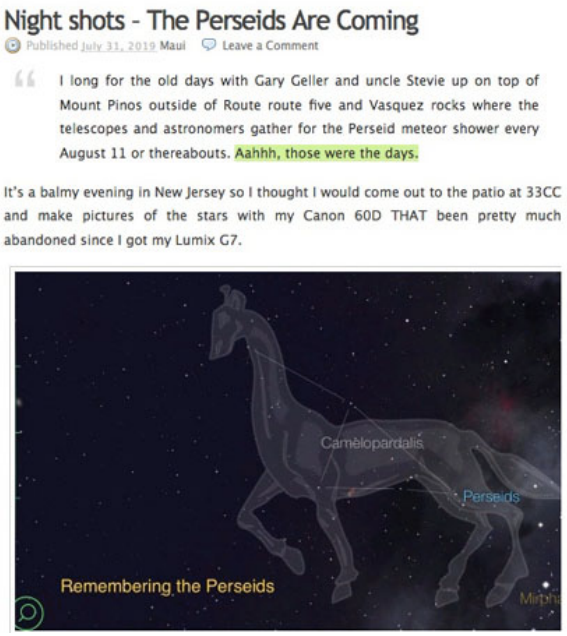
At least, to try. But that said, I do know, actually, I believe, but I have the feeling, that the thoughts of the incarnates, the still mortals who think about the deceased, do matter in terms of influence on the discarnates! *(Note: More will come about that later.)*

Tiny fish right in front of my window, and two planes going in the same direction … a little comforting, that view, I must admit.

August 3, 2019 **– Those Were the Days**

I just checked what Peter Rosen was doing, on his blog … and he wrote about his longing for the past, and included the sentence "Ahh, **those were the days**" … *that's exactly what Bob has said on the phone, many months bac*k, and it has been haunting me. And I've said it out loud, too, recently, several

times, to remind Bob that he had said it, many times in the past days. So strange feeling drawn to **open Peter's blog** only to read it there.


Night shots - The Perseids Are Coming
Published July 31, 2019 Maui Leave a Comment
I long for the old days with Gary Geller and uncle Stevie up on top of Mount Pinos outside of Route route five and Vasquez rocks where the telescopes and astronomers gather for the Perseid meteor shower every August 11 or thereabouts. Aahhh, those were the days.
It's a balmy evening in New Jersey so I thought I would come out to the patio at 33CC and make pictures of the stars with my Canon 60D THAT been pretty much abandoned since I got my Lumix G7.
Camelopardalis
Perseids
Remembering the Perseids

It's especially interesting after the green rocks and the sun on Peter's farewell note to Bob … the **olivine rocks**! Maybe Bob is able to "make" Peter "do" things …? And yes, the **horse** … always the horse, has been coming up in my dreams for years … I want to ride it but it never is a real horse or strong enough.

Yes, ***those were the days, Bob,*** I miss them, I miss you … and I can't possibly explain how much. At the same time I have the strangest feeling about the "why". Why did it all happen like it did? It's just too strange .. .given my past and given yours. (*Note: The coming months were about to bring much clarity.)* You better come up with some fun relationship stuff … or my longing for passing on will get stronger by the day.

August 4, 2019 **– Emaciated Creature**

Went to the Prater with Jacqui. Was kind of drawn there. And consciously I was thinking what could possibly be in store there, for me, something to see. To learn? To receive an answer?

So I did have an experience. And I'm pondering over what it could mean. A message by Bob answering my question if he has made peace with what happened to his body? Regarding my question whether he was with me all the time? My question about whether he was aware how horrible my memories are, and, as an incarnate, that I can't just switch them off? And my feelings and thoughts of guilt?

Now, what I encountered today, could be the answer to all of them. It could also be some kind of hint at the inevitability of things that happened.

Bob, the way I saw and experienced him in our last weeks in August and September 2018 was a living **skeleton**. Barely walking, not looking like himself much (except at times, when I made him laugh) but he did walk – and I thought about that *intensely* yesterday and spoke about it out loud, even scolding myself about having such thoughts …

He must have had an immense will and more strength than I could possibly imagine. Because in his entirely worn out condition, no more muscles, all his body-substance gone, he must have felt so miserable, so weak, so nauseous, so tired tired … And I made him walk and exercise and even go to the beach with me, go shopping and – work. I've been having problems with my circulation, getting dizzy and nauseous easily … and then I already feel bad. But Bob … after dealing with a full blown

tumor and the entire change of body-chemistry … for months … he pulled through, got up and worked, and I would push and challenge him, and he'd obey, get up, work, walk, even swim and exercise. Oh my God, this man is a hero.

And today, at the Prater dogzone, I saw something I have seen twice in my life: an entirely emaciated being. One was my brother. One was Bob. And this time it was a female, **a white dog**, I think a Cane Corso or a Dogo Argentino … and she was walking exactly like Bob, totally skeletal, worn out, pulling **grimaces** like Bob had done, shakily and cautiously interacting with other dogs and humans, barely able to keep up any pace, staggering and swaying with every step, and at times, *she would just break down, but slowly, like lying down, when her legs simply didn't carry her anymore* … and then her owners (a man and a woman were with her) would pick her up and put her on her feet and legs, and she'd hobble on.

(*This is not the dog, but that's what she looked like.)*

So that dog … I regret not having asked her name … was exactly like Bob, just on all fours. It fits perfectly with the "***very sick puppy***" image … and just yesterday, after **fixing** the toy puppy *I had thought, oh, good, that I didn't have to see an entirely very sick real dog*.

And bingo! There she was, today. An animal in that kind of scenario you don't see, normally. Not anywhere. Because dogs like that do not normally go in public parks anymore. That dog wasn't thin, that dog was skeletal … when the little group crossed our path again, actually, the dog simply showed up again, in the brush, on a narrow path, I asked the owners what the matter was with the dog, and they said she was only old. I could see every single one of her bones and joints, no meat left on that dog … Jacqui greeted her and they sniffed, but the dog behaved *just like Bob*, doing the most necessary interactions and then moving on to not lose momentum … as if she knew that if she'd stop she wouldn't be able to move on.

She was 16 years old, and that was huge, for a dog her size.

August 5, 2019

Relating to the dog-encounter yesterday … while in bed I realized that the "16 years" is also the time that Bob and I knew each other.

I also found that Betty White died in 1939 at "**Upland**" … now, that's very much like "**Upcountry**", where Bob lived for so long and died. My sadness knows no bounds, these days.

I woke up today with Bob and Pukalani so clearly on my mind … went to sleep like that, could barely sleep, actually … his voice, our habits … it seems impossible to live without all that. My home, my home … something is crying inside of me. And it won't stop. It just can't all be "over" and "gone". How is something like that possible? Why? And why me? Can't I have some kind of happiness in my life? I was looking for *places to rent last night* … and I realized that I don't even want to move anywhere … wouldn't know where?!

And that dog … who looked like Bob and walked like Bob …

I felt kind of jealous of the dog because she will die soon. But then I look at my dog and realize that he really deserves a happy life. And I'll take efforts. Somehow.

How unfair. Bob dead, my brother Peter dead, Sigi dead … and we have to live with bearing that? Fucking human condition.

August 5, 2019

So I was on the way to the dog park, totally sad and said to Bob that he better let me know right now that he is totally present and alive.

And I turn to cross the street, and there is a poster for some cultural event with a woman swinging the American Flag, yep, stars and stripes, and below it reads "**Ticket to the moon**". The date of the event is from July 19 to November 3, 2019. So, and then what? *On November 4 is Bob's death day.*

I said "How the fuck did you do that?" And of course I answered myself with "Time and geography isn't for you what time and geography is for me. So, yes … you could have used this to message me …"

Whatever. Whatfuckingever. And then a cloud, above my alley, looked like a gesture to me.

August 5, 2019

It's a little spooky …

As I was looking for apartments in Carinthia, I thought the whole time that St. Veit is out of the question because of the highway leading to that town, that scares the shit out of me. I think it's life-threatening. And today: Frontal collision on that highway!

These days, there are so many fatal accidents … and there are clear reasons for that, but I can't go into this. I just keep thinking that driving a car is not what it was, once upon a time in Austria. On Maui, driving was entirely different. I loved it.

August 6, 2019

A lot of crying before bed and asking Bob to totally communicate …

… then I had a **dream! Of Bob!**

Interestingly there was also B. (a former friend from Steyr, whom I haven't seen in many years, but have thought of contacting, but not sure, he's one of the people who demand attention but aren't willing to give any back).

The three of us were on some kind of **mission** and facing some house, like a job-site or some kind of hotel or pension … and there was a man, who I can't recall, who we visited (I want to say A. L., a publisher and psychologist I once knew and feared, but maybe not) … we were standing outside, and it was cold and started to rain. There was a small room and a bed, and for some reason B. lied down in that bed, and me next to him. Bob was still standing outside, for some reason the room **didn't have a wall** on that (right) side … and Bob was very thin and very serious, dressed in jeans and blue and checkered … and he seemed to be sick and in the condition I saw him last … and I said "Please, come into the bed, under the blanket, so that we all are warm". And he came and lied down next to me. It felt so real so close, but there was so little space. And I lied between the two and barely had space, and the blanket was so small …

So Bob got up again, very soon … and then suddenly we were in a room where Julia (my niece) was and Patrick (my nephew) were, and I mentioned how long we hadn't seen each other … and they

were adults and kind of in a good mood, no sign of regretting having not connected with me for so long.

I woke up … and it was raining, so nicely. I have a very hard time, every day, to get out of bed, feeling bad for Jacqui, too … but I try to walk him late at night, too.

But … I also **dreamed of flying!** I willed myself off a **ridge** of a very **steep meadow** … and it took a lot (!) of effort to be floating above ground. I've dreamed that inumberable times … and every time I knew that I took a leap of trust to fling myself up and then will myself "staying up", and sometimes it took all my effort and to be blind for the outside to keep floating in the air, even closely above ground ... and then to rise. But when I managed to rise, I always got very good at flying. In those dreams I always want to impress people, and I can't believe that they ignore me, because it's actually very amazing that I'm able to fly, but I rarely ever in a dream got the attention and admiration and praise I thought I deserved for – ***freakin' flying!***

I needed to impress people, again, but somehow they had to do with my school-days when I was in my teens, like 17, 18. And I seriously *flew over their heads* and in the area, and they gazed at me … as if it wasn't totally special that I was able to fly! They weren't! They behaved as if they didn't even see me. Maybe in the sense like you don't see or you miss something you don't *expect* to be possible or existent. They didn't react. I had to **say** to them "People, I can fly, don't you think that's special?" Something like that. And they just looked at me, after I had landed, as if I had played some **trick** on them!

That's it! They looked like I had *tricked* them into believing I had been flying! That's what they chose to think, because they simply could ***not*** realize that I had actually been flying!

And then, I walked in a group along **another ridge of a green, steep meadow**. And I talked with some female friend (it was as if we were on some hiking trip, but somehow we still were on the way to something … I don't know, "official"?) *about me being able to fly.* And I thought of just jumping out there, hoping and trusting that my will (oh, I've been there in so so so many dreams, how I "willed" myself in the air, and sometimes I *barely* made it, but when it worked, it was so wonderful, and I was so proud of myself) would make me float, so that I could "land" on some kind of air-cushion and not just drop and break my neck rolling down the steep meadow … but as tempting as it was, I did not do it. It was really steep, and I didn't trust my ability. Strangely, that part of the dream was like a "POV"-scene in a movie … I was like looking out of myself, not "with" my eyes, but "behind my eyes". As if I was hiding in my head, behind my eyes and as if my body was a shell.

Bummer.

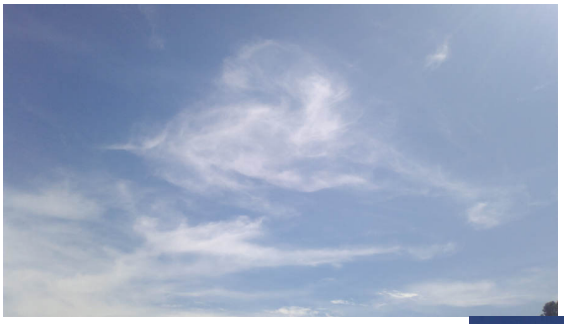
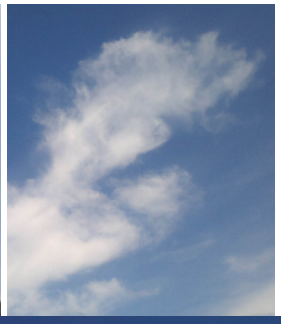
Somehow … that dream ended.

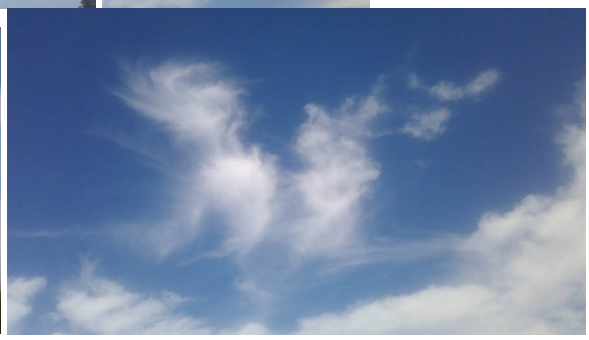
So I felt some pain at my left breast in my armpit again … and it has become stronger. It was a thin pinching, a few days ago, today I did feel a muffled pain. Whatever it is … I put Arnica in alcohol on … and I started taking Ginger-drops and Melissa again and ordered some Ribwort-Plantain-drops. If it's something serious … well, be it.

So then I worked a bit and then took Jacqui to Red Mountain … and I was very sad and angry and said to Bob that I dare him *showing* himself to me. I said that he knew so well about frequency and energies and electricity … and I said that "they" must also advance and learn how to share our frequency to connect better … I got all hot and angry.

Then … on the hill - the most amazing **clouds**! I asked Bob if he was doing that, because the **ocean theme** was so clear …

"Swordfish", "Arrow", "Symmetrical theme" and "Horse" … formed right in front of my eyes.



Then I saw a man sitting on a bench, far away … and I didn’t see him go there … and when I looked again, he was *gone*.

And then, when we were on our way home … a blond woman dressed in black waited for the tramway … and then she took off her cardigan … and just in front of my eyes, revealed a ***tattoo***: A writing (likely a name) in a cloud (!) and an images of “**scales**” sticking out of that cloud (and it was partially covered by her black tank-top) … I was so baffled. There were other people and the tramway was coming, but I had already pulled out my phone to ask her if I could take a picture … but somehow she was weird (maybe drunk), and I didn’t ask her, and she disappeared in the tramway!

But hey! Bob was a **Libra**! So the *scales in the clouds*? A hint saying “***Yes, I’m in the beyond, aware and responsive***”?

And then, I look up, there are two people wearing caps (which not many people do in Vienna, except they are tourists). And one reads “Honda” (Bob’s beloved car) and the other reads “Kawasaki” (Bob’s old client, he kept telling me the stories of his first jobs as a videographer for Kawasaki). I mean … that’s a lot! *That’s “showing himself to me”.* I do accept it.

Plus the clouds. He did hear me. He did.

<u>August 6, 2019</u>

Just realized, that the "very sick puppy" has a *heart on*. (Hahaha, Bob, funny.)

August 7, 2019 **– Seeing Bob Again A Year After the Real Deal**

Today a year ago I traveled to Bob to see him again after four years.

Today eighteen years ago, my dog Kimba was run over by a speeding car and died in Norway, and that was the reason why I traveled to Maui, then, being picked up in Oslo by my friend H., who I had met on Kauai a few years earlier.

Yesterday I dared Bob to "**show himself**" to me … *and today I saw him again.*

It's hard to describe, how uncanny those events are, how utterly surprising and encouraging and somehow also deeply unsettling.

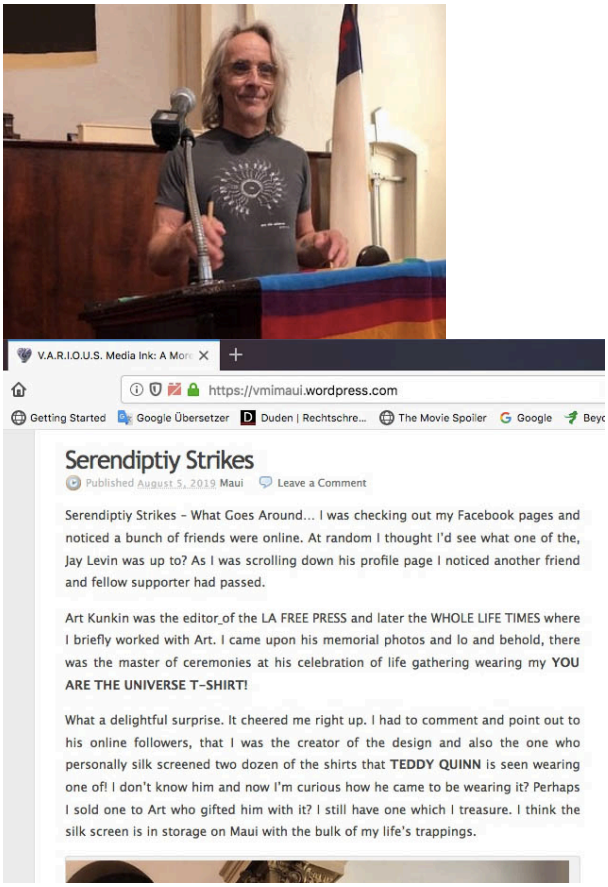
I so so so much wanted to "see" "Bob", and **today I "saw Bob" twice.**

The first image came with a blog-entry of Peter Rosen, a friend from Maui, who I had met a few months before meeting Bob (and about who I have already written). I felt the urge to look into his blog, it seems I'm the only one doing that. He loves selfie-drones. So this time, he had written about "**Serendipity**".

Now, that's interesting in itself, because the word had been on my mind a lot in the last days, even weeks, because one of Bob's and my clients on Maui was "Serendipity", and as I had been reminiscing, I had often thought about it.

So, today, I read a blog-entry from Peter from … where he writes that he had learned that a certain acquaintance had died. And he posted a picture of the master of ceremony of the memorial service for that man – and that because the **MC wore a rare T-Shirt with an image by Peter!** But the man could be Bob's twin! So I was so baffled about that picture, with Peter's design on his chest … and I already thought, "Oh, wow, Bob, you're doing it again, and well, too". Because just yesterday I had asked him to use what he knew so well, everything digital and computer and internet!

So there – I saw "him" in Peter's blog.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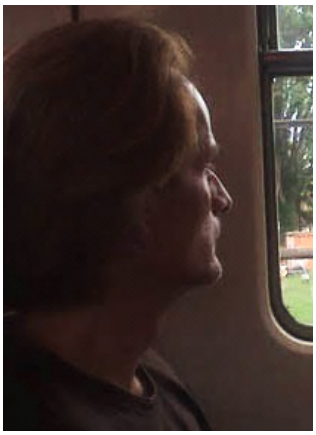
Serendiptiy Strikes
Published August 5, 2019 Maui
Leave a Comment
Serendiptiy Strikes – What Goes Around… I was checking out my Facebook pages and noticed a bunch of friends were online. At random I thought I'd see what one of the, Jay Levin was up to? As I was scrolling down his profile page I noticed another friend and fellow supporter had passed.
Art Kunkin was the editor of the LA FREE PRESS and later the WHOLE LIFE TIMES where I briefly worked with Art. I came upon his memorial photos and lo and behold, there was the master of ceremonies at his celebration of life gathering wearing my YOU ARE THE UNIVERSE T-SHIRT!
What a delightful surprise. It cheered me right up. I had to comment and point out to his online followers, that I was the creator of the design and also the one who personally silk screened two dozen of the shirts that TEDDY QUINN is seen wearing one of! I don't know him and now I'm curious how he came to be wearing it? Perhaps I sold one to Art who gifted him with it? I still have one which I treasure. I think the silk screen is in storage on Maui with the bulk of my life's trappings.

It's a very stuffy day today ("poipu" in Hawaiian) and I felt totally like swimming, so I took Jacqui and me to **Danube island**. It's impossible for me to wait around until the girls send me something (and they didn't send me anything today, anyway, I found) … so I thought that I will be thinking of the year before all day, and it's better to do that outdoors.

So in the train – I skipped one, because it was an old, squeaking piece of scrap metal - which was again a squeaking shitty piece of scrap metal, **a man sat down opposite me**, across the aisle, facing the same direction like me - and my breath stopped: That was Bob!



And not only the facial features, also the hair and the way he was holding his body, although he was a head shorter than Bob (who was over 1,90 m) … and also the things that man did with his eyes, some kind of squinting and opening them wide, as if he couldn't see clearly. And the gentle lines of his mouth, and again, that hair! Bob has always been proud of his full head of hair, and that man had the same slightly hippie-ish hairstyle Bob had love, with the sideburns I also had loved so much! I gazed at the man, wishing to be able to take a picture, but there was no way of asking him. Also, the man seemed to be deep in thoughts … he even wore a blue backpack, like Bob always did, and matching flip-flops, like Bob always did, and shorts almost to the knees. His hands and legs … they reminded me so closely of Bobs … and I was staring, and the man caught me several times and looked away.

My heart was pounding so hard!

I was debating with myself about asking him for a photograph, but then, the explanation -

And then: *The train **stopped** on the tracks! On a **bridge**!* Exactly on the "river" that's called "Danube channel" and that runs through Vienna, on a bridge! And: As I looked over, to the man's window, I was facing another ***bridge***, a few hundred yards stream-down! Wow

So the Bob-twin looked over, and I immediately grabbed my phone and pretended to take pictures of that bridge there! But really I tried to capture the man, and I got his profile! Oh Jesus, one picture, where he also looks at the bridge to his left – it could be Bob!

And Jacqui … he was gazing "at" him or rather "close to him" in his direction. Later, we met the man on another platform again, and I got to stand right next to him for a few minutes, and I glared at him … his facial expressions! ***Just like Bob!*** The lines around his mouth! His hair! His hairstyle *and the flip flops!* It was like Bob had really made some kind of casting and had come up with a great choice of a ***guy*** to "***look the part***". Bob was more handsome, though, in a way … but it's like with some people, details don't matter, really, they simply look alike. And if I'd show the pictures to be people who knew Bob … they'd say, yes, Bob's twin brother.

I was very spooky and getting me into a lot of tears seeing the picture of Bob's son Bryon recently. I see Bob in him, so clearly.

I also realized, maybe last night, that I have the urge to write to J. about "Taylor Camp" and to T. and his wife N., about their behavior generally. I might. I should.

It felt like coming from Bob, too. One day will be the perfect one, soon, for me to do it.

Also, I haven't heard a word from Bob's sister Joyce, she never answered my questions, although she related to them, a while ago and said she would.

So I spent much of that hike today talking with Bob and saying that I'm very inclined to *realize and accept how closely he is "working" with me* and how **skilled** he is becoming. And I want him to let me know what I should do? I need to know if we are "on" as a couple and also working on "the bridge".

I was working on "keeping my thoughts right", what I myself have written for my Hawaii documentary about twelve years ago … and not recall the dread and the grief and the horror of what happened last year, just a year ago … even if the summer-"mood" forces me back there all the time.

Bob's body of this realms is gone. But Bob is alive. And he is communicating with me.

And I asked him to let me know what I can do better.

I also addressed **Felicitas Fischer**, the woman who was very involved in me adopting Jacqui, and who died on 5 October 2018. I had meant to contact her for months, even before I went to Maui, had made a website to sell my paintings and give a third of the money to her for her animal-rescue organization. But when I finally wanted to do it and went to her website, she had died just a day or two earlier. I told Bob about it. He was very shocked and sad. I liked her. She was a woman I admired. And feared, a bit, because of her volatile temper. Oh well. Life is a very ironic fucked up thing, here, in the obstructed realm.

August 7, 2019 – **Bob Sent the Moon to Me**

Weird is, that on my way back to public transport, I found a **card on the bridge**, with the name "*Simon Krenn*", an actor (!) and member of the Wien / Hamburg open acting academy; it's his membership card, and it expires 10/2019, it's number is 10464.

But I also told them today, that yes, I'm willing and probably predestined, given my background, to work on the project "the bridge", and for that I will write my book "Contact Diary" and also "We Creators" … and I will do everything necessary to get my sci-fi trilogy trilogy done. But I'll do that to spend my time left well.

They can't "make" me "love life". I see that I have a "kuleana", that's what all my life is about, and I will fulfill it. I'm to well educated and informed in spiritual and energetic matters to deny it. I have the perfect background for it … and that's why I know how horribly difficult it would be to make people believe this:

"Rest in peace" is a bullshit-wish. And to wish death upon someone, is not something bad, it's a favor, one does that person. So if you love someone, you could say you wish them dead. I said to Bob that if "that" (his physical state) was what his life on this planet would be like in the future, I'd rather he die. I remember him turning around to me, "You want me to die?" I was shocked. "Of course not!" I tried to explain myself.

But then I watched him and saw him and what had become of him … and I'm so confident, that he his so much much better now and that his death was a blessing to him.

So if you want to curse someone, you must tell them that you wish for them to live a long long life in pain and sorrow and not be able to die when they want to. That's a horrible thing to say … but it reflects the truth.

Last night's **dream of flying** … of *willing* myself in the air, being so proud and aware of how special I was … and the witnesses (again) behaved as if it all wasn't true and I must have played a trick on them … that's probably a signal of what I should be aware of facing.

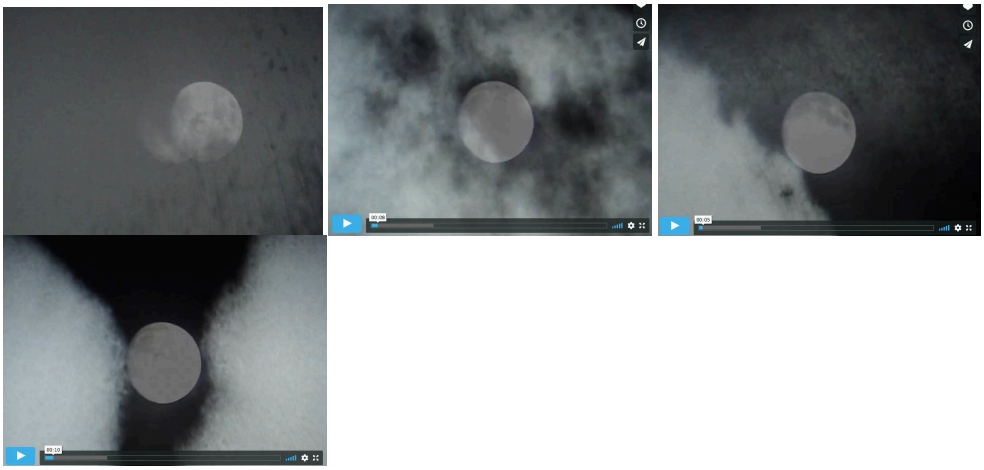
Tonight I **dreamed** something weird too, but it's kind of … far, can't "grab" it right now … Something with E., my French friend,, oh, yes … now I know … I was **breaking** into some kind of **tower** of a **historical building**, where there was a *collection* of something … and I think E. was the *guard* … or was he a *criminal*? … anyway … there was a guard, and I got caught, but somehow I was supposed to "buy" myself out of that miserable situation by doing something or paying something …?

There was also a woman who somehow seems to have been employed there, at that historical place, like a *vendor* or a guide, and she made claims to me … somehow I had to satisfy her if I wanted to be free …

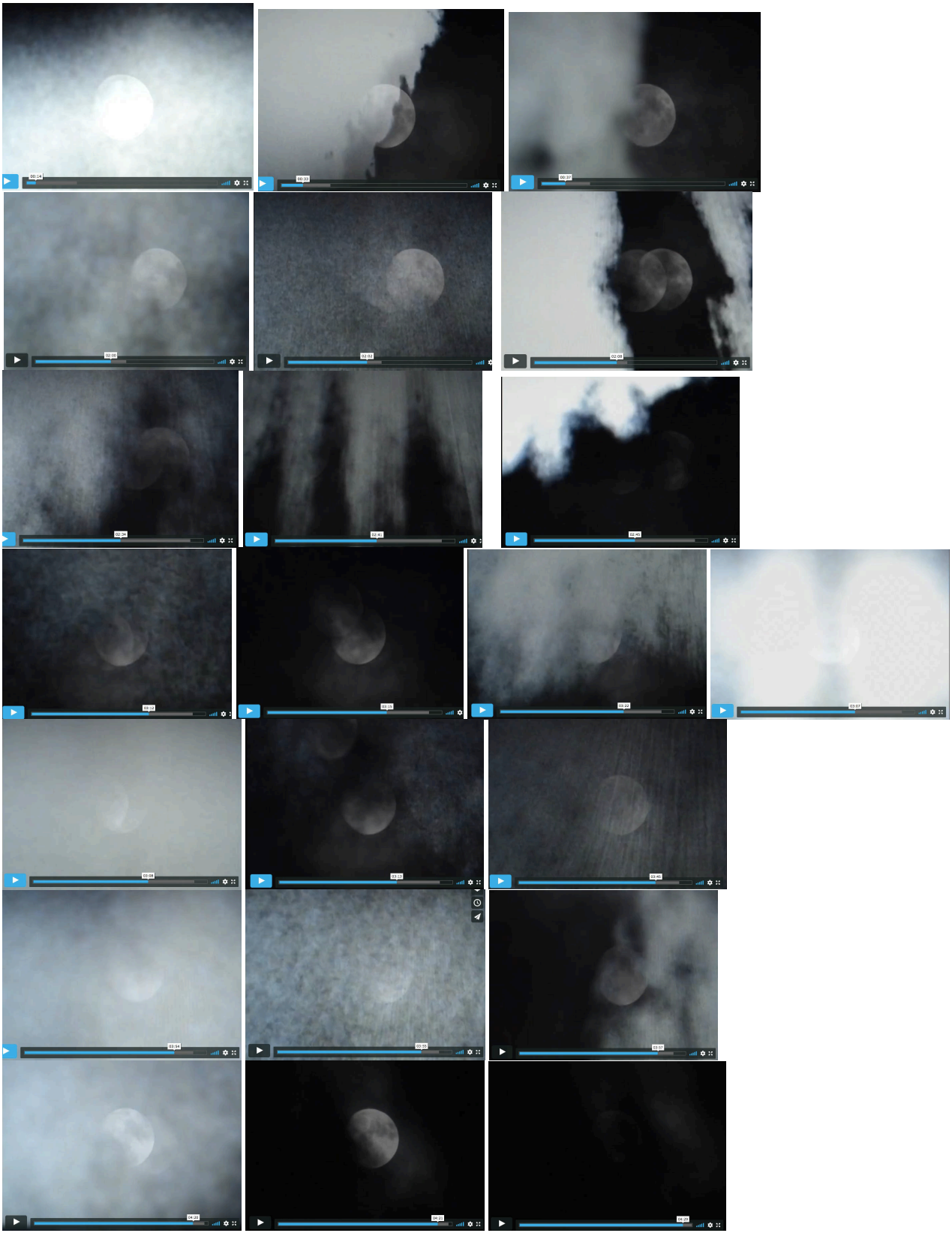
Very strange. Very unsettling, somehow.

I remember that I denied and warded the woman off and somehow got out … but there was E., and I think he was a big obstacle, somehow … Well, I've been thinking of E., and he keeps emailing me hoping I'm "better". Better, yeah. What the fuck. Nothing will ever be better. Even if Bob would materialize out of thin air, in person, right in front of me.

OKAY! Just went to look **online** for some "**Simon Krenn**" (*the guy from the card I found),* and I found a "Simon Christoph Krenn", and Austrian *artist*: And his biggest work seems to be a video of **THE MOON**!



It's **4.44** minutes long, and it's called "**Hypercyclus** II". Is that some kind of answer to a question to Bob … like "Are you there?" He sends me to a video of ***the freakin' moon***! By having me find a lost membership card of an artist?



So what are the fucking odds? I pick up a card, and the name leads me to a video of the **moon** in various views, like watched from behind a window with waving transparent curtains, sped up!?

That's not something one would usually experience, find? I just said to Bob that if that's really him, having gotten me the card and the impulse to check online and ***find the "moon"***-video … "***That's first class communicating … I'm proud of you!"*** I said. Into the air of my apartment.

Have I mentioned that *I sometimes say things that Bob would have said?* Or even do things, like scratching my leg in certain ways?

Maybe that's an effect of our project, already. And an answer to my question what I should do to communicate better **… "be" him, or address him?** And the moon-video … is that an answer to my question: "What and who are you now?" Is the answer "Wherever you want me"?

In as much he could make a point in my obstructed realm … wow, good point made. Point taken. A masterpiece, no less. Seriously. Find the card on the bridge across the New Danube, look up the name, check the site, find the moon-video …? https://vimeo.com/67354041 (it's actually made from photographs, it's only put together as video, I just realized when going through it frame by frame, every frame is different.) The moon, in the video, is *double*, at times and: In the end what seemed to be the shadow, turns into the **actual moon**.

Beautiful. Telling.

Also, I realized that one of his artworks is called "**cold reading**"! That's a main subject in communicating with the dead! Now ***that's*** … odd. A "cold reading" is simply "guessing", by a medium, for example, when she or he doesn't really have a connection with a discarnate and simply fishes for "hits" in terms of getting things right about a person they are supposedly "channeling".

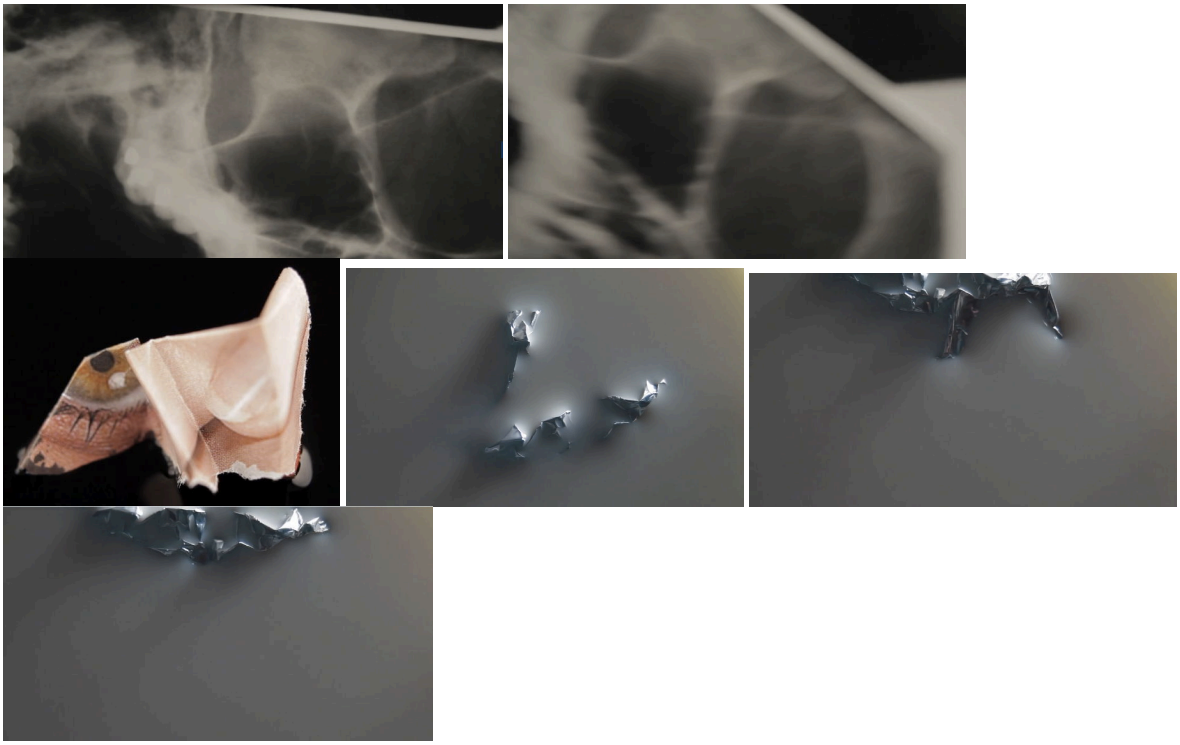
(By the way: The other artworks of that Simon Krenn guy, is rather unappealing tom e, even disturbing, just heads, faces without eyes and men, holding hands, with bent arms and legs! Yikes!)

So, why again did I find that guy?

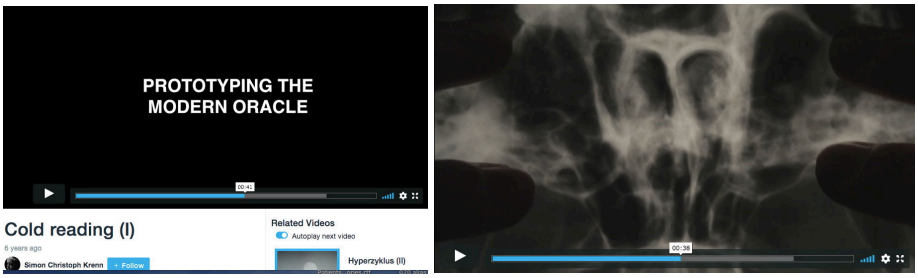
Okay, gonna watch "**Cold Reading**". (Done. Flickering images of **x-rayed body and skull,** then something that looks like chocolate wrapping paper, alu foil in some kind of liquid and the text "prototyping the modern oracle" … more flickering, hands, some small alu foil ball between fingers … in the end a mass of red-orange-deep-pink jelly-like-stuff, and some face in profile seems to be embedded to the right … well. Art.)

(He made these videos in 2013.)

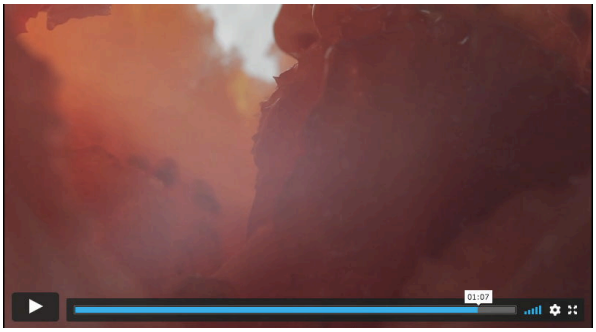
(*Note: Actually, when editing this I went back to take screenshots of "**Cold Reading**", because today, February 1, 2020, I see that theme with different eyes … and it fits perfectly …*



I won’t get into details about the **eye** and the **fingernail** … but it’s ***directly*** *related to Bob’s and my relationship!* This imagery speaks volumes … maybe I shouldn’t even make suggestions but let you figure them out on your own.



And here come the **pollywogs** … the main theme of a music video I made in 2016:



A **stone**. With some kind of "head" or skull or tool on top of it. And this red thing … looks like Bob's **tumor** from close. (Oh, I could include photographs of it here, but I won't.) I mean … come on! The **face on the stone** before, now this … is there any person to who this kind of artwork is more suited to be viewed by, than me?

Oh yeah baby.
And point given.
I love you, Stoneman. Always will. You're my partner. With incarnate body and without. My moon. I'm your sun.

August 7, 2019 **– Did Fe Just Say Hi?**
Okay! Something else today!
I started looking through car-ads a while ago, as I can't move anywhere without a car (my finances barely allow the purchase, but I have no choice and must scratch my euros together) … the one I was interested in two days ago is now 300 Euro less expensive. Which is cool. But there is another one, and I've been looking at it several times and always turned away from it, because it's slightly more expensive and it looks big.
So I open another ad, although that car was ***not*** really of interest to me – and the publishing owner's name is "**Fanni Fischer**!"

Now - I had talked intensely to **Felicitas Fischer** today, called "Fe Fischer" and asked her to give a sign that she is listening and helping, too … and now "Fanni **Fischer**"!? Can it be?

Now … a big rain storm with thunder and lightning broke lose over Vienna … Jacqui is quite spooked. My own question popped into my mind, to Bob **"What is weather for you, what is rain and thunder and lightning?"** Then the sequences of the "moon"-video by Simon came to my mind … so I'm wondering: "Like that?" Passes by … surrounds you … affects you … goes through you? One day, I'll know.

August 8, 2019
I wanted to end the part one of my contact diary with yesterday's entries – but today, amazing things happened. I've been trying not to think about the same date last year, but still I couldn't help it … Now (8.30 pm, Vienna) ***exactly a year ago*** was when I experienced the first *morning* after four years of absence (that I'll regret for the rest of my life) in our beloved housie in Pukalani on Maui, 222 Haulani Street. I had spent a horrible night, listening for Bob's breathing, going to take a look

after him, afraid he'd die that night. I had met a ghost, a skeleton, a dead-sick man, the night before, coming from the airport, where he hadn't been able to pick me up, and not the Bob I used to know. But the *beautiful Maui-morning* came, and my heart was so heavy … but I pulled myself together. I went out shopping way before Bob woke up … and it was bittersweet and heart-breaking when Bob become finally wandered through the hallway into the kitchen … barely walking, and I couldn't believe what I was seeing.

It was a horrible day, but I forced myself to be so optimistic. After all, Bob and I were together again. And everything was going to be fine and all …

Yesterday I had browsed the internet, looking for cars, I think, and I came across images of "impossible" looking scenarios, and this **"puka lani"** caught my eye. It's truly magical. I had the impression that it was meant to be some kind of comfort to me. (*Note: Now, that I'm editing this section, in February 2020, there still is* ***no*** *relief in my feeling of grief, loss and longing when I allow myself to think back to my Maui-days with Bob …)*

I had **a dream of Maui** tonight, strangely, ***I tried to sing the Hawaiian song "Eha e"*** by Amy Gilliom (meaning "It hurts" or "There is pain"), that I used to sing (in real life) in Hawaii a lot … and *in my dream I was aware that I couldn't get the lyrics right*, and I strove so hard to sing them properly, but they simply couldn't come out right. I can't really remember who I was singing that song to. But one part of the dream was with **Keanu**! I'd been dreaming of him a lot, in previous years. Bob knew that. And again today I dreamed of him … and somehow *he needed my help and I could help him.* He grew to like me, like in all of my dreams of him, and he wanted to stay with me, befriend me … I remember his sweaty hot smiling face …

But I can't recall the theme of the dream or details, otherwise.

I kept waking up, which is rare for me, during the night (normally I just go peeing once), and I realized that *my right foot* totally was wiggling and moving. I though "Oh, restless leg syndrome", but that has never happened before, the wiggling. I didn't even want it to stop, I observe it, because it gave me some relief. It was very strange, though. And I felt a kind of excitement that resembled anxiety …

I was exhausted, when I woke up. It was steaming hot, having **rained** in the night … and I kept recalling the singing … which is actually about raining, **"O ka ua ika pali … eha e, na waimaka …"** It's about the rain (ua) over the cliffs (ka pali) and the pain (eha) and the tears (waimaka), and that's where I couldn't continue, missing the lyrics. Yes, it's all about sadness, in my life now, and the rain that hits the cliffs I remember so well, and I long for it every instant, and the "waimaka", the tears, are filling me up, all the time … I can't even look it up or sing it right now, it makes me break out crying right away.

It's a hauntingly beautiful song … and I was always wondering about it.

It's very very strange, that I sang a Hawaiian song in a dream. Never did that before. Out of the blue. I never sing Hawaiian songs, at all, or think about them. I can't bare hearing music, at all, these days. Well, sometimes they come to my mind … I mean, Hawaii, Bob, all that was my life. I was safe there. I was *me* there. For example "E ho'i ka pili e ku'u ipo", it's about reconnection and return to being together with a loved one …

So I can imagine that Bob is sad, too. And that he gave me the Hawaiian context and that song to make it clear to me. Or is it a reflection of the sadness of my memories of what happened last year?

So I also, just a few minutes ago, when I was preparing to write this down and was thinking about was happened today (*Note: I was writing in the evening*), I was talking to Bob and to "them", sharing some food with him and with other discarnates … and earlier, I had pondered whether that "feeding" (*Note: which is also an ancient Hawaiian tradition, the "feeding of Aumakua", and I'm aware how suiting it is that I of all people know about that*) also works when I'd just take in the food or drink or scent, and enjoying it myself I'd then "radiate" or "hurl out" that inner satisfaction and energy towards a clear impression of Bob or someone else … So that must get the essence of the food to them, too, as a … gift? As a contribution. And I feel so strongly compelled to do it, all the time, but it got to be right and appreciated.

So … I had looked at **ads of cars** in the past days, because even in my most dreary time, I'm aware that I must change something about my lifestyle, or depression will get me. But after the horror with my old **Ford Galaxy** (Note: *which has to do with Bob, too, because I bought the car and had it repaired over and over again wasting all that money, just because Bob had never responded to me when I had told him that I'd be happy to come to Maui and buy a car there so that we could make one of our films, easier*) …

(September 2016, camping Lake Ossiach, with Jacqui and the Ford Galaxy)

… it felt so difficult, that I'd have to make a decision, some day. And I don't feel comfortable with either dealers or with private sellers … but then, those are the options, and it was going to be a ***used*** car, as I can't afford a new one.

Also I was so sad because last year, just ten days before I left on September 11, 2018, Bob and I had purchased that white Toyota Echo, and we named it "Chiqui", and we used it to get Bob to the beach … but there was so little time. I really have to discipline my thoughts …

Anyway. So reminiscing that and the old car of mine, I spent so much money on (*Note: and I had to pretty much throw it away, because it broke down entirely after a thousands of Euros of repair, which is so bitterly ironic, because I hadn't had that much money for a long time, but I got it due to a real asshole-act by my father, anyway … and all the money was lost, oh geez, I better not think about it too much*) instead of traveling with that money … but then, that was in the era when Bob just wouldn't communicate with me, and I bought that car kind of in a stubborn mood … and boy was I punished.

So in the past days I oscillated between a Opel Meriva at a dealer, and a **Ford Focus C-Max Ambiente**, that I had seen an ad for.

I emailed the ad-owner "Christian" via the website and asked a lot of questions, so many, in fact, to the point that he didn't answer anymore but referred me to his *wife*, and he gave me her phone-number. And: After the provider's code, the phone number starts with "**910**"! That was the license number of Bob's beloved Honda Accord! (It was "MEA 910".) And then the phone-number continues with 3020 … that matches so well Bob's phone number, 250-8030, somehow … just the feel of it. Oh – I was excited. It was definitely a sign. So I took a heart and made an appointment with the woman, who had a very nice voice on the phone and a very sweet way of talking. Well, so I went there, to that address in the 12th district of Vienna.. And then it happened: First, on the **wall** of her building was a **penis** and a **yin-yang drawing** (and the yin-yang symbol is the symbol that Bob gave himself on the computer he gave me!)

And as soon as I arrived, at house number **44** (!), I saw ***him***. The **Ford**. Light blue like Bob's eyes … I loved him right away. And then **another car pulled up** and *turned* and *parked right behind him*, and it was a **golden-red Honda** (!) with the license plate number "**SB 100L**". Bob Stone. Much love. I'm with you 100 percent. That's what I read. On a **Honda**. It couldn't be clearer … that was a masterpiece of communication. And "golden" … I kept thinking about "Stay Gold", the last music video Bob had made, and how I had told him that I don't get it, what that means … "stay gold" … and now, *a Honda, gold, with "SB" and "100 L" right behind the car I'm supposed to buy?!* I saw it drove along, and I could barely believe when it really stopped right behind "my" car. That's protection. "I'll have your back." That's what it means.

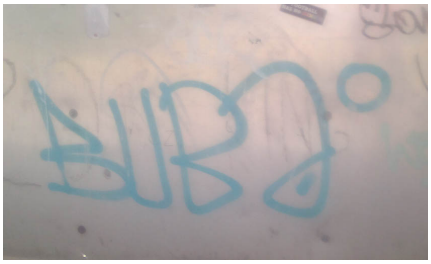
The lady – very sweet and exceptionally *beautiful* with bright blue eyes, in a green dress … took me to her apartment. And she had just come from a vacation from Borneo and Malaysia. Now "*Borneo*" is a word that *comes up in my film "MoB"* (not in the script!) And: The apartment was full for tropical stuff like **"mo'o" – lizards!** – images and sculptures, on the walls and **turtles**! She loves tropical places and islands! And I just fully realize it now … what an amazing act of … I don't know … ***collaboration*** it was for me to get to that car!

So I bought the car. I'll get it on Tuesday, August 13, 2019. I put both of my hands flat on his hood to say hi, but the lady, Tatjana, will drive him until next week. Then she'll take over her 91-year old father's car: a new Opel Meriva! And that's the kind of car I almost bought (whose price had been dropped, and it was the first on my list.) And: Tatjana's mother had died in 2013 because of a hospital failure. Wow. Talk about serendipity, right?

On the way there I had seen a boy with the word "**kini**" on his cap. That's a Hawaiian word, meaning "very many". Like the "100" after the "SB" … and the "L" got to be "love". So … kisses? 100 of them? ***Crackling*** right next to me (as I'm writing this).

I asked "*You crackled me?"* ***Crackling*** again!

I think that the pressure against the windows that are a bit loose is a good way of communicating for discarnates who must work with energetic means, right?



Moreover: When I left Tatjana and my new car – the **clouds**! All kinds of playful stuff, including a big **turtle** … And the writing "**BUB Jo**" on the wall next to the *tramway* station. In the **teal-color of Bob's beloved Honda Accord!**

A special day, indeed. (*Note: I knew something big would be coming up, for me having found that perfect car that I loved from the first sight; I was supposed to leave Vienna, and I'd soon learn, why.*)

Last, but not least: As I began to tell earlier … as I was back here and chatting "them" up about what I should do next, the word "**kuleana**" (spiritual plight in ancient Hawaii) came to my mind. And I realized it's structure: "ku" – subconscious, "lea" – joy, "na" – either "place" or "plural article", so "***the place where the subconscious has joyous experiences***". Oh yes. So "ku", your inner spirit, leads you to "places of joy". That's it's job – because of the energetic charges gained there. And then you're supposed to use those charges for …?

I must say that I appreciate the opportunity to continue this life decently and not as a sick wreck, but not for the sake of this life itself, as without Bob the man it won't ever be worth living for me like before, no, even though I love my dog and wouldn't do anything to harm him … but because passing time gets me to the next level of life. And I've accepted what Betty and Stephen have written about, that the better I do here, in terms of "kuleana", the better start I'm going to have *there*. And also, being busy makes time go by. And that's a big deal for me.

(*Does that look like writing?)*

… or gesturing?)

August 9, 2019 **– The Mind to Mind Connection**

In my memory, my time with Bob has begun … and I must fight myself to not think about it.

(Yeah, good luck to me, "forgetting", when I'm reminded all the time.)

At the same time, I realized that the thing about "**memory**" and imagining someone or recalling the memory of someone, which is imagining, too, is something so highly and intensely ***energetic***, that it ***must*** have an effect on the discarnate, ***who is "energetic substance".*** So it can either help them with their identity "there" … or can it *hinder* it, when the image is ***not*** the way they themselves see them? It's conceivable to me that it can be quite hindering, especially between people who used to be very close, when the living person keeps imagining horrible visions of the deceased … which they totally receive!

So I must ask Bob to let me know if I'm on to something here.

And if there is a whole big important point about using actual photographs of someone! That can also backfire, true, when the discarnate doesn't deem that picture a favorite … in my case, besides my very good memories of Bob, his sister Joyce sent me a picture of the young Bob *that I know he loves, with his big camera*. But I can't make myself look at it. It would entirely undo me. And I'm struggling anyway.

So that business about **focusing** on someone *who exists as a purely energetic person* and can practically ***will*** himself into being anything he once was, because the **essence** of every single cell of himself and of everything that was once close to him, **is still there**, in the energetic realm … and: It must be quite tricky, really if there is a real connection!

(*Note: I just realized that this must be a reason why some discarnates* ***prefer to detach*** *from the incarnates, if those don't have the right way of thinking … because they can do* ***harm*** *to the discarnates? And most incarnates are full of bullshit, also in regards to their ideas about what life and death are all about … Or they have no ideas or thoughts at all … and that's even a stronger reason for the discarnates to not stick around … because what would be the point? The incarnates would not try or deem it possible to connect with them or to communicate with them anyway!?*)

(*My brother's grave)*

Also … that makes me think (based on what I've been reading and experiencing in the recent months): We, the **incarnates**, the "living" are also energetic beings, and our energetic substance-body is constantly created by the functions and mechanisms of our cells and everything that makes our "body" … so we also **exist** *all the time in the "****beyond****",* just we're kept in the "obstructed" phase, due to our "shell" … Only when we sleep, is our consciousness free to roam the unobstructed realm, connected to the body by a "thread" of … substance. So whatever the discarnates think of us, affects our energetic body too, then!

It's very interesting what kind of drawings and things come to my attention … now, that I'm dealing with the "beyond" … the two people "**connected by their heads**" … that's a very suiting symbol for my recent thoughts and for the communication that's possible *"from mind to mind"*, even across the realms, And right next to it, the "**double arrow**", "As above so below" and the man … could be … Bob, of course.

After gazing at that three part "graffiti" … I looked up, and saw **three points** as **clouds** … which means, of course: **"To be continued".**

We must learn to be totally aware of that interrelation … and that anything in our mortal obstructed realm can matter, and probably does matter. Across times and geography … (*Note: Since I've been editing this c. d. there have been events now, in February 2020, that relate to the time when I saw and experienced all the things described in the past … and suiting to the themes by the day, as if "someone" would "know" what I'm working on and would relate to it!)*

Why has it become common to think that the soul must be "freed"? For sure it's not a "law" that it must move on somewhere beyond where it's out of view and sight and reach: But it must be freed from influence by the living people who have the wrong ideas of what "death" really means?

(*Note: Only in a while I'd be discovering the documentation of near-death experiences in the form of online-videos … and what I'd hear there, would emphasize all that I'd been considering and realizing until then … and it would life this "research/documentation" project that the contact diary had become, on a new level. Of meaning. Of … action*.)

Oh, wow. Sounds like some big fat old job to make this kind of … insight accessible to folks everywhere.

Is that my job?

Is everyone kidding me?

Well good luck to me. (*Note: Feeling alone with it all has been a problem*.)

But first, I need Bob and "the others" to let me know if that's true, what I'm thinking.

Chances are. Yup. There is a reason why I came up with all that … just now. It's like I'm … maturing? As of insights? *I hope the invisibles are applauding me*. I'm applauding them, too, for what they've accomplished in terms of reaching me with all the signs and signals.

Thank you, Bob. Thank you, folks.

I got to thank myself, too.

One other thought just occurred to me, earlier: **Maybe Bob and I have been on that "project" for a long time**, maybe we are, in a way, Betty and Stewart … we just didn't bring the memories of our previous efforts with us. It makes sense, what happened to us. Including Bob's death and my work on the book and all … the thing about being so close and yet so distant … and everything about emotional power and about: communication.

(*Note: Communication was a big problem between Bob and me, when we both were incarnates, it almost seems like it's getting better now, that he is a discarnate … as crazy as it may sound. And here is something even crazier: I know that Bob wishes to be back here with me, still, inspite of him having so much different features and abilities … right now. But maybe I'm only making all this up … haha! Not! Wait until you come to this date that I'm writing this, February 3, 2020.)*

I wrote the line "**We must keep our thoughts right**" for my documentary "Native Of Owhyhee" … and I was so sure that I had gotten it all right about the power of thoughts and the mind and how the human being is an energetic creature … but what I never thought about was, that the idea of "Aumakua" doesn't just mean "anything of energetic influence" … but that the connotation "ancestor" totally relates to "human deceased people" and thus "invisibles who are very much alive". The term "Po'e Aumakua", the "people/nation" of Aumakua, isn't just a term. They are really "sitting there watching us", maybe not all the time, and maybe not all of us, but at times and some of us. That's all true.

So much of what seems "naive" to us is actually very absolutely true.

I understand so much more and so differently than before, about my own work and what I thought I've figured out. I kind of begin to realize why I worked over a decade on the research for the book about the power of thought and the realm of the invisible forces … I prepared myself of the biggest chapter of them all.

I'm living through it now, in this realm. I'm supposed to accomplish something.

And I want to do it with Bob. I hope, he is on board. And wants to be. He has suffered enough in this life, I don't want him to feel pressured in the "next" …

I can't possibly know how much or little bullshit is in all that I've been writing. But then … who's the judge? No one around me. Why? Oh, I know. Because my partner, my home, my projects … my Maui … all gone, finished, for me, the woman in this realm.

Fucking sucks.

August 9, 2019 **– A Tumor In My Hand At the One-Year-Anniversary**

Thinking back … the day that really (!) changed my life, was not seeing Bob so deadsick. *But seeing his tumor.* So I arrived on Maui on August 7, 2018 at about 9 pm, got to the house at about 10 pm. My dog Kimba had died exactly 17 years earlier, and that had been the reason for me to even get to Maui, where I met Bob in May 2002.

We spent the late evening chatting, but Bob was so exhausted. He sat down patiently, looking at all the stuff I had brought for him, eating sweets. Then he had to lie down. I felt like crying, but didn't, made my bed … and I went checking on him, fearing he'd die.

Next day, August 8, 2018, after a shower around noon, he showed me his tumor, asking *"What do you think this is?"* Oh, I'm dying to show you pictures of Bob's tumor, but it would fuck up your memoir for good. I won't do that to you.

(*Note: On the day of editing this section, I found a "tumor" on a birch tree branch, nearly the size of Bob's tumor, and I pulled it off an tore it apart, it was spongy and just … the way "Bobo" had been*.)

And that's when everything imploded, collapsed … I don't know how to describe it. But I saw the tumor and Bob and his fear and his naive question in his blue eyes, and it got all clear, the horrible suffering, the denial, he hadn't told me the truth, and I hadn't dared to ask the right question, a friend, A., had told me many years ago, when he'd lived on Maui with his family, a few streets down the hill, regarding relationships: *"Always ask the right questions."*

I haven't done that. I have never done that. And the reason were … well, profane. Mortal. Do not make him feel criticized, because he then might turn away from you. Do not doubt him, because he then might turn away from you. Do not make him feel abandoned, because he then might turn away from you. I won't go into personal details here … but in the myriads of ways that Bob and I fucked up our relationship, the choices Bob made … have brought us directly here, me writing this down. (*Note: This contact diary is the direct blue print of the two sequel trilogies after "Regents of Clouds": "Creators of Stones" and "Masters of Choices"; I'll use everything, and much word by word.*)

So the day of all days was 08 08 2018, but, of course, due to the time-difference, here in Austria it was the 9th of August, 2018, when I saw the tumor for the first time. Things would never be "the same" … of course they aren't ever, not from one instant to the next … but … you're getting the point, I trust.

August 9, 2019

I keep flashing back to last year, on Maui … I long so much to be there, to be with Bob.

This morning, Tatjana called, the still-owner of my car, and this was so nice, because she addressed the things I'd been thinking of on her own, and we repeated our plan for Monday or Tuesday to change ownership and get the car registered.

So strange to have a car registered again, after the Toyota Echo, that I got to drive for a few days. Then Bob drove it a few times, and then his sister, Joyce.

I want to cry and get lost in memories … but it weakens me so much. And then I look at my dog and know I can't be weakened. He plays such a big role in the big picture, that dog.

I'm reading the **blog** of my Maui friend **Peter Rosen,** who is so lonely in New York, not feeling well, not sleeping well, caring for his nearly 100 years old mother in the nursing home … He did give Bob a shit hard time, too, in the year, when Bob was so sick. When Peter left Maui, he didn't know what to do with his car, and Bob didn't have one. So I arranged that Bob got to use Peter's car. This was great, and Bob cared about it and fixed it … and everytime Peter came to the island, he used the car and nearly wrecked it. Very difficult for Bob … and in the end, the car was broken, just sitting in our driveway, and Peter, far away on the mainland, didn't stir a finger to remove it … what a fucking mess.

I long to be on Maui. I won't, though. Why would I?

(*Note: Now, in February 2020, editing this, I do flash back to the times I'm describing, and I must hold on very tightly to my mental … focus, to not give in to despair.*)

August 9, 2019

About "*the Bridge*" … two things popped up in my mind today, while out with the dog …

First: I'm not supposed to enforce the idea (or fact) "I can't see you, and I can't hear you, yet you're here …" Why not say "I **can** see you, and I **can** hear you?" *Because it's a fact that I do.* Of course one would say that it's my imagination and my memories. And that's true. Isn't that the point? We are built in a way that we can retain the images of people who don't exist anymore. We can recall their voices, anything about them! And we might as well take is as a reality while we do, that they do exist?

(*Note: There is the saying "It's not a problem to build imaginary castles, the problem is trying to live in them." Well, what if the problem is the second statement in that sentence?* ***What if living in one's memories is a form of living, too?*** *Yes, there is "real life" in terms of the material realm.* ***But what if "real life in the beyond" takes place every time we "relive" our memories?****)*

From what Betty and the invisibles wrote, there are many thoughts and ideas that mortal have and experience that have their ***source*** in the beyond. There are *voices* in our heads … that are actual voices of people. Just that those people don't have material bodies anymore … as described in "Across the Unknown:"

For the most part, the Invisibles were reticent concerning the detailed technique of communication. The idea seemed to be that they did not want to risk misconceptions which might get in the way. Consequently our understanding of it was built up only little by little, mostly from casual fragments in discourses along other lines. The following is typical of this kind of thing. We had been discussing a certain striking idea, trying to determine who had "originated" it, so that we could give "credit" to its author.

INVISIBLE: When a person says something true he isn't saying anything he invented. He just gives a certain shape and character to it, that's all. You can't invent truth. Anything that's true, even if it seems suddenly true, was always true. One of the things you've got to get rid of is the idea that truth was invented by, or belongs to, anybody in particular.

Very often even the ordinary thoughts you have are not strictly "your own." For instance, you'll have what you think are random thoughts: where do you suppose they come from? It's funny to spend half a day yelling in a fellow's ears, and then hear him say, "I just had a nice little funny thought." Or you lie there, getting ready to work with us, and say, "This is just myself thinking." You know it is. But it isn't; not once in a thousand times!

We must change our ideas, our belief and habitual dealing with "physics", then we can change the effects.

*Everything is **consciousness**, everything*. So why not working on the bridge with **new ideas** that make sense to lift the veil between the "Beyond" and the "Here"?

And then, secondly:

It occurred to me, that a way of communication may be that an invisible "instills" certain *new habits* in a person. So I found myself sniffling and sneezing and coughing exactly (!) the way Bob used to do it. It surprised me. But I became aware of it. Yes – recently I had found myself *doing things that Bob would have done*. And I have begun to *answer* myself on behalf of Bob, when I'm talking with him, as if he was speaking, because his answers just pop up in my mind. That's, of course, because I knew him so well. And mimicking his behavior may come with grief, too. *But that's the whole point*: It is part of grieving. **And what if grief is not all about "letting go" of a "dead person" – but about "hanging on to them so that the evolution of the bridge can be furthered?"**

But from the awareness of these things happening came the idea, today, that maybe, at a time when I find ourselves doing something that Bob would have done – it may be some kind of "alerting" mechanism. And the next idea or thought or feeling or impression could be from Bob. Like a code? A preparation for a direct message?

So that would be a means of direct communication between people who were very close to each other and would be open to that kind of manipulation. Because Bob or some invisible force would "make" me mimic Bob's behavior or mannerisms … and I must be aware of it and willing to accept it as some kind of … "code".

It can be something small, like teeth-sucking, or when one finds oneself standing or smiling in some way, or even ***when** a phrase pops up in my mind that Bob would have said*. Of course there must be an awareness that there is a **distinction** between memories that are *triggered* by certain situations and thoughts and just about by anything one experiences in life, and **occurrences that "feel different".** That come "out of nowhere" and don't relate to anything current directly.

So it happened with a kind of *snort-sneeze-coughing* that I just did, out of no apparent reason. Of course I immediately realized *that I sounded just like Bob* … and then **all the above** *popped* into my mind. I mean that realization that this could be a path … a **method**. If both parties are open to it. In their respective realms. But the incarnate (I'll call short "Inca", as opposed to the "discarnate", "Disca"; how cool is that?), of course, must especially be aware and open and trained, in a way, in considering and dealing with the matter of spirit, of the mind, of the nature of thoughts and consciousness and the existence of the "world beyond". Yeah, I'm really the perfect candidate for that, I got to admit.

(*Note: I got to note here, that all the insights I've been having about methods and things I'd love to **practice**. But I can't. My impatient nature doesn't let me, and just recently I've understood **why** not: I'm supposed to **write it dow**n. The "basics" that the medium Dr. A. mentioned on Bob's behalf, is writing for me. I was writing when I was a toddler. I read my own stories in Kindergarden, I had my own story-*

reading hour! So I'm a writer. And I must write all these things down, the contact diary, because that's the actual point of it all … the sharing. The storytelling. "Ha'ina ia mai ana ka puana", ***"Let the story be told****". And I myself made this the major theme of my Hawaii documentary, that ancient colloquial expression of Hawaii, that I came across right at the beginning of my dealing with Hawaiian spirituality and history and that has been on my mind ever since. I must tell stuff … and maybe then, I can live it. But I'm living it in my own role anyway. If I could and should choose – that would be my role. The storytelling. But in addition to the writing-documentation, I want to manifest my spiritual sci-fi trilogies as a filmmaker. A writer-director. That's what I want "from them" in return for the gruesomely brutal course of my mortal lifetime, this time around.)*

I had a very strong backflash, just entering the house, barely an hour before now, and I recalled Joyce saying on the phone "Bob passed away this morning". And for the first time I could sort of articulate towards myself something that had been stuck in me … it's the impression and experience and fact and topic of "loneliness". It must have been so lonely … **for Bob**! Dying, I mean. His sister was asleep next to him. He couldn't make her understand. He *found* himself … gone baby gone. And he probably had the feeling of having abandoned us. Me. Especially me. It feels so "close" now. And from my part, the impression of Bob being so lonely, leaving like that … that dying that way is a very lonely business, it hit me, just entering, earlier. It's really important to stick around someone who is dying. I'm getting this more and more.

It reminds me of the ***man I witnessed dying on LA airport*** one day … I remember telling Bob the story. I was a transit passenger on the way back to Austria, for a stint there, to then return to Bob, and I has about to have a coffee and a cinnamon bun and had settled down, when I felt the urge to get up and just walk. So I walked through the airport, aimlessly, in the international terminal. I met two orange-clad monks who just stared at me and nodded at me … then I left the building through one of the glass doors … and outside was the ambulance, and someone was lying on the ground, and two paramedics attempted resuscitation. And I stood there, and I looked at the man, and I could have sworn he had turned his head all the way to see me … and I said, maybe out loud, but fully conscious in my mind, "*It's okay, you can go now*". Geez. I was so befuddled then. I turned around and went back into the airport, knowing what had drawn me across all those halls … and if felt like my job had been done. I don't know who that was. But I had been drawn there. And a few seconds after I had said those words, the paramedics stopped their efforts, and they put a sheet over the man's face.

It can be … and I hope it so much … that Bob feels comforted and safe and loved and warm and supported now, **by me**, that he gets it now, that I love him and always loved him and always was on his side, because I'm thinking what I'm thinking … and am **really** wanting and wishing and willing to work on "the bridge". It makes me feel close to him.

And I do "see him". In the tramway I got a very clear recollection of him … right after a memory popped in: When I met Bob I saw that he had chest-hair. I was ecstatic about his chest-hair. I loved his chest-hair. And I'm sure in the young version he is now, he is hairy. He is handsome. I see him like that, often. Not in his worn-down physical shape. No, the Bob I fell in love with. *It's a mix of imagination and memory* … and maybe, there is reality in it. Bob's reality. Maybe he wants me to help him figure what he might want to look look, over there. He won't choose to dissolve in the beyond … as I believe that it's an option there, but it's some kind of "self-donation" or energetic suicide.

No. I want him to be a teacher, a "preserver", as he showed me in the vision the other day. Where I picked up that his job is "preservation".

(*Note: Now, months later, I do think that his job is, among others, to* ***preserve "me"****, my mortal form, for a while longer, and there are distinct ways how he can do that. As the mortal I am, I need help in dealing with the very banal aspects of grief. I have wishes that need to be fulfilled. Then I'll be able to work on the project "the Bridge" full-throttle, until my time to pass over comes …)*

But back to the "mannerism"-episodes that can be code for "Get ready, I'm going to impress a thought on you now!" I had never thought about that. (***Crackling***, just now! Not before!)

That feels like a cool idea.

(Bob's beloved apple pie with yoghurt, on one of our beloved plates on our beloved table in our beloved home on beloved Maui … And yes, the fork is beloved too … and if you have lost something and your home, you know how it feels to see those things again that belonged to your world, the world that's dead.)

Also it relates to "**feeding**" Bob, not only with food or drink, but also with scents and impressions on the skin, anything tangible or audible, just anything relating to my five senses and my body-experience. That is something Betty described as desirable. And they don't have a body anymore, but they may have **cravings**? Things they never got to live out enough, when they had a body. Maybe that's how we can help them "mature" and keep living and make up for lost things ..

… maybe that's part of *the bridge project* … that we incarnates must **learn** how to **project our energetic experiences onto them,** and they must learn how to reach us … and maybe I'm on to the solutions of these things.

I hope so. It feels exciting and plausible.

An **alert-code** like that could be so practical. Maybe it's doable for the Disca to get our body to do something, like twitch or sneeze or drop something, using some energetic surge, and when we are smart enough and willing to *accept* the code, we'd then be aware that one of the next thoughts can be a direct message impressed upon our mind by a Disca.

Oh yeah baby. (me)

Oh baby oh baby. (Bob)

(*Note: What if certain **illnesses** are such "alert-codes"?)*

Major insight, I believe:

Also … sitting on the *meadow* I realized that **all that we do and think and feel in relation to another person during our lifetime, becomes part of our own energetic substance**. So when their body dies – that energetic substance related to their once physical existence, and of course, also relating to their spirit, *remains still part **of us**.*

So we are and always will be connected with anyone we've ever met, no matter whether she or he lives in the "Here" or in the "Beyond". (*Crackling*!) And if a connection is very strong and is maintained my conscious thought beyond death … well, we keep enforcing and nourishing that part of us, that is actually – *them*! They are connected to us in the same way, so what we retain of them as energetic substance in our material life, they retain the energetic substance of us in their life "Beyond". So we do live with them "in the beyond", too!

What possibilities are there … for the time when these connections will be known, accepted and used to live by! Well … currently there are three people I feel who could follow along this train of thought: "C", Dr. A. and Serge King.

August 9, 2019

I just noticed … regarding the direct connection to Bob: My right hand put itself into a posture, that was typical for Bob, but not for me. And suddenly it was entirely easy for me to imagine myself being Bob sitting on the Lanai on Maui looking out into the valley while chewing the piece of sandwich, I actually had in my mouth and was sharing with Bob.

Okay! Got it! It works the other way around, too: We **consciously mimic** another person in our mortal ways to **connect** with them, *energetically or spiritually, in the same realm or inter-realm!?*

So even just consciously assuming a position or doing something small, but typical like the Disca would have done, connects us strongly. It may be another very powerful and effective pathway towards overcoming "the *barrier*".

The mirroring along with the recalling is a powerful tool. But it's not about doing something for an extended time.

I just reminded Bob today that I'm not someone who can do meditation. I can't sit and meditate and focus on breathing or something … I'm one of fast intense energetic impacts. Crackle, crackle! And a third! Like "Don't I know that!"

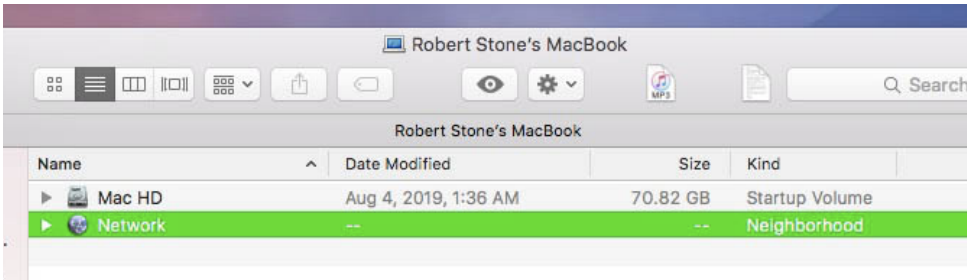
I'm a bit impatient in spiritual matters. (*Note: If you'd see me write on my laptop-keyboard, you'd see an expression of my impatience, as my fingers can't possibly keep up with me thoughts, yet I want them to, and I'm a very fast typer, but not fast enough*.)

Meditating makes me feel like losing time, when I sit and … well, try to think nothing. I did learn TCM, and it's great. (*Note: Later I was to come to learn why that is … hint: I'm not supposed to meditate. Why not? Wait up!)*

But in terms of "the bridge" … no long sitting and trying for me. Bob did like to listen to tapes while in bed, and to meditative music. I can't do that. It drives me nuts. I hate radio, too. And after my brother had died, I couldn't bear to hear any music for many years. Except for techno. And I mean the stomping hardcore, even very fast crazy style … I could dance to it, for hours on end. Taking off, entirely. But meditation in quiet. Now. Walking for hours? Yes, absolutely. In fact, I need the walking every day, always have, even when I didn't have a dog. It was something Bob and I always did: walk.

Remember, I told Bob to use what he knows best, to connect with me: Everything digital, computer, movie …

And this morning – a window popped up on my screen. No way I'd have even known how to call it. Just a finder window … and it featured the harddrive and "network". And next to "network" it read: "**neighborhood**".



That was striking. Of course I know what it means on a technical level. But the fact that the word "neighborhood" came to my attention through a window popping up on my laptop, that was special. That was a message, and I read it as *"I'm right here, Dani, and I'm using the laptop I gave you to communicate with you, how is that?"*

It's wonderful, my love. Mahalo. Sucks that you're dead, though.

It all feels very exciting – and overwhelming. I have to bring that into form!

I met a woman named Heidrun today. Walked Jacqui along Wien River at Auhof, in the green, and she asked me if she could "use" me to "vent" … a young bicyclist with her kids had been rude to her about her dog and she was very upset about the disrespect. And here it is again, the "Network – Neighborhood"!

August 10, 2019 **– The Trinity and Bob On My Path**

After the intense talk last night and my sincere wish for Bob to "meet me" in my sleeping phase … I **dreamed**. And how.

And then I went out to walk my dog. Like sometimes I took a route back that I decided on spontaneously, and right there, next to a clothes-donation container lay: "**Bob**". And a symbol of **trinity**.

But first things first … my **dreams**: I met Bob. *And it wasn't like "dreaming of meeting Bob", it was like having met Bob*, actually:

The first part of may dreaming was about my **mother** and my brother, **Peter**. We were on some kind of **vacation** in an **ocean resort**, with turquoise blue "arms" of *ocean through a city*, kind of like Amsterdam. We went into the water to swim … and my mother, for some reason, turned away from us and swam in the opposite direction. She kind of called out to us that she was fine … and we let her go. My brother was, like me, in his early twenties … an somehow there was also his wife, B. … but I can't remember her role in that dream. at some point I decided **to go look for my mother**, and *I could only do that by swimming into those channels* … Now that I think about it, some **older man** was in that dream, too, with a beard …

I woke up. My dog kept coming to me, so I must have been quite squirmy.

Then I **dreamed on**:

I was in my **new car** (which I didn't see because I was inside of it), and a **woman** sat next to me and directed me where to drive: Along a narrow road, kind of along a **shore**, but then also into a **village** and up a hill or **mountain**. She was a rich woman, older than me, a little like Inge and a bit grumpy; She owned a whole big property right next to the shore (*of, I think, the ocean from my previous dream*), and in driving by, we could look in something like a **stable**, but it was open like a boat-house, and it was huge …

We drove on, at times even *backwards*, passing by another car in a curve, and I was worried I couldn't make the curve as I wasn't used to driving that new car yet. So I expected to touch that car, but nothing happened, I moved smoothly, backwards. Then I found myself and the woman **on top of a hill,** next to a small farm house, where *people* were already *waiting*. I was supposed to pick something up there or bring something, it's not clear. A young woman was there, and she resembled a young woman I keep meeting in real life, she has two female dogs, and she always sort of apologizes for them, that they are "too aufdringlich", too "feely-touchy" (if there is something like that for dogs), and *she keeps saying the same thing all the time*.

(*Note: Wow, only now I realize the relevance of that, but it would take a few more weeks longer for things to play out*.)

She is in her mid twenties, and she seems a little bit … weird, *mentally*. But she is nice. She is not the one who was there, but the young woman there, *resembled* her.

I woke up again … my dog was next to me, again, but *I couldn't really wake up,* I felt dead-tired and heavy and not awake enough to even get up to pee … I slept on.

And I found myself in an **ocean-shore setting again**, in a house right next to a deep-water-shore, and it was some kind of an **office**, but also some kind of a **crafts-shop**, with tables and boards and chairs, and **Bob**. He was working there on **editing** something on a **computer**, and *he kept talking on the phone with a young man*. I could see that young man, too, although he wasn't there. They were chatting about something work-related. And **Bob was so healthy** and buff and active and funny and happy … and *I was in the room next door*. Like in the dream with the car and the woman, the front of that house was kind of open, as if there were either glass walls or screen doors. And my point of view was an **observer**, only briefly I slipped into the first-person-view, my own. But I saw myself sitting and working (on a computer?) in that other room, to the left, *listening to Bob and watching him* … and I don't know what I was doing, but I was at unease. *And then I got up and walked over to him, and he also got up to receive me.*

And I **embraced** him tightly – and weirdly, I could **not** see his **head** or his **face** in my dream, *I knew it was Bob, and physically it was Bob*, but I could not see his face clearly, and ***he did not speak to me!*** He had talked on the phone, but now, when I *cried* and talked to him, he didn't speak. And it felt like he *could not speak*. He may have wanted to, but nothing came out. A mixture between hesitation and loss of words.

So I went to embrace his big body, the actual size he had had, in his best days, he was very buff, with a broad chest and bizeps from working the big shoulder-camera and all the equipment. (That was when I had met him, and we had started working together … after I had helped him out the first time and was so good at it, at the cancer-center of Maui, where he had done his last shoots, before I came to him, last year.)

So I held him and squeezed him and cried and said to him "***How can you be so happy and in such good mood – when you are dead!? You have been dead for a while, and here you are, all happy and busy? How can you do that?***"

It was so strange – *that in the dream I came up with him being dead, and also, while dreaming, I sort of realized that it was a dream* and that I asked him that, and even before waking up I ***thought*** that this was **the actual Bob** I was holding, just I was an incarnate person … *so of course our communication must have it's limitations.*

And I do think that's entirely plausible after the intense conversation we've had yesterday about improving how my subconscious works … that's what I said repeatedly (in real life) yesterday and the day before, on Danube Island, that I think **I must train my subconscious to be more efficient in "translating" to my conscious mind what's going on in the unobstructed universe.**

And this dream feels so … different than any dream before. It feels a bit like an experiment. But the **dream** isn't over:

Next thing I knew I **floated** *above the ocean*, which was deep blue now, not turquoise anymore. And I *floated off the shore from where the* ***office*** was, where Bob and I had just been … and the hugging scene had just ended with a "cut" … Bob not having said a word, but in his **silence** was even some kind of **smile**, a **humor**, of sorts, as ***I "sensed" his response, which was "You know, Dani, how it is …"***

So I floated – like sitting in a hang-glider-position, legs dangling close to the shore where Bob's office was … and I could *will* myself closer and up and down, *but only gently*. And I was watching myself doing that, kind of, and I was smiling and content how I managed to float or glide like that … *but while dreaming I though to myself "I'm kind of suspended from a balloon".* And the dark blue **ocean** below me was kind of littered or covered with … I don't want to say "*sparkling*", but kind of colorful (mostly red and white) spots … as if something was floating on the waves … or it wasn't an ocean, was my impression briefly, I was just very very high up and looking down.

And as I was floating … I was kind of *content*.

Weirdly, I seem to have returned to the scene ***holding Bob again*** … I didn't want to let go. He didn't exactly embrace me back, but he stood there, so *close* and so *available* … and I felt so *sad, so so sad, that this was going to end.* And I think I said it … ***"This will end, it's ending already, how can you be so happy, what shall we do?"***

I woke up and was stunned.

And sad and horrified to realize that Bob was really dead … and again, like so many times before, I **flashed** back into being on Maui so strongly and the feeling that Bob would show up in an instant or was closeby, and we both were on Maui, was there, right away.

When I went shopping, later … after having **found "Bob" in real life**, actually … I even closed my eyes while walking along the pavement, carrying my groceries, and I imagined how often I had walked through the park in Pukalani back to the house, crossing Iolani Street and entering our beloved Haulani Street.

I miss it so much, I could vomit. My thinking and my heart feel kind of numb, when the realization kicks in what my actual reality is now …

Then I turn towards the "bridge"-project … I want it to matter. I want it to … I don't know, do something to me. I trust that one day, I'll be back there, with Bob.

So I walked the dog, then took a different route that I had meant to take – and we passed by a donation-clothes-container, where nothing was lying outside, which is usual, because people normally raid those containers in Vienna, and what they don't use, they simply leave lying on the street in the dirt …

So next to that container, lied **nothing** but . a small **belt-like band**, and as I looked down, I read "**Bob**". And – in fact, *I thought I couldn't trust my eyes*, it can't read "Bob"! But then …

Yup. Found that. **"Bob Baumeister", "Bob the master-builder".** Seriously. I kid you not. I found it on the street. Today. I did not have my phone with you, otherwise I'd have photographed the site, but I took the band with me, of course … and I remember walking in a way … befuddled. Like numb. My brain going … "How in the world is that possible?" and at the same time "Of course he is communicating, because he is alive, only without a mortal body."

It's precious, so precious. There is a story about this, too. One of our clients on Maui was a man who worked for "JC Builders" on Maui, I think "Cliff" was his name. He once built a house close to our Pukalani home. Bob liked to work with him. One of our last projects before I left in 2009 was with Cliff. And now I found "Bob the builder", today. Bob actually loved to do hand-work. Except for computer stuff, he deemed himself clumsy, though. And yet, he'd yearly spend a lot of time with his parents to help with their fruit trees, trimming them.

Is this also some kind of answer to my question of what he is "doing" right now? And the answer is "Bob the master builder". Alrighty. Got'em.

(*Note: Now that I'm looking at that again … the fact that he is with other* ***people***, ***collaborating****, seems to have a lot of meaning!)*

A few steps further I saw something glitter in the dirt (grass, dirt at one of the tiny spots around the town trees where all the dogs piss and poop), and I picked it up (even though people saw me do that) … and it's some kind of ***metal ornament, with three parts***. It's the perfect symbol of the idea of *trinity*, especially in a Huna-sense … and I've been reviving it in my mind in the past days. I have even said it out loud, what I used to say and train all the time ***before*** I met Bob. "I'm a trinity of three selves, and I live as one", and in a Hawaiian tradition, it's "Ku", "Lono" and "Kane" – the subconscious, the directing conscious mind and the higher self. And I got reminded at it today. By Bob. By my own Aumakua. By … God?

And "God" is … consciousness that brings about individuals with creative powers and distinct identities. Like **Bob, the master-builder.**

After having coffee … sharing Bob's beloved "hot black" with him and some pastry and some spicy treats like salami, egg and a freshly baked bread …

As I was photographing the "**Bob the Master-Builder**"-belt and the trinity-symbol … I asked "Are you having fun yet, Bob?" And a ***crackling*** answered, at the window, and it hadn't crackled even once today yet. So!

And then a thought popped in. "Bob the master-builder" answers my question of the past days that I have been emphasizing: "What are you now, *and what are you doing over there?*"

Jesus Christ, as you are also up there – this is a trip! This is really working. We are communicating. Everything the human world is and contains, is in the service of all of us, incarnates and discarnates.

I feel … odd, I got to admit. And I can't wait to share Bob's and my story.

Now I'm asking him the question: "Stoneman, is it enough when I think my questions or reactions or feedback … like when I realize a message and am utterly stunned … or do you want me to say it out loud?"

I realized something else, as I was washing the "Bob"-belt:

On the "Bob"-belt, there are three other people, a blond woman and a black guy … and I feel that I'm supposed to realize that he isn't alone there, others are "in" on our "bridge"-project, too. Like Betty and Stewart and others.

And the images are all about Bob using different tools, literally, and it shows him in all kinds of positions … **being busy, just like in my *dream*, tonight!** So "tools", "being busy", "working with others" … *could he be more clear*? He has his tools, I have mine … we got to make the best of them. I had told him, often, recently, that he was such an *expert*, such a *master* … *what a fucking waste that he was gone now*, from the Earthly plane …

And today I got that prompt **response**, "***Gotcha, but hey, I'm using what I've learned here, now!***" Is that it?

That corresponds to what Betty wrote.

And since I'm a very honest person, I also reflect back to my time dealing intensely with the "Huna"-philosophy around the trinity Ku, Lono and Kane and when I was sure, that it was my own "Aumakua" that would manifest things that I'd thought about … true to the fact, that thoughts are creative means. But just as I'm writing this, I'm keenly aware that I couldn't just "manifest" stuff over night, and that the idea of "time" is entirely different in the "unobstructed universe" as well as the ideas of present and past … "they" have a way of "anticipating" events and things … they deal with matter entirely different than we do … I wish I could always quote everything that Betty and Richard and others have shared … but it would just be impossible to read then. I hope that you'll all read their books on your own. Then you'll get the most out of my writings.

I almost feel a bit numb and stunned by this new event. I often think "*What could he possible come up with, still, in terms of communication*?" … and then something even more amazing happens. Those are **masterpieces** of communication.

I'm doing my best to work on keeping my thoughts right and focusing on "the bridge", not doubting, or, at least, acknowledging my doubts and pains and longings … yet, folks, out there … you must allow me to be outspoken about my "joy of living". I only live because that's how it goes. But without Bob, the term "joy" has an entirely different meaning. Yes, I can enjoy a swim, the presence of my dog, good food … but it helps me *pass the time* in my incarnate phase … and that's why I appreciate it. I miss Bob the man and that won't change for me, Dani, the woman. The pain of the events around his life and death that were related to me … is very tough to bear. I doubt that this will change.

(*Note: I've realized just recently that this is the exact problem with establishing "the Bridge". It requires for the mortals to deal with death and loss and grief, and for those very mortal minds and brains to not break afterwards. I'm struggling, I got to admit. But I've got one thing going for me: I'm already 55 years old. That said, age really doesn't matter, does it? One can die anytime.*)

… and then, the day wasn't over yet. And **more was to come** in terms of astounding synchronicities.

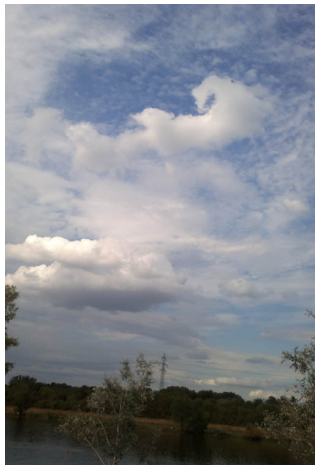
It's evening of August 10, 2019 now, and I'll finish this part with the events of the day, after I left with my dog for Danube Island, for a swim.

Just around the corner, was a black sportish kind of car I had never seen before, with a brown leather cowboy hat on the back window seat rim, and with the license number "**W 80887 Y**". I immediately translated the message in my mind "I'm telling you everything that happened in Hawaii that lead to how it all was when you arrived on 7th of August.

"808" is Hawaii's area code. "Y" meant, to me, spontaneously "Why".

So the message was entirely clear to me. It may sound funny to you, but I read it that way without thinking.

So on **Danube Island,** there were the most amazing **cloud** writings in the sky, including the most perfect “SAY” but *mirrored* … and I had to think about Bob’s “Can you say …” and then some word, and I’d say it, and he’d respond “I knew that you could” … Next to the say appeared other letters, and it seemed to spell “**DANY**”. Just look at those clouds … ***someone is trying to write there!***



Of course I said to myself and to Bob that I can interpret any cloud in a certain way that it comes across like a "message" … and suddenly, the "letters" turned into mere stripes, and it was like a fire was extinguished inside of me, and I interpreted as "the message phase being over on this cloud".

August 10, 2019 **– The Storm of Answers & Glasses Nostalgia**

So I went to the dog-park and further. Of course, bicyclists came racing into the dog zone, and nobody said anything, except for me, I stepped in and said politely "Please don't cycle in here, this is a dog zone". The young handsome dark-haired man said "Okay, thank you" – and he and his lady co-biker simply kept cycling on, they didn't even leave their bikes. Totally ignoring me. It was a very *drastic* kind of experience. I got to say.

Also, now that I remember it, upon getting on the train towards Danube Island, I found a sticker on a lamp mast, featuring a D and a fire. Serious. **Dani on fire**, that's what I read. Right in front of my nose. Photo? Of course.

So J and I took a **walk along the river Danube**, and I chatted with Bob about the amazing dream and the Bob-building-master and all … and hiking up the steep hill, that we always hike up, we met a young man with a bike under the tree at the table on top of the hill, and he had a *huge butterfly tattooed on his breast, right across the center.* And he had other tattoos. We greeted each other. Very special moment. Of course I flashed back to Bob lying on his bed, always *his hands crossed over his chest.*

So … swimming, resting, playing.

A **storm** came up, the sky turned really black in the West.

So J and I walked on, I wanted to do another swim from a raft, as now it should be empty, I thought, because earlier in the day the rafts are mostly occupied …

… and yes, the next raft was empty. So J and I go there, I put on my swim suit … and a whole "Taylor-Camp-love-and-peace"-**troupe** came, with bikes, young people lead by some guy my age. Those people were heading right for "my" raft, while I was in the water, my dog Jacqui alone with my stuff on the raft! And they'd jump and be loud and wild … totally recklessly. I mean, my dog was there. Of course, Jacqui was dong his usual Zen-dog-thing, but one black guy, looked like a Jamaican, was especially reckless, water bombing and jumping around Jacqui. Then I got out of the water … and

okay, one then said something that there were “someone's things” (mine) there, so they shouldn’t make everything wet. Another one responded, “*So, yes they are there, so what …”*

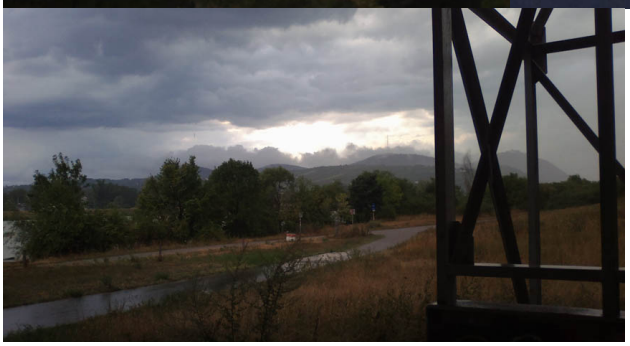
I packed up to leave. I was proud of myself for my self-discipline.

That older guy, the leader*, never even looked at me,* but he played the big freethinker daddy to those guys … and shit did that remind me of the asshole toxic J., who has ruined Bob’s life and existence on Maui …

But I decided to not take anything personal and left. From that troupe, I only connected with a very pale young guy who went swimming naked. We shared a glance and a smile, that was nice. But the others … one girl, some half-Jamaican looking, complained about how “cold” the water was and outside, too. It as around 34 degrees Celsius, today, the air, and the water had about 26 degrees … geez, I felt so repelled by her. But: She had a huge beautiful **dragon** *tattooed on her left thigh!* I liked that and gave it a baffled enough gaze, too.

So the **thunderstorm** was coming fast, and Jacqui headed back towards public transport, and we just made it under the next bridge, before the storm really broke loose.

And I mean – it was a storm. Not in an American English sense, where “storm” is just a trickle of rain, too. No, very very *strong wind and pounding rain*. No thunder or lightning, though. I got Jacqui and myself under a bridge, and it got very cold, and the wind was driving the raindrops pretty much everywhere, it was hard to find shelter from the wetness, at all.



Of course, under that bridge I noticed a lot of graffiti … and the hole in the sky: "puka lani". I gazed at it … and of course I thought**, "Wow, Bob, you're giving me Pukalani today, too?"**

Jacqui and I stood under that bridge, wind-blown and stunned by the downpour, but without thunder and lightning … and I asked Bob again, out loud, like always, "*What is weather to you? What are you doing, when it rains like that, or in a storm, with thunder and lightning?*" All that electricity, I thought … how dangerous. They are pure energy, no body and brain or material structures to take them somewhere for shelter … And then, the rain stopped, and I walked on, admiring the clouds … and **suddenly I had the answer.**

"***They have to be even more careful in any kind of bad weather!"*** They seek shelter, like mortals do! We, I thought, with our bodies, can seek shelter from nature's forces *more easily*, when it comes to weather and not like a tidal wave or a fire … but "they", they must be so **vulnerable** in terms of **energetic conditions**, *and it must take a lot of practice and training to be able to keep their own energetic patterns together,* when nature's forces like lightning or storm or immense amounts of water are present in their environment, which is ours at the same time, only at a different frequency.

So suddenly – **Bam**! A thought: Our body is actually ***the*** protection for the energetic creature we really are, being consciousness, and thus energetic substance in essence. So there was my answer!

The **body** is much more precious than we may think. The **body** is needed to give our consciousness certain stages of evolution literally **shelter**. A **pod**. *A shell. Because having a body and being able to navigate this kind of frequency with it, the consciousness that's inside that body or attached to it is protected from nature's forces for a while*. Then the protective pod dies off, and by then, with the help of "human intelligence", including the brain as a tool, the individual should have acquired enough energetic substance in terms of wisdom and experience to then learn how to handle the natural forces in the unobstructed realm better. So in one way, the unobstructed universe offers so much more "life" and by that I mean "different living conditions that are just wonderful", but at the

same time, maybe lacking a material "shell", the people then, being discarnate, are also lacking certain tools of maneuvering the cosmic network – in the frequencies of the material realm.

Wow. Can that be? Or is that complete bullshit?

We really must treat our bodies well because they are absolutely necessary for the *evolution* of our quality of consciousness. We have shelter for the time we have a body. We can create stuff using our mortal tools. The point is, that ***we are supposed to acquire quantity of our very own energetic substance***, and we do that. But depending on how wise (brain!) we are and thus how healthy and safe (brain and body), that's how *efficiently* we *support our own energetic core in his or her evolution.*

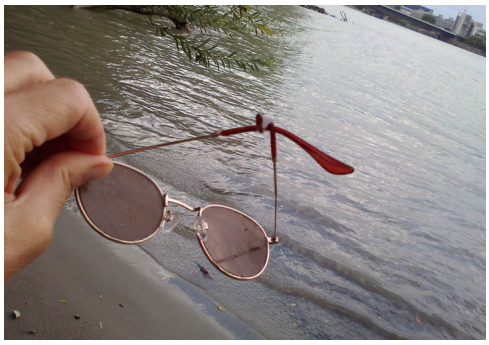
So … bad weather is dangerous for Disca. And maybe that's why Jacqui and me **ended up** in that **weird sudden violent storm** today, … so that I'd get that thought!

And then: I found glasses.

It had been one of the first experiences of Bob and me, that during one of my first swim at my beloved Baldwin beach, the ocean took my glasses from my nose, and swallowed it.

Many years later, I'd be in the water, about there, on that spot, and I'd look up to Bob, who was sitting on the dune in his bright blue jacket, watching me … and I could see him only blurry, without glasses, because I had left them on the beach, because the ocean was wild … I remember looking up watching Bob, though. It was a gray day … stormy, and he was sitting there, watching me … and I felt so alone in the ocean, bobbing in the waves, swimming, watching him. It was the last time I saw Bob at a beach.

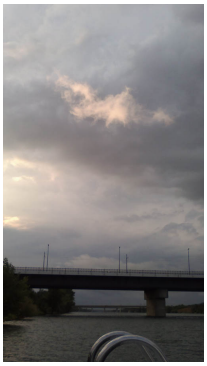
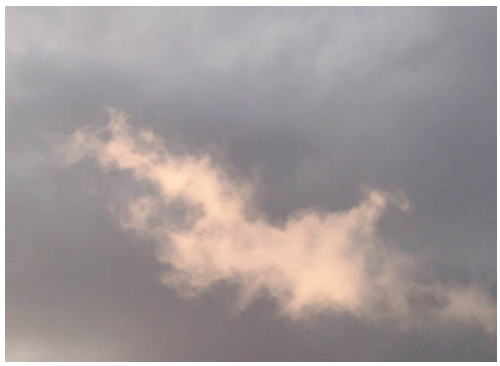
So … after the storm on Danube Island, a **pair of glasses** were dangling from a branch at the little sandy cove at the dog's zone …



There I was, at the sandy beach … finding glasses … full circle, don't you think?

When I returned to my district, which is a 20 minutes public transport train ride away – *not a drop of rain had fallen there.*

So after realizing all that and pondering upon it, I went for another swim, naked … after the storm, the water being fresh and clear … and two entirely lovely young women swam up to the raft where Jacqui and I were on. They said they'd like to be skinny dipping too.

"**Incoming**!" That had been Bob's favorite term when he saw a bird swooping in … and this cloud did just that, so I said it out loud: "Incoming!" And I felt so close to Bob.

Close to the train station, as J and I walked up a hill, we encountered a **couple** and both were wearing **Hawaiian "lei"**! Seriously! Those plastic lei, flower-wreaths, they wore. And they were drunk and all over each other. I took secret photos of them, and I hope I captured the lei. Amazing. They spoke English, too, I think the woman was American.

The Africa music festival took place on the other side of the bridge, that's why they were tipsy, I guess … and I thought how sad it was that Bob and I had had so little social fun … and as I heard music from the festival that sounded a little bit Hawaiian, I almost cried … and the emptiness and the sorrow came out like a big monster rearing his head. And I realized I could never ever be in Hawaii again … hearing that kind of music in which presence Bob and I had been so often, also when we had taped events … it would kill me. Or make me kill myself.

I can only take so much, folks … yes, I'm documenting and will make a great book … but I'm still missing Bob in my realm. And this is destroying my spirit on a certain level.

Perhaps it has to be like it.

Then we were in the main train … and **a man sat opposite us,** I had already noticed him on the platform, because he was very thin and tall. He looked like a homeless, but he was dressed pretty well, though. And he was wearing kind of "rocker" clothes, and he had a tattoo of a *butterfly* (!) right on his throat, below the Adam's apple! The second butterfly today! And he had other geometrical tattoos on his legs and arms, and a spikes-outward-bracelet and a large earring in his right earlobe. His hair was shaven on the sides and long and tied backwards on top. He sat there, his eyes closed … and yes, he had a graying dark beard. I kept staring at him and his tattoo … and then I apologized to Bob, who must have been sitting opposite me, and I asked him to have the man do something that would be typical for him, Bob. At the same time I thought, what in the world should the guy do? He'll get up and leave the train with his bags, and that's that.

So at one of the next stations he got off the train.

I looked as his very thin back, that reminded me of Bob's emaciated body … and suddenly the man ***made the exact same dorky dance stop that Bob used to do all the time***! He literally walked away from the train **shaking his butt** … exactly (!) the way Bob had done it. That was one of Bob's really typical things. We'd get ready for our famous evening or morning walk, and when he was in a

good mood, he’d wait outside in the carport and seeing me coming, he’d wiggle his hips and shake his butt and make dance steps as he walked …

I sat there with my mouth open. Maybe you are doing that too, right now.

END PART 1 CONTACT DIARY “Naupaka Bunny”

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